POEM

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

WITH SOME

SELECT ESSAYS IN PROSE.

By JOHN HUGHES, Esq;

ADORN'D WITH SCULPTURES.

VOLUME *the* SECOND

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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CALYPSO
AND
TELEMACHUS.
AN
OPERA.

Perform'd at the

QUEEN'S THEATRE in the *Hay-Market.*

The Musick compos'd by Mr. GALLIARD.

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To Her GRACE the

DUTCHESS of *Hamilton*.

MADAM,

'T is some Years since your Grace, with a Condescension peculiar to Your Self, was pleas'd to honour some very imperfect Essays of mine with Your Notice and Approbation: You were likewise pleas'd at that time in the most generous Manner to signify, that if I shou'd offer any thing of this nature to the Publick, I might have leave to hope for Your Encouragement and Protection.

DEDICATION.

This has given me the Boldneſs to lay hold of the firſt Occaſion which preſented itſelf of acknowledging the Obligation which then made ſo grateful an Impreſſion on me. And I am proud to own at the ſame time, that the Duke of *Hamilton*'s early promoting of this Opera has been a great Means of its appearing now on the Theatre.

As Your Grace's elegant Taſte in the Polite Arts has been particularly favourable to the Entertainments of the Stage, ſo You have been pleas'd to Honour with the Marks of Your Diſtinction ſuch of them as have been the moſt Inoffenſive and Moral. This is the beſt Title the following Opera can have to Your Grace's Acceptance, to which it is offer'd with the moſt profound Reſpect, by,

MADAM,

Your GRACE's

moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

JOHN HUGHES.

THE PREFACE.

THE following OPERA is as an Essay for the Improvement of Theatrical Musick in the English Language, after the Model of the Italians.

It is certain, that this Art has for a considerable time flouriſh'd in Italy in greater Perfection than in any other Country. As the Grecians were formerly the Maſters in Architecture, Sculpture, Painting and Muſick, whoſe Rules and Examples were follow'd by other Nations, the Italians are generally allow'd to be ſo now. It is ſome Years that the Muſick of our Theatre has been almoſt wholly ſupply'd by them. Their moſt celebrated Opera's have been introduc'd among us, and a generous Encouragement has been given to ſuch as came over, and perform'd Parts in them on the Engliſh Stage. By this means the Entertainments of Italy are become familiar to us, and our Audiences have heard the fineſt Compoſitions and Performances of Rome and Venice, without the Trouble of travelling to thoſe Places.

I am not of the Opinion of thoſe who impute this Encouragement given to Italian Muſick, to an Affectation of every thing that is Foreign. I wou'd rather aſcribe it to the ingenuous Temper of the Britiſh Nation, that they

are

are willing to be instructed in so elegant an Art by the best Examples. But after this Justice done to others, there is likewise a Justice due to our selves. It cou'd never have been the Intention of those, who first promoted the Italian Opera, *that it shou'd take the intire Possession of our Stage, to the Exclusion of every thing of the like kind, which might be produc'd here. This wou'd be to suppress that Genius which Foreigners so commonly applaud in the* English, *who if they are not always the Inventors of Arts, are yet allow'd to be no ill Learners, and are often observ'd to improve that Knowledge, which they first receiv'd from others.*

I know not how it comes to be a late Opinion among some, that English *Words are not proper for Musick. That the* English *Language is not so soft and full of Vowels as the* Italian, *is readily granted; yet this does not prove, that it is therefore incapable of Harmony. Let it be consider'd, whether too great a Delicacy in this Particular may not run into Effeminacy? A due Mixture of Consonants is certainly necessary to bind the Words, which may be otherwise too much dissolv'd, and lose their Force. And as Theatrical Musick expresses a Variety of Passions, it is not requisite, even for the Advantage of the Sound, that the Syllables shou'd every where languish with the same loose and vowelly Softness.*

But what is certainly of much more Consequence in Dramatical Entertainments, is, that they shou'd be perform'd in a Language understood by the Audience. One wou'd think there shou'd be no need to prove this. The great Pleasure in hearing Vocal Musick, arises from the Associa-

Association of the Ideas rais'd at the same time by the Expressions and the Sounds. Where these Ideas are separated, half the Impression is wanting; and where they are improperly join'd, it is imperfect. It is probable too, that the Pleasure we receive from the most pathetical Strains of Instrumental Musick, is in part assisted by some Ideas, which we affix to them, of Passions which seem to be express'd by those Strains. If the Airs in Opera's *may be heard with Delight for the same Reason, even when the Words are not understood, yet it is impossible the Recitative shou'd give Pleasure, which can raise no such Ideas; this being not so properly singing, as speaking in Musical Cadences. And the use of it seems to be introduc'd for the very same Reason which is given by* Aristotle, *for the establishing the use of the* Iambick *Verse in the* Greek *Tragedy, which is, that though it has not the Charms of some other kinds of Verse, yet it is more proper for Action and Dialogue, as it approaches nearer to common Speech. Thus Recitative Musick takes its Rise from the natural Tones and Changes of the Voice in speaking, and is indeed no more than a sort of modulated Elocution.*

The Story on which this Opera *is form'd is well known. The first Foundation of it is in* Homer, *who has represented* Calypso *as a Goddess in Love with* Ulysses, *and detaining him by insidious Arts in the Island* Ogygia, *a small Spot of Land, situate (according to* Ortelius) *just below the South Coast of* Italy, *in the* Ionian *Sea. The celebrated Author of* The Adventures of Telemachus *has rais'd his Invention upon this, by supposing that the Son of* Ulysses *was cast on the same Island after his Father had*

left

left it. The Character of Minerva *attending* Telemachus *in the assum'd Person of* Mentor, *a Prince who was his Father's Friend, is likewise* Homer's, *but further improv'd by the modern Author. To adapt this Story to the Stage, it was necessary to change some of the Incidents; and the Part of* Proteus *is added, to give it the greater Variety.*

I am sensible that the Success of Entertainments of this kind depends chiefly on the Musick, and that it is not usual to expect any thing exact in the Writing. I hope therefore I shall be allow'd the same Indulgence, which others have had on the like Occasions. The Difficulty of confining the Scenes to such short interchang'd Stages of Recitative and Airs, and of binding the Sense in such chosen Measures and Syllables, as will best give the Composer room to display his Skill, is indeed very great; yet notwithstanding this, some Examples of Opera's *and Poems for Musick, originally written in our Language, with great Beauty of Thought and Expression, have shewn us, that the Poetical Part is capable of very agreeable Heightnings. An* Opera, *I think, is to be consider'd as a Species of Poetry, compounded out of the* Lyrick *and* Dramatick *Kinds, admitting of all the Beauty of the first, united with part of the latter. The Supernatural and Allegorical Persons, which may on some Occasions be introduc'd in it, tho' not allow'd in Tragedy, are amusing to the Imagination; and tho' these are Characters form'd beyond the Bounds of Nature and Reality, there is a kind of Poetical Nature that presides here, and ought to regulate the Poet's Invention and Conduct.*

I cannot

I cannot conclude without acknowledging the Pleasure I have had, to find the Words of this Opera *so naturally expres'd in the Musick, that I believe the Gentleman who has compos'd it, has offer'd a much more prevailing Argument than any I cou'd urge, to shew that the* English *Language is capable of the most agreeable Graces of Harmony. I have mention'd this without his Leave, yet cou'd not refrain from doing him a Justice, which I persuade myself will be confirm'd by the Opinion of the most disinterested Judges.*

To Mr. *HUGHES*,

On his Opera of

CALYPSO *and* TELEMACHUS,

By * *TOPHAM FOOT*, Esq;

WHILE with a Master-Skill You strike the Strings,
And our own British *Muse so tuneful sings,*
Th' Italian Opera *sure will quit the Stage,*
And Charms Superior fix the flutt'ring Age.
Musick *and* Verse *no longer disagree,*
Nor Sense *is now a Foe to* Harmony.
In your TELEMACHUS *both Parts we find,*
Poetic Beauty *with* soft Sounds *combin'd.*
Here NATURE's *study'd with such pow'rful Arts,*
As touch the secret Springs that guide our Hearts.
At Your Command our ready Passions move;
With You we rage, we pity, hate and love.
Each just Description shines so clear and bright,
We think the real Objects strike our Sight;
And such Instructions flow from MENTOR's *Tongue,*
MINERVA *only cou'd inspire the Song.*

How

* The Author's Age 22.

How gaily dreſs'd the firſt bright Scene appears!
What wanton Beauties all the Iſland wears!
Methinks I hear the murm'ring Waters flow,
And echoing Rocks repeat CALYPSO's *Woe!*
Now the fond Goddeſs loſt ULYSSES *mourns,*
But ſoon for a more blooming Heroe burns.
What Arts doth ſhe not try? What Charms put on,
To make the beauteous haughty Youth her own?
Then what fierce Furies in her Boſom riſe,
To find the Prince her offer'd Love deſpiſe?
With Pleaſure in TELEMACHUS *we ſee*
An Image of true Filial *Piety:*
Till EUCHARIS, *Coquette, Gay, Young, and Fair,*
Finds Means to fix him in th' enchanted Snare.
Here MENTOR *for awhile withdraws his Face,*
And lets him prove the Dangers of the Place;
But when he ſeems juſt ſinking in the Waves,
Exerts the Goddeſs, and her Pupil ſaves.

May, 1712.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Calypso, *a Goddess inhabiting the Island* Ogygia. — Signiora Margarita.

Eucharis, *the Chief of her Nymphs.* Signiora Manina.

Telemachus, *a young* Grecian *Prince, the Son of* Ulysses. — *Mrs.* Barbier.

Mentor, *attending* Telemachus *as his Friend, and known to him only under that Quality, but is* Minerva *conceal'd in the Person of* Mentor. — *Mrs.* Pearson.

Proteus, *a Sea-God, the Son of* Neptune *and* Tethys; *represented by the Poets, as having a Power to transform himself into all manner of Shapes.* — *Mr.* Leveridge.

Nymphs attending Calypso.

SCENE, *The Island* Ogygia.

CALYPSO

CALYPSO

AND

TELEMACHUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Sea-Shore.*

CALYPSO, EUCHARIS.

CALYPSO *looking towards the Sea.*

HERE, on this Beach he ſtood, the Pride of *Greece*,
'Twas here from my forſaken Iſle
The fam'd *Ulyſſes* parted.
Nor cou'd eternal Spring that bloſſoms here,
The Promiſe of Immortal Youth,
Nor all my ſoothing Arts---- Ah cruel Heroe!

Engage

Engage thy Stay.
I saw thee climb the Ship, I saw thee sail,
Till far in trackless Seas I lost the Sight,
Then turn'd away my Eyes, which since
Have serv'd me but to weep thy Absence.
For thee the rilling Waters weep,
That dash from Rocks, or softly creep
In Murmurs to the Sea.
The Winds that o'er my Island blew,
Bear on their breezy Wings my Woe,
And sighing call for thee.

For thee the rilling Waters weep,
That dash from Rocks, or softly creep
In Murmurs to the Sea.

EUCH. Behold, divine *Calypso*,
Two gallant Strangers from the Shore
Are this way moving,
At yonder Creek I saw them first appear.

CAL. The Seas run high —— 'Twas such a Day as this
When first I saw *Ulysses*.
Alas! unknowing I pronounce that Name,
Still the fond Sound dwells flatt'ring on my Tongue:
Ulysses! O *Ulysses!*

EUCH. See, here they come.

CAL.

CAL. *Eucharis,*
Withdraw with me, and let us mark them.

[*They retire to a Corner of the Stage.*

Telemachus *and* Mentor *enter at a diſtance.*

SCENE II.

Calypſo, Eucharis, Telemachus, Mentor.

TEL. Ye gracious Gods!
To what new Trial have you hither brought me?
I go —— yet know not where,
Fate leads, and I obey.
The Brave ſtill free from Fear,
Purſue their deſtin'd Way.
I go —— yet know not where,
Fate leads, and I obey.

CAL. *Aſide.*] 'Tis he, the lovely Youth, *Ulyſſes'* Son!
His Father lives expreſt in ev'ry Feature.
'Tis —— O my conſcious beating Heart! ——
'Tis he, it is *Telemachus.*

[*Advances to them as they are going off.*

Young Stranger, ſtay!
The Land you tread is mine;
How have you dar'd t' approach it without Leave?

TEL. O Nymph Divine! for ſuch thy Form beſpeaks thee,
A ſudden Shipwreck caſt me on your Iſle,

Pity

Pity th' unhappy Son of great *Ulysses*,
That wand'ring seeks his Father;
My Father wand'ring too o'er Seas and Land
Has spent whole Years;
Since from *Troy*'s famous Siege returning home,
By Fates averse detain'd,
He strives, in vain, to reach his native Shore,
That seems to fly before him.

CAL. *Aside.*] O he is all *Ulysses*! —But that Friend!
Who is he, or from whence?
Severest Wisdom sits upon his Brow,
And Majesty Divine?
I'm aw'd, and wish him hence.

To TEL.] Well, Royal Youth!
All things shall smile, and thou may'st here be happy.
Thy Father —but I will not tell thee now —.
First, let me lead thee to my Grotto; there
In gentle Sleep thou shalt forget thy Cares,
And waking bless the Storm that drove thee hither.

Pleasing Visions shall attend thee,
Soft Repose and blooming Joy.
Smiling Hours the Gods shall send thee,
Happy then their Gifts employ.
Pleasing Visions shall attend thee,
Soft Repose and blooming Joy.

[*Exeunt* Calypso, Telem. *and* Mentor.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Eucharis.

Is this *Calypso's* Grief? This the mourning Fair,
That taught the vocal Caves, and ev'ry Echo
To murmur and complain for lost *Ulysses*?
This young *Ulysses* finds her Soul; I saw,
I saw it in her Eyes; she gaz'd, she smil'd,
She gaz'd, she smil'd, and call'd out all her Charms,
To sooth him into Fondness.

The Cave of Proteus *arises, adorn'd with Coral, Shell-fish, &c. Sea-Monsters represented around it.*

SCENE IV.

Proteus, Eucharis.

PROT. Lovely Fair!

EUCH. Godlike he look'd and spoke!
While she——

PROT. Behold thy Lover!

EUCH. With Rapture saw and heard
What well might charm a Goddess.

PROT. Behold me, hear me,
Thy Lover *Proteus*——

EUCH. *seeing him.*] O the frightful Form!
But doubly frightful now. [*Aside.*

PROT.

PROT. *Proteus* adores thee,

EUCH. O *Telemachus!* [*Aside.*

PROT. The Son of Ocean wooes thee to his Bed,
In Coral Caves, and Grots of shining Amber.

EUCH. Alas! [*Aside.*

PROT. On the green Flood I oft have seen
The sporting Sea-Nymphs in a Row,
Shine in the Court of *Neptune*;
Yet *Galatea*, if she view'd thy Face,
Wou'd dive beneath the Waves;
Nor *Amphitrite*'s self is half so lovely.

EUCH. If I am lovely, will that make thee so?
Proteus forbear——
Of all the various Shapes thou can'st assume,
Thou hast not one to please me.

No, no — you'd deceive me,
Still changing,
And ranging,
So various a Lover
I never can bear.
Go, leave me,
Thou Rover!
To the Winds and the Waves thy Passion discover,
They sooner will hear.
No, no — you'd deceive me,

PROT.

Still changing,
And ranging,
So various a Lover
I never can bear. [*Exit* Euch.

SCENE V.

Proteus.

Stay, wandring Nymph! — if I am full of Change,
Thou fly'ſt from thy own Likeneſs.
Stay — hear the Prophet, if you hate the Lover.
Proteus will tell thee — but ſhe's gone —
That all the various Shapes he can aſſume,
Are not ſo various as one counted Beauty;
That Winds, and Waves, and ſhifting Sands,
All, all are Female — yet I'll follow her.
Ere this ſhe ſmil'd, and now ſhe frowns;
Anon ſhe'll ſmile again,
While I alone am conſtant.
Purſue, purſue the flying Fair;
Tho' ſhe fly thee,
'Tis to try thee;
'Tis a Folly to deſpair.
Purſue, purſue the flying Fair. [Exit after her.

SCENE VI. Calypſo's *Grotto.*

Calypſo, Telemachus, Mentor, Eucharis, *and Nymphs attending on* Calypſo.

CAL. Behold! my Royal Gueſt,
The verdant Beauties of this Iſle
Wear a new Bloom to welcome thee.
The ſpreading Vines new-dreſs their Leaves,
The ſprouting Flow'rs rejoice;
And Laurels, that imbowring ſhade this Grotto,
Spring freſh, as if aſpiring to thy Brows.
Here end thy Labours,
And live for ever bleſt.

TEL. O bounteous Goddeſs! O delightful Scene!
What Thanks can I repay?
A thouſand Raptures fill my Breaſt,
And glow thro' ev'ry Vein;
How bright is Joy, how grateful Reſt,
Succeeding Toil and Pain!
A thouſand Raptures fill my Breaſt,
And glow thro' ev'ry Vein.

CAL. *Aſide.*] I know not why, yet ſtill that Chief unknown
Diſturbs my Sight -----
His Looks chaſtiſe the Pleaſures of this Place,
And damp my riſing Joy.

TEL

TEL. Ye Pow'rs! where'er I turn my Eyes,
New Proſpects riſe to view, new Wonders charm me.
CAL. Thy Father here enjoy'd ſeven bliſsful Years.
TEL. My Father!——
CAL. And had he ſtaid till now, had ſtill been happy.
TEL. O ſay, Divine *Calypſo!*
Where may I find the King of *Ithaca*,
Where may I find my Father?
CAL. Alas!——thy Search is vain.
TEL. O never will I ceaſe,
Till join'd in his Embrace,
With mutual Joy I bleſs him, and am bleſt.
CAL. Then know, when he forſook this Iſle,
His Ship was loſt;
And he—— Enquire no more.
TEL. What do I hear?— Where am I?
O *Ulyſſes!*
If in Elyſian *Plains he roves,*
And ſilent wanders thro' the Groves;
O let me thither be convey'd!
I'll die to meet his happy Shade.
CAL. No— Live; be warn'd, and ſhun thy Father's Fate:
Within this Iſland grows Ambroſial Fruit,
Whoſe Juice unfading Youth beſtows;
When thou haſt taſted this, no more

Shall mortal Care approach thee.
Now take ſecure thy Reſt;
An inner Grotto is prepar'd
For thee and thy brave Friend;
Where falling Currents from the Hills,
At diſtance heard, invite to eaſy Slumbers,
While Nightingales, that haunt the neighb'ring Woods,
Cheer all the Hours of Darkneſs.

No more let Sorrow wound thee;
Here Peace ſtill hov'ring round thee,
Shall ſmoothly guide the Night.
And Phœbus *ev'ry Morning,*
With Pleaſures new returning,
Shall bleſs the dawning Light.

[*Exeunt* Cal. Euch. *and Nymphs*

SCENE VII.

Telemachus, Mentor.

TEL. O *Mentor*, beſt of Friends,
My Guide and my Support!
What canſt thou ſay to ſooth my ſwelling Grief?

MENT. Thy Grief is pious;
And yet I fear ----

TEL. Why doſt thou chide me with thy Eyes?
O ſpeak! ----
Thy gloomy Silence wounds me.

MEN

MENT. Then hear me: Let thy Father's Image
Live in thy Soul, and waken all thy Virtue.

TEL. Can I forget my Father — Let theſe Tears
Speak how I mourn his Loſs.

MENT. Alas! thou doſt not ſee
What Dangers here ſurround thee.

TEL. Danger! — from whence?

Calypſo ſmiles.

MENT. So ſmil'd of late the Ocean;
And yet the Storm aroſe, by which the Ship,
E'en on this Shore, this faithleſs Shore, was ſplit.
Let not Pleaſure's Charms undo thee;
Truſt not the deluding Joy.
Tho' the Siren ſoftly woo thee,
Gaily ſmiling,
And beguiling,
She'll thy nobler Bliſs deſtroy.
Let not Pleaſure's Charms undo thee;
Truſt not the deluding Joy.

TEL. Speak thus for ever! when I hear thy Voice,
I think the Gods themſelves
Vouchſafe to give me Counſel.
I now perceive thy Fears,
Leſt I forget my Country — No —
I'll leave this charming Place,
Wou'd the kind Gods but point me out the way,

And favour my Return.

TWO VOICES.

MENT. *Hark, how the Voice of Fame*
Calls loudly, Come away!

TEL. *I hear th' Immortal Claim,*
I hear, and I obey.

MENT. *Come, come away.*

TEL. *I hear, and I obey.*

Both. *The Hero's Soul with native Fires,*
To Glory's nobleſt Height aſpires,
And ſcorns ſupine Delay.

MENT. *Hark, how the Voice of Fame*
Calls loudly, Come away!

TEL. *I hear th' Immortal Claim,*
I hear, and I obey.

MENT. *Come, come away.*

TEL. *I hear, and I obey.*

End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A large Hall, adorn'd with Trophies, Suits of Armour, &c.

EUCHARIS AND *TELEMACHUS.*

EUCHARIS.

SEE the fair Palace built to entertain
Troy's greateſt Foe, thy conqu'ring Sire!
Trophies of finiſh'd War behold
Thus plac'd around, to fill the Hero's Soul
With pleaſing Viſions of his Labours paſt!

TEL. The Sight reproaches me ——
Why do I languiſh here?
Is there no *Troy* for me to conquer?
To Arms, to Arms! — *Mentor*, my Friend, where art thou?
Lead me to War, to Danger, and to Glory.

EUCH. What means *Telemachus?*

TEL. Let me implore, fair Nymph, thy Aid
To haſten my Departure.

EUCH. Depart? — it muſt not, cannot be;
Alas! thou doſt not know *Calypſo.*

'Twas thus *Ulyſſes* periſh'd by her Rage;
She, ſhe deſtroy'd thy Father.

TEL. So kind, and yet ſo cruel! — Let me fly
Far from her Sight ----

EUCH. Fly her Revenge you cannot, if you go;
But if you ſtay,
By me aſſiſted to elude her Arts,
You here may live in Peace.

TEL. Thy generous Pity moves me ----

EUCH. Perhaps there is a kinder Reaſon too ----
O ſtay!

How ſhall I ſpeak my ſecret Pain?
Yet how that Pain conceal?
Alas! e'en Silence now is vain,
My Looks my Heart reveal.
How ſhall I ſpeak my ſecret Pain?
Yet how that Pain conceal?

TEL. What do I feel. [*Aſide.*] ---- Turn not away
thoſe Eyes,
But look again ---- and fix me here for ever.

Ambition, ceaſe t' alarm me!
Empire and Fame adieu!
Love only now can charm me;
And only Love from you.
Ambition, ceaſe t' alarm me!
Empire and Fame adieu!

Towards

Towards the End of the Air, Mentor *enters, and ſtands privately at a Corner of the Stage.*

EUCH. Unhappy *Eucharis!*

TEL. O why that Sigh?
Why thoſe ſoft Eyes of Sorrow?

EUCH. I've heard too much — Farewel!

TEL. You will not leave me?

EUCH. *Mentor,* thy Friend, will ſoon be here
And ſummon thee away.

TEL. Thou ſeeſt I have no Pow'r to go,
Why doſt thou then upbraid me?

EUCH. It was a ſudden Fear
That chill'd my boding Heart.
But ſee! — the early Morning calls
To rural Sports, wilt thou with me
Go ſhare the Pleaſures of the ſprighly Chaſe?

TEL. With thee, thoſe Pleaſures will have double Charms.

EUCH. I'll haſten and prepare a Sylvan Train,
And ere the Sun has drawn the Dews away,
I will attend thee to the Woods
To hunt the flying Prey.
In all her Charms Aurora *gay,*
Now ſmiling from the Sky appears.
Rejoicing Birds ſalute the Day,
And ev'ry Grove new Beauty wears.

In all her Charms Aurora *gay,*
Now ſmiling from the Sky appears. [*Exit* Euch.

Mentor *comes forward.*

SCENE II.

Mentor, Telemachus.

MENT. Where is the Son of that Immortal Hero,
Wiſe, Valiant, great in Arms, that vanquiſh'd *Troy?*
Where is *Telemachus*, the Heir
Of all his Father's Virtue?

TEL. Alas! my conſcious Eyes betray me. [*Aſide.*

MENT. If thou art he — Ah no! — *Telemachus*
Wou'd not thus coldly meet his Friend,
Who brings him News of Joy.

TEL. My ſecret Woes —

MENT. What ſecret Woe is that
Which *Mentor* may not ſhare? I come to tell thee
The Gods have heard thy Pray'rs.

TEL. *Aſide.*] O too enchanting Beauty!

MENT. I ſaw juſt now the Bird that bears the Thunder
From Heav'n deſcend; then tow'ring riſe again,
And o'er th' adjacent Grove
Full to the Point of op'ning Day
I mark'd his ſteady Flight.

That

That way great *Jove* provides
The means for our Departure.
No longer let these Looks of Grief
Thy drooping Courage show!
TEL. Aside.] *O cruel Heav'n! — by this Relief*
I'm deeper plung'd in Woe.
To Mentor.] But, since *Ulysses* is no more,
Why must we leave this Place?
Why court new Danger?
MENT. Hast thou forgot thy Native Land,
The best of Mothers there,
And fair *Antiope*, that Royal Maid
That secret sighs for thee?
All these demand thee.
TEL. After so many tedious Years,
Who now expects *Telemachus*?
Perhaps ere this some neighb'ring Prince,
Too potent to be long deny'd,
Usurps my Father's Bed and Throne.
How cou'd I bear that Sight? yet how revenge
Where certain Death wou'd meet me?
MENT. Vain Fears! — Imagin'd Danger!
Confess, inglorious Youth, the real Cause —
TEL. Is Immortality then offer'd here
A Cause Inglorious?

MENT.

MENT. It is — Nor can you here obtain it:
Or if you cou'd —
What is it here but Life prolong'd in Shame?
Farewel! — [*Going, he turns back ſeveral times.*
Yet muſt I leave thee?
I muſt — the Gods will have it ſo —
I ſee thee loſt, undone!
What can I do to ſave thee?

Fatal Change! — what do I ſee?
No more, alas! no more in thee
The Hero now I trace.
Where is now the ſprightly Fire,
That did thy God-like Soul inſpire,
And ſhew'd thy gen'rous Race?
Fatal Change! — what do I ſee?
No more, alas! no more in thee
The Hero now I trace. [*Exit* Mentor.

SCENE III.

Telemachus.

He's gone — and I — unhappy!
His parting Looks and Voice
Have ſtruck a Shiv'ring thro' my Veins,
As if with him my Guardian Genius
Were fled for ever from me.
I'll haſte and follow him — Ah no!

What Magick holds me here?
O *Mentor!* —— *Eucharis!*
O my divided Heart!
Thy Charms alone, victorious Beauty!
Can calm this Tempeſt of my Soul,
And ſooth me into Peace.

O Cupid, *gentle Boy,*
Reſtore me to the Fair!
To Love's *auſpicious Joy*
I'll fly from gloomy Care.
O Cupid, *gentle Boy,*
Reſtore me to the Fair! [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The Grotto.*

Calypſo.

Shall *Greece* the beauteous Youth regain?
Shall he too, like *Ulyſſes*, leave me?
No —— Here in ſoft endearing Chains
I'll hold him ever mine.
O mighty Love!
What is thy Flame in human Breaſts,
When I a Goddeſs yield
To thy ſuperior Sway?
All Hail, Imperial Love!
Not Jove *himſelf, Immortal* Jove,
From thy great Pow'r is free.

The ſpacious Realms of Earth and Sea,
And all the Azure Plains above,
All, all are full of thee.
All Hail, Imperial Love!
Not Jove *himſelf, Immortal* Jove,
From thy great Pow'r is free.

SCENE V.

Calypſo, Mentor.

CAL. *Mentor* alone! [*Aſide.*] — Illuſtrious *Greek*,
Where is *Telemachus*?

MENT. Does not *Calypſo* know?
The Foreſt now is all his Pleaſure,
With Ardour yet unknown.
His youthful Breaſt is fir'd;
Fair *Eucharis* — but ſure by thy Command,
Invites him to the Chaſe.

CAL. Invites him, when?

MENT. E'en now.

CAL. Didſt thou ſay *Eucharis*?

MENT. Bright *Eucharis*,
Thy lovelieſt Nymph, and, next thy ſelf, divine.

CAL. *Aſide.*] It cannot be — with *Eucharis!*
And I unknowing? —
O! 'tis too plain — Haſte, haſte to *Proteus*,
Say, I muſt ſee him here. [*To one of her Attendants.*

To

To Ment.] But have you left your Friend?
Will you not follow him?
Or why, to ſhare theſe Sylvan Sports,
Why is not *Mentor* there?

MENT. Why not *Calypſo*?
From me, from thee he turns his Eyes;
To lonely Glades,
To diſtant Shades,
From me, from thee he flies.
He glows, he burns with new Delight;
What can inſpire
This wondrous Fire?
What Charms, than thine more bright?
From me, from thee he turns his Eyes;
To lonely Glades,
To diſtant Shades,
From me, from thee he flies. [Exit Mentor.

SCENE VI.

Calypſo.

Then let him fly ——
Calypſo ſcorns the Scorner.
Yet fly to whom? — To *Eucharis*? ——
Riſe, riſe, ye Storms, the Foreſt ſhake!
Fall Lightning on the kindling Groves,
And blaſt — Ah no! — yet ſpare *Telemachus*.

Perhaps

Perhaps belov'd, he loves her not again ---
But ſure I've ſeen their guilty Eyes
Meet in ſecret Looks of Paſſion.
Shall I then yield him? — No,
I'll yet ſecure the lovely Prize,
And yet he ſhall be mine.

SCENE VII.

Proteus, Calypſo.

PROT. *See, Goddeſs of this happy Land!*
Proteus *is here at thy Command.*
For thee I leave my oozy Caves
On the green Margin of the Waves.
See, Goddeſs of this happy Land!
Proteus *is here at thy Command.*

CAL. Hear, Son of *Neptune*, hear,
Why *Calypſo* calls thee hither.
A beauteous Nymph adorns my Train,
Belov'd by thee — I know thy Paſſion.

PROT. She flies my vain Purſuit,
Yet warms me more
Than the bright Sun, whoſe chearing Beams
Each Noon I ſeek, while my Sea-herds
Sleep on the weedy Shore around me.

CAL. This Day ſhall ſee her thine.

PROT. O mighty Bliſs!

CAL.

CAL. But firſt attend what Love and I injoin thee.
A *Grecian* Stranger is thy Rival. ——
Haſte to the Woods, and find theſe Lovers there.
Perplex their Way, diſturb the Chaſe,
And *Eucharis*, by me beſtow'd,
Shall be thy fair Reward.
Let Love inſpire thee;
And more to fire thee,
Rage, Hope, and jealous Hate combine.
Haſte, haſte to gain her;
By Art obtain her,
And make th' inconſtant Beauty thine.
Let Love inſpire thee;
And more to fire thee,
Rage, Hope, and jealous Hate combine.

SCENE VIII. *The Woods.*

Prelude of Inſtrumental Muſick.

Telemachus, Eucharis, *and Nymphs enter as to the Chaſe.*

EUCH. The ſpacious Woods are all around us;
There lies our Way.
TEL. All I ſee and hear delights me.
Sure theſe are great *Diana*'s Train,
And thou the Goddeſs.

Hark!

Hark! the hollow Groves resounding
Echo to the Hunter's Cry!
Hark how all the Vales surrounding
To his chearing Voice reply!

Now so swift o'er Hills aspiring,
He pursues the Gay Delight,
Distant Woods and Plains retiring
Seem to vanish from his Sight.

Hark! the hollow Groves resounding
Echo to the Hunter's Cry!
Hark how all the Vales surrounding
To his chearing Voice reply!

EUCH. See, see! — near yonder Brake
Behold the liftning Deer!

TEL. Lead on; and, like thy conqu'ring Eyes,
Unerring be thy Hand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

After a Prelude of Instrumental Musick, Telemachus *Re-enters.*

TEL. I've loft the Track —— Sure there's Enchantment here.
A rising Vapour, like a Cloud,
This Moment stop'd my Pace,

And

And ſpread a ſudden Night around me.
'Tis gone --- Where's *Eucharis?* ---
My Ear will guide me;
This way I hear the Sound. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Proteus *following* Telemachus.

PROT. He's now alone,
Nor knows that artful Cloud was *Proteus*:
What Likeneſs cannot I aſſume?
I'll follow him,
And in the Form of *Eucharis*,
I'll more diſtract his Sight.

SCENE XI.

Proteus *re-enters in the Shape of* Eucharis, *follow'd by* Telemachus.

TEL. To find thee here exceeds all other Pleaſures.
But why doſt thou retire?
Why with dejected Looks forbid my Joy?
O ſtay, thou brighteſt Fair!

[Proteus *retires to the further part of the Scene, and as* Telemachus *advances towards him, ſinks under the Stage: A Tree riſes in his ſtead.*]

TEL.

TEL. *Amazing Change! — What do I ſee!*
O fatal Loſs! O wondrous Tree!
What envious Pow'r in this Diſguiſe
Removes my Charmer from my Eyes?
Perhaps this Bark by Magick holds
Th' impriſon'd ſtruggling Beauty.
Aſſiſt me, Gods, to ſet her free!

[Telemachus *goes to ſtrike the Tree, which is ſuddenly chang'd into Fire, and vaniſhes.*

SCENE XII.

Eucharis, Telemachus.

EUCH. *Telemachus!* — alas! — Surprize
Sits on thy Brow.
What means this ſudden Horror?

TEL. O fair Deluſion, ſtay!
Hover a while to bleſs my Eyes,
Ere thou again deceive me.

EUCH. Thy Words are wild! trembling thy Voice!
Thou doſt not know me!

TEL. 'Tis ſhe herſelf! — 'tis *Eucharis!*
My joyful Heart aſſures me
'Tis ſhe — vain Fears away.

EUCH. What Fear? — O ſay!

TEL. Juſt now I ſaw thee here;
I ſaw thee; or ſome beauteous Phantom

Smil'd

Smil'd lovely in thy borrow'd Charms;
I gaz'd — but loſt thy heav'nly Image —
Which now aroſe a Tree, but ſoon
In flaſhing Fire eſcap'd my wondring Sight.

EUCH. Wonder no more:
Proteus, that changeful Power, was here,
Who with unwelcome Paſſion wooes me,
And took theſe viſionary Forms
To drive thee to Deſpair.

TWO VOICES.

TEL. *My Charmer!* — EUCH. *My Treaſure!*
TEL. *To meet thee*
EUCH. *To greet thee*
BOTH. *Is Joy paſt expreſſing,*
No more let us part.
With Tranſport confeſſing
I feel a new Pleaſure
That glides thro' my Heart.
TEL. *My Charmer!* — EUCH. *My Treaſure!*
TEL. *To meet thee*
EUCH. *To greet thee*
BOTH. *Is Joy paſt expreſſing,*
No more let us part.

End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Prospect, with Woods at a distance.

CALYPSO, PROTEUS.

CALYPSO.

SAY, didst thou meet his frighted Eyes,
In all thy various Shapes of Terror?
What Savage Form that breeds in Caves,
Or haunts the Hills and sandy Delart
Did *Proteus* wear? say, how didst thou deceive him?

PROT. What Form so likely to deceive
As that of soft enchanting Beauty?
I caught him with the seeming Smiles
Of *Eucharis* — that false, yet charming Fair.

CAL. Where are they now?
You said they met again.

PROT. Yet *Proteus* still was near;
And folded in a Serpent's Train
I lay conceal'd, where weary with the Chase
She led him to a chearing Banquet.
Curse on the Sight! — I saw, I saw
The Nymphs officious wait around,

And

And fill in flowing Cups ambrosial Juice
To make the flatter'd Boy immortal.

CAL. Return, return, —
Why did you leave 'em?

PROT. To tell thee, Goddess,
He's now alone; the treacherous Nymph
To hide her Passion comes t' attend on thee.

CAL. *Proteus*, she's thine this Moment —
Alone? — Once more I'll see him? [*Aside.*

Come ev'ry Grace adorn me!
To charm those Eyes that charm me,
Love now thy Aid supply.
Or if th' Ungrateful scorn me,
Ye rising Furies arm me!
Unpity'd he shall die.
Come ev'ry Grace adorn me! —
To charm those Eyes that charm me,
Love now thy Aid supply. [*Ex.* Cal. Prot.

SCENE II. *A Canopy in the Wood.*

Telemachus *sleeping.*

MENTOR.

He smiles — he dreams — Gay Visions fill his Soul
Of golden Scenes and bright *Elysian* Pleasure.
O fond deluded Youth! — *Telemachus*,

When,

When, when wilt thou awake
To Virtue, and to Fame?
He knows not *Mentor* yet — Sleep on.
Another *Mentor* ſhall deceive thy Eyes,
Ere yet the deſtin'd Hour is come to ſave thee.

[*Exit* Mentor.

SCENE III.

Telemachus *ſtill ſleeping.*

CALYPSO.

This is the Place — Alas!
What awes me entring here?
Sure ſomething Sacred hovers near him.
See! — roſy Bloom, and brighter Youth
Shine in his Face! — Has *Eucharis*
Improv'd thoſe Charms? — He ſmiles,
As if he heard that pleaſing Name;
And e'en in Sleep he ſeems to ſcorn *Calypſo.*
Fond Love be gone — Revenge, Revenge!
This Spear ſhall right my injur'd Beauty.

[*Snatching his Hunting-Spear.*

But ſee — He ſmiles again!
Perhaps he dreams that *Eucharis*
Has made him now Immortal.

This

This to convince thee — No —— [*Going to ſtrike, ſhe ſtops.*
Ere yet I ſtrike the fatal Blow,
I'll tell him how he wrongs me.
Awake! impending Vengeance ſee!
Once more behold the Day and Me.
Then ſink to ſhades of endleſs Night,
And catch with dying Eyes the Light.
Awake! impending Vengeance ſee!
Once more behold the Day and Me.
He wakes —— my fainting Anger dies.
[*Throws away the Spear.*
O Tyrant Love! O weak *Calypſo!*

TEL. [*Waking.*] Where is my *Eucharis*, my Fair?
Alas! —— *Calypſo!* —— [*Starting.*

CAL. What! doſt thou ſtart to view me here?
Ungrateful! —— does thy Guilt affright thee?
Or doſt thou know *Calypſo* comes
To take Revenge for all her ſlighted Bounty.

TEL. Revenge!

CAL. *Where is my* Eucharis, *my Fair?* ——
Did not that Name recall thy Doom,
Returning Pity wou'd have ſpar'd thee.

TEL. My Doom? —— what Cauſe —— will great *Calypſo* ——

CAL. I'll hear no more.
Fly from my Isle, Invader, fly!
Yet shall my Rage
Like Lightning blast thee in thy Flight.
Fly to thy Nymph, thy *Eucharis*,
And see if she can save thee. [*Exit* Calypso.

SCENE IV.

Telemachus.

Can Death alarm me? — Do I dream?
Or did I taste the wondrous Juice
That can bestow
Celestial Youth and ever-blooming Joy?
Alas! — still mortal Sorrow pains me.
O *Eucharis!* — O only Fair!
If I must live, yet losing thee,
Take back th'immortal cruel Gift,
And let me die — or still be happy.
Hear me, Love, my Sorrows ending;
While I wander thro' this Shade,
Venus, *with thy Doves descending,*
Guide me to the beauteous Maid.
All ye smiling Loves attending,
Come in pity to my Aid. —

Hear me, Love, my Sorrows ending;
While I wander thro' this Shade,
Venus, *with thy Doves deſcending,*
Guide me to the beauteous Maid. [Ex.

SCENE V.

Proteus *following* Telemachus.

Still I trace thee, hated Boy!
Nor ſhalt thou now eſcape my Fury ——
[*Going, he turns back.*
Yet ſtay — I ſaw, upon the winding Shore,
As on a pointed Rock I ſat,
When firſt he landed in this Iſle,
I ſaw a Friend of Godlike Port attend him.
I mark'd that Stranger's Mien ——
Where is he now? ——
I'll wear his Viſage, and decoy
My Rival to his Ruin.
Ye Monſters that ſleep
In the Cells of the Deep,
To revenge your great Maſter prepare!
I'll ſeize, and I'll throw
To the Waves my proud Foe,
Then ſoon I'll recover the Fair.

Ye Monſters that ſleep
In Cells of the Deep,
To revenge your great Maſter prepare! [Ex.

SCENE VI.

Eucharis.

He's gone —— *Telemachus!* —— No Voice replies.
Thro' all the ſpacious Hollows of the Wood
A ſacred Silence reigns.
Telemachus! —— Alas!
E'en Echo now is mute.
He's gone —— Perhaps for ever.
O *Proteus!* O *Calypſo!*
How ſhall I now appeaſe you?
Cruel Cupid, *break thy Darts!*
Love and Conqueſt are no more.
Vain are all my ſofter Arts;
Hope deceives me,
Pleaſure leaves me,
I muſt now my Loſs deplore.
Cruel Cupid, *break thy Darts!*
Love and Conqueſt are no more. [Exit

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The Sea Shore, and the Cave of *Proteus*.

Proteus *enters in the likeneſs of* Mentor, *follow'd by* Telemachus.

TEL. Gods! can it be?
Does *Mentor* then approve my Paſſion?
How ſhall I ſpeak
My grateful Soul, and my o'erflowing Joy?
Yet — Whither doſt thou lead me?

Proteus *enters the Cave, and returns immediately in his own Shape.*

PROT. Behold that *Mentor* now!
Proteus, thy Rival!

TEL. Aſſiſt me, mighty *Jove!*

PROT. In *Mentor*'s Shape I had no Pow'r to harm thee;
But now thy Life is mine.

Telemachus *drawing his Sword, is ſeiz'd by* Proteus. Mentor *enters, and* Proteus *looſing his hold, runs into the Cave, and ſinks with it into the Sea.*

SCENE VIII.

Telemachus, Mentor.

TEL. What Hand Divine? —
My Friend! — 'tis he, the real Godlike *Mentor!*
Yet how can I with guilty Eyes behold him?

MENT. Return, return to Friendſhip and to Glory!

TEL. O no — I'm loſt in Shame,
Why did you ſave me? — let me die —
Yet let me die within thoſe generous Arms!
I cannot live —
And think how I have wrong'd thy wondrous Bounty.

MENT. This glowing Virtue on thy Cheek
Reſtores thee to thyſelf and Me.
Yet fly — *Telemachus!*
Fly from this inchanted Ground
That ſinks away beneath thee; Snares and Ruin
Are ſpread thro' all the treach'rous Soil.

TEL. Lead me, my Guardian Spirit, ſave me!
But oh! —

MENT. What is that breathing Sorrow?

TEL. O *Eucharis!*
Alas! forgive my Soul's returning Softneſs.

MENT. Awake from that illuſive Dream!
She's gone, the fleeting Shadow's gone;
Calypſo gives her to the changeful God,

The

The Price of vow'd Revenge on thee.

TEL. O let me once behold the mourning Fair!

MENT. Still she deludes thee.

Th' alluring Cup she lately gave
Was fill'd with noxious Juice
T' inslave thy Reason's nobler Pow'rs.

TWO VOICES.

MENT. *O break the Charm, the Charmer leave,*
Nor let her more thy Heart deceive.

TEL. *I'll break the Charm, the Charmer leave,*
Nor shall she more my Heart deceive.

'Tis done—— O false ensnaring Beauty!
In this last Sigh —— Farewel. *[Aside.*

[*Here a Machine of Clouds descending, fills the Stage, separating* Mentor *from* Telemachus.

TEL. Where am I now? O lost *Telemachus?*
Does *Mentor* too forsake me?
See! see what Stores of Vengeance are descending?
Great *Jove* —— I wait thy mighty Will,
Here end my Life, or ease my Sorrow!

Joy forsakes me, Hope is fled.
Break ye low'ring Clouds asunder,
Pour your Thunder
Quick on this devoted Head!
Joy forsakes me, Hope is fled.

[*The Clouds opening on a ſudden, the Stage is illuminated, and in the midſt of the Machine* Mentor *now appears as* Minerva.

SCENE IX.

Minerva, Telemachus.

MIN. *Telemachus!* deſpair no more.

TEL. O all ye Pow'rs!
What Sound familiar ſtrikes my Ear!
What Glories open to my Sight!
Minerva's Form! — The Voice of *Mentor*!

MIN. *Minerva* now behold,
Who long conceal'd in *Mentor*'s Form
Attended thee thro' ev'ry Danger,
To guide thy wandring Youth, and in thy Soul
To raiſe and finiſh all the growing Hero.
Fly falſe Delights! — *Ulyſſes* lives.
Calypſo wrong'd thy fond Belief;
Ulyſſes lives, and thou again ſhalt ſee him.

TEL. *Kneeling.*] Daughter of *Jove!* Celeſtial Maid!
O let me ever thus adore thee.

MIN. Ariſe — To *Ithaca* I'll now convey thee;
There bright *Antiope*,
That beauteous Daughter of the *Cretan* King,
Shall crown thy chaſter Love
With ev'ry Charm, and ev'ry Royal Virtue.
Think on the Honours of thy Race, and know,

When

When hoary Age and rip'ning Fame
Shall gather to the Gods thy Sire,
Telemachus ſhall fill his Throne,
And ſhine in all his propagated Glory.
See thoſe golden Beams, how bright!
Heav'n deſcends in ſtreaming Rays,
And foreſhows thee joyful Days.
Pallas *guards thee;*
Jove *rewards thee;*
Happy Years begin their Flight.
See thoſe golden Beams, how bright!
Heav'n deſcends in ſtreaming Rays,
And foreſhows thee joyful Days.

[Telemachus *goes into the Machine with* Minerva. *As it is aſcending,* Calypſo, Proteus, *and* Eucharis *enter.*

SCENE X.

Calypſo, Proteus, Eucharis, and Nymphs.

PROT. *Calypſo,* ſee where he aſcends!
Behold the Pow'r Divine that guards him.
Mentor no more, but great *Minerva!*

CAL. *Aſide.*] O hated Sight! ----

EUCH. O *Proteus!* what have I endur'd
For Scorn of thee?

PROT. Complain no more; but ſmile, and make me happy.

CAL. Robb'd of my Love and my Revenge!
Jove, 'tis thy Will — I'll hence, away,
And give a looſe to Phrenſy and Deſpair.
'Tis vain to ſtrive againſt ſuperior Gods;
Yet ſhall my Fury blaſt the tainted Earth,
And ſplit the trembling Rocks around me.
No longer here ſhall Nature ſmile,
Nor Spring perpetual grace my Iſle;
Hence all ye flatt'ring Pleaſures, fly!
Eternal Gloom blot out the Day!
Fade ev'ry Flow'r! each Tree decay!
O that Calypſo *too cou'd die!*

THE END.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

DIALOGUE

DE

L'AMOUR ET DU POETE.

Le P. AMOUR, *je ne veux plus aimer ;*
I'abjure à jamais ton Empire :
Mon Cœur, laſſé de ſon Martire,
A réſolu de ſe calmer.

L'Am. *Contre moi, qui peut t'animer ?*
Iris, *dans ſes bras te rapelle.*
Le P. *Non,* Iris *eſt une Infidelle ;*
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'Am. *Pour toi, j'ai pris ſoin d'enflamer*
Le Cœur d'une Beauté nouvelle ;
Daphné. — Le P. *Non,* Daphné *n'eſt que Belle ;*
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'Am.

DIALOGUE

FROM THE

French of Monſieur DE LA MOTTE.

Poet. NO, *LOVE* — I ne'er will love again;
Thy Tyrant Empire I abjure;
My weary Heart reſolves to cure
Its Wounds, and eaſe the raging Pain.

Love. Fool! canſt thou fly my happy Reign?
Iris recalls thee to her Arms.
Poet. She's falſe — I hate her perjur'd Charms;
No, *Love* — I ne'er will love again.

Love. But know for thee I've toil'd to gain
Daphné, the bright, the reigning Toaſt.
Poet. *Daphné* but common Eyes can boaſt;
No, *Love* — I ne'er will love again.

Love

L'Am. *D'un soupir, Tu peux déformer*
Dircé, jusqu'ici si sauvage.
Le P. *Elle n'est plus dans le bel Age;*
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'Am. *Mais si je t'aidois à charmer*
La jeune, la brillante Flore. —
Tu rougis — vas-tu dire encore,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer?

Le P. *Non, Dieu Charmant, daigne former*
Pour nous une chaîne éternelle;
Mais pour tout ce qui n'est point elle,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

Love. She who before ſcorn'd ev'ry Swain,
Diræ, ſhall for One ſigh be thine,
Poet. Age makes her Rays too faintly ſhine;
No, *Love* — I ne'er will love again.

Love. But ſhou'd I give thee Charms t'obtain
FLORA, the Young, the Bright, the Gay!
I ſee thee bluſh — now, Rebel, ſay,
No, *Love* — I ne'er will love again.

Poet. No, charming God, prepare a Chain
Eternal for that Fair and me!
Yet ſtill, know ev'ry Fair but ſhe,
I've vow'd I ne'er will love again.

VENUS

VENUS and *ADONIS*,

A

CANTATA.

Set by Mr. *HANDEL*.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD where weeping *Venus* ſtands!
What more than Mortal Grief can move
The bright, th'Immortal Queen of Love?
She beats her Breaſt, She wrings her Hands;
And hark, She mourns, but mourns in vain,
Her Beauteous, Lov'd *Adonis*, ſlain.
The Hills and Woods her Loſs deplore;
The *Naids* hear, and flock around;
And *Echo* ſighs, with mimick Sound,
Adonis is no more!
Again the Goddeſs raves, and tears her Hair;
Then vents her Grief, her Love, and her Deſpair.

AIR.

Dear Adonis, *Beauty's Treaſure*,
Now my Sorrow, once my Pleaſure;
O return to Venus' *Arms!*

Venus

Venus *never will forsake thee;*
Let the Voice of Love o'ertake thee,
And revive thy drooping Charms.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, Queen of Beauty, as thy Poets feign,
While thou didst call the Lovely Swain;
Transform'd by Heav'nly Pow'r,
The Lovely Swain arose a Flow'r,
And smiling, grac'd the Plain.
And now he blooms, and now he fades;
Venus and gloomy *Proserpine*
Alternate claim his Charms Divine;
By turns restor'd to Light, by turns he seeks the Shades.

AIR.

Transporting Joy,
Tormenting Fears,
Reviving Smiles,
Succeeding Tears,
Are Cupid's *various Train.*
The Tyrant Boy
Prepares his Darts,
With soothing Wiles,
With cruel Arts,
And Pleasure blends with Pain.

CAN-

CANTATA.

PASTORAL.

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG *Strephon*, by his Folded Sheep,
Sat wakeful on the Plains:
Love held his weary Eyes from sleep,
While, silent in the Vale,
The list'ning Nightingale
Forgot her own, to hear his Strains.
And now the Beauteous Queen of Night,
Unclouded and Serene,
Sheds on the Neighb'ring Sea her Silver Light;
The Neighb'ring Sea was calm and bright;
The Shepherd sung inspir'd, and bless'd the lovely Scene.

AIR.

While the Sky and Seas are shining,
See, my Flora's *Charms they wear;*
Secret Night, my Joys divining,
Pleas'd my Amorous Tale to hear;
Smiles, and softly turns her Sphere.
While the Sky and Seas are shining,
See, my Flora's *Charms they wear.*

Re-

RECITATIVE.

Ah fooliſh *Strephon!* change thy Strain;
The Lovely Scene falſe Joy inſpires:
For look, thou fond, deluded Swain,
A riſing Storm invades the Main!
The Planet of the Night,
Inconſtant, from thy Sight
Behind a Cloud retires.
Flora is fled; thou lov'ſt in vain!
Ah Fooliſh *Strephon!* change thy Strain.

AIR.

Hope beguiling,
Like the Moon and Ocean ſmiling,
Does thy eaſy Faith betray.
Flora *ranging,*
Like the Moon and Ocean changing,
More Inconſtant proves than they.

BEAUTY,

BEAUTY,

An ODE.

I.

FAIR Rival to the God of Day,
BEAUTY, to thy cœleſtial Ray
A thouſand ſprightly Fruits we owe;
Gay Wit, and moving Eloquence,
And ev'ry Art t' improve the Senſe,
And ev'ry Grace that ſhines below.

II.

Not *Phœbus* does our Songs inſpire,
Nor did *Cyllenius* form the Lyre,
'Tis thou art Muſick's living Spring;
To Thee the Poet tunes his Lays,
And ſweetly warbling BEAUTY's Praiſe,
Deſcribes the Pow'r that makes him ſing.

III.

Painters from Thee their Skill derive,
By Thee their Works to Ages live,
For e'en thy Shadows give Surprize,
As when we view in Cryſtal Streams
The Morning Sun, and riſing Beams
That ſeem to ſhoot from other Skies.

IV. Enchanting

IV.

Enchanting Vision! who can be
Unmov'd that turns his Eyes on thee?
Yet brighter still thy Glories shine,
And double Charms thy Pow'r improve,
When BEAUTY, dress'd in Smiles of Love,
Grows, like its Parent Heav'n, Divine!

MYRA.

CANTATA.

Set by Dr. *PEPUSCH.*

AIR.

LOVE frowns in beauteous MYRA's *Eyes;*
Ah, Nymph these cruel Looks give o'er.
While Love is frowning, Beauty dies,
And you can charm no more.

RECITATIVE.

Mark, how when sullen Clouds appear,
And wintry Storms deface the Year,

The

The prudent Cranes no longer ſtay,
But take the Wing, and thro' the Air,
From the cold Region fly away,
And far o'er Land and Seas to warmer Climes repair.
Juſt ſo, my Heart—— But ſee —— Ah no!
She ſmiles —— I will not, cannot go.

AIR.

Love and the Graces ſmiling,
In MYRA'S *Eyes beguiling,*
Again their Charms recover.
Wou'd you ſecure our Duty,
Let Kindneſs aid your Beauty,
Ye Fair, to ſooth the Lover.

II.

ALEXANDER's FEAST:

OR,

The POWER of MUSICK.

An ODE in Honour of St. CECILIA's Day.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Alter'd for MUSICK by Mr. HUGHES.

I.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won
By *Philip*'s warlike Son;
Aloft in awful State,
The Godlike Hero sat
On his Imperial Throne:
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound.

AIR.

Lovely Thais *by his Side,*
Blooming sat in Beauty's Pride.
Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave deserves the Fair!

II. RECI-

II.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre;
Trembling the Notes aſcend the Sky,
And Heav'nly Joys inſpire.
The Song began from *Jove*,
Who left his bliſsful Seats above;
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love!)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God;
Sublime on radiant Spires he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy Breaſt;
Then round her ſlender Waſte he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an Image of himſelf, a Sov'reign of the World.
The liſt'ning Croud adore the lofty Sound,
A preſent Deity, they ſhout around;
A preſent Deity, the echoing Roofs rebound!

AIR.

With raviſh'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Aſſumes the God,
Affects the Nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the Spheres.

III. RECI-

III.

RECITATIVE.

The Praiſe of *Bacchus* then the ſweet Muſician ſung,
Of *Bacchus* ever Fair, and ever Young:
Behold he comes, the Victor God!
Flush'd with a purple Grace,
He ſhews his honeſt Face;
As when, by Tigers drawn, o'er *India*'s Plains he rode,
While loud with Conqueſt and with Wine,
His jolly Troop around him reel'd along,
And taught the vocal Skies to join
In this applauding Song.

DUETTO.

Bacchus *ever gay and young,*
Firſt did Drinking Joys ordain:
1. Bacchus' *Bleſſings are a Treaſure;*
2. *Drinking is the Soldier's Pleaſure:*
1. *Rich the Treaſure,*
2. *Sweet the Pleaſure!*
Both. *Sweet is Pleaſure after Pain!*

IV.

RECITATIVE.

Fir'd with the Sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his Battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he ſlew the Slain.

The Master saw the Madness rise,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And, while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft Pity to infuse;
Then thus he chang'd his Song, and cheek'd his Pride.

AIR.

See Darius *Great and Good,*
By too severe a Fate,
Fallen from his high Estate,
Behold his flowing Blood!
On Earth th' expiring Monarch lies,
With not a Friend to close his Eyes.

V.

RECITATIVE.

With downcast Looks the joyless Victor sat,
Revolving in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a Sigh he stole,
And Tears began to flow.
The mighty Master smil'd to see
That Love was in the next Degree:
'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move;
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.
Softly sweet in *Lydian* Measures,
Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.

AIR. [With Flutes.]

War is Toil and Trouble,
Honour is an airy Bubble,
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying,
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais *ſits beſide thee,*
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

VI.

RECITATIVE.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd Victor ſunk upon her Breaſt.

DUETTO.

1. Phœbus, *Patron of the Lyre,*
2. Cupid, *God of ſoft Deſire,*
1. Cupid, *God of ſoft Deſire,*
2. Phœbus, *Patron of the Lyre,*

1 & 2. *How victorious are your Charms?*
1. *Crown'd with Conqueſt,*
2. *Full of Glory,*
1 & 2. *See a Monarch fall'n before ye,*
Chain'd in Beauty's claſping Arms!

VII.

RECITATIVE.

Now ſtrike the golden Lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain:
Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
Rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head,
As awak'd from the Dead,
And amaz'd he ſtares around!

AIR. [With Symphonies.]

Revenge, Revenge, Alecto *cries,*
See the Furies ariſe!
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flaſh from their Eyes!

VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a ghaſtly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand!

Thoſe are *Grecian* Ghoſts, that in Battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the Plain.
Give the Vengeance due
To the valiant Crew.
Behold how they toſs their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Perſian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their Hoſtile Gods!

AIR.

The Princes applaud with a furious Joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to deſtroy;
Thais *led the way,*
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another Helen, *fir'd another* Troy.

IX.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute,
And ſounding Lyre,
Could ſwell the Soul to Rage, or kindle ſoft Deſire.
At laſt Divine CECILIA came,
Inventreſs of the vocal Frame;

The sweet Enthusiast, from her sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.

A. I. R.

Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.

AN
ODE
TO THE
CREATOR *of the* WORLD.

Occasion'd by the

FRAGMENTS *of* ORPHEUS.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus? ——————
Qui mare & terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis?
Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum. Horat.

INTRODUCTION

To the following ODE.

THAT the Praiſes of the Author of Nature, which is the fitteſt Subject for the Sublime way of Writing, was the moſt ancient Uſe of Poetry, cannot be learn'd from a more proper Inſtance (next to Examples of Holy Writ,) than from the Greek *Fragments of* Orpheus; *a Reliqu of great Antiquity: They contain ſeveral Verſes concerning God, and his making and governing the Univerſe; which, tho' imperfect, have many noble Hints and lofty Expreſſions. Yet whether theſe Verſes were indeed written by that celebrated Father of Poetry and Muſick, who preceded* Homer, *or by* Onomacritus *who lived about the Time of* Piſiſtratus, *and only contain ſome of the Doctrines of* Orpheus, *is a Queſtion of little Uſe or Importance.*

A large Paraphraſe of Theſe in French *Verſe has been prefix'd to the Tranſlation of* Phocylides, *but in a flat Stile, much inferior to the Deſign. The following Ode, with many Alterations and Additions proper to a Modern Poem, is attempted upon the ſame Model, in a Language which having ſtronger Sinews than the* French, *is, by the Confeſſion of their beſt Critick* Rapin, *more capable of ſuſtaining great Subjects.*

AN
ODE
TO THE
CREATOR *of the* WORLD.

I.

O MUSE unfeign'd! O true coeleſtial Fire,
Brighter than that which rules the Day,
Deſcend! a mortal Tongue inſpire
To ſing ſome great immortal Lay;
Begin, and ſtrike aloud the conſecrated Lyre!
Hence ye profane! be far away!
Hence all ye impious Slaves that bow
To Idol Luſts, or Altars raiſe,
And to falſe Heroes give fantaſtick Praiſe!
And hence ye Gods, who to a Crime your ſpurious Beings owe!
But hear O Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas profound!
Hear ye unfathom'd Deeps below,

And let your echoing Vaults repeat the Sound;
Let Nature, trembling all around,
Attend her Maſter's awful Name,
From whom Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, and all the wide
Creation came!

II.

He ſpoke the great Command, and Light,
Heav'n's eldeſt-born and faireſt Child,
Flaſh'd in the lowring Face of ancient Night,
And, pleas'd with its own Birth, ſerenely ſmil'd.
The Sons of Morning, on the Wing,
Hov'ring in Choirs his Praiſes ſing,
When from th' unbounded vacuous Space
A beauteous riſing World they ſaw;
When Nature ſhew'd her yet unfiniſh'd Face,
And Motion took th' eſtabliſh'd Law
To roll the various Globes on high;
When Time was taught his Infant Wings to try,
And from the Barrier ſprung to his appointed Race.

III.

Supreme, Almighty, ſtill the Same!
'Tis He, the great inſpiring Mind,
That animates and moves this univerſal Frame,
Preſent at once in all, and by no Place confin'd.

Not

Not Heav'n it self can bound his Sway,
Beyond th' untravell'd Limits of the Sky,
Invisible to Mortal Eye
He dwells in uncreated Day.
Without Beginning, without End; 'tis He
That fills th' unmeasur'd growing Orb of vast Immensity.

IV.

What Pow'r but His can rule the changeful Main,
And wake the sleeping Storm, or its loud Rage restrain?
When Winds their gather'd Forces try,
And the chaf'd Ocean proudly swells in vain,
His Voice reclaims th' impetuous Roar;
In murm'ring Tides th' abated Billows fly,
And the spent Tempest dies upon the Shore.
The Meteor World is his, Heav'n's Wintry Store,
The moulded Hail, the feather'd Snow;
The Summer Breeze, the soft refreshing Show'r,
The loose divided Cloud, and many-colour'd Bow;
The crooked Lightning darts around,
His Sov'reign Orders to fulfil;
The shooting Flame obeys th' Eternal Will,
Lanch'd from his Hand, instructed where to kill,
Or rive the Mountain Oak, or blast th' unshelter'd Ground.

V. Yet

V.

Yet pleas'd to bleſs, indulgent to ſupply,
He, with a Father's tender Care,
Supports the num'rous Family
That peoples Earth and Sea and Air.
From Nature's Giant Race, th' enormous Elephant,
Down to the Inſect Worm and creeping Ant;
From th' Eagle, Sov'reign of the Sky,
To each inferior Feather'd Brood;
From Crowns and purple Majeſty
To humble Shepherds on the Plains,
His Hand unſeen divides to All their Food,
And the whole World of Life ſuſtains.

VI.

At one wide View His Eye ſurveys
His Works, in ev'ry diſtant Clime;
He ſhifts the Seaſons, Months and Days,
The ſhort-liv'd Offſpring of revolving Time;
By turns they die, by turns are born;
Now chearful *Spring* the Circle leads,
And ſtrows with Flow'rs the ſmiling Meads;
Gay *Summer* next, whom Ruſſet Robes adorn,
And waving Fields of yellow Corn;
Then *Autumn*, who with laviſh Stores the Lap of Nature
ſpreads;

Decrepit

Decrepit *Winter*, laggard in the Dance,
(Like feeble Age oppreſt with Pain)
A heavy Seaſon does maintain,
With driving Snows and Winds and Rain;
Till Spring, recruited to advance,
The various Year rolls round again.

VII.

But who, Thou great Ador'd! who can withſtand
The Terrors of thy lifted Hand,
When long provok'd, thy Wrath awakes,
And conſcious Nature to her Center ſhakes?
Rais'd by thy Voice, the Thunder flies,
Hurling pale Fear and wild Confuſion round,
How dreadful is th' inimitable Sound,
The Shock of Earth and Seas, and Labour of the Skies!
Then where's Ambition's haughty Creſt?
Where the gay Head of wanton Pride?
See! Tyrants fall, and wiſh the opening Ground
Wou'd take them quick to Shades of Reſt,
And in their common Parent's Breaſt
From thee their bury'd Forms for ever hide;
In vain — for all the Elements conſpire,
The ſhatter'd Earth, the ruſhing Sea,
Tempeſtuous Air, and raging Fire,
To puniſh vile Mankind and fight for Thee;

Nor

Nor Death it self can intercept the Blow,
Eternal is the Guilt, and without End the Woe.

VIII.

O *Cyrus! Alexander! Julius!* all
Ye mighty Lords that ever rul'd this Ball!
Once Gods of Earth, the living Deitnies
That made a hundred Nations bow!
Where's yours Extent of Empire now?
Say where preserv'd your Phantom Glory lies?
Can Brass the fleeting Thing secure?
Enshrin'd in Temples does it stay?
Or in huge Amphitheatres endure
The Rage of rolling Time, and scorn Decay?
Ah no! the mouldring Monuments of Fame
Your vain deluded Hopes betray,
Nor shew th' ambitious Founder's Name,
Mix'd with your selves in the same Mass of Clay.

IX.

Proceed my Muse! Time's wasting Thread pursue,
And see at last th' unravell'd Clue,
When Cities sink, and Kingdoms are no more,
And weary Nature shall her Work give o'er.
Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
See in his Hand the Book of Fate!
Myriads of Spirits fill the Sky
T' attend, with dread Solemnity,

The World's last Scene, and Time's concluding Date.
The feeble Race of short-liv'd Vanity
And sickly Pomp at once shall die;
Foul Guilt to Midnight Caves will shrink away,
Look back, and tremble in her Flight,
And curse at Heav'n's pursuing Light,
Surrounded with the Vengeance of that Day.
How will you then, ye Impious, 'scape your Doom,
Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
Your Clouds of painted Bliss shall melt before your Sight,
Yet shall you not the giddy Chace refrain,
Nor hope more solid Bliss t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the Joys you knew before;
But sigh, a long Eternity of Pain,
Toss't in an Ocean of Desire, yet never find a Shore.

X.

But see where the mild Sovereign sits prepar'd
His better Subjects to reward!
Where am I now! what Pow'r Divine
Transports me! what immortal Splendors shine!
Torrents of Glory that oppress the Sight!
What Joys, celestial King! thy Throne surround!
The Sun, who with thy borrow'd Beams so bright,
Sees not his Peer in all the Starry Round,

Wou'd

Wou'd here diminish'd fade away,
Like his pale Sister of the Night,
When she resigns her delegated Light,
Lost in the Blaze of Day.
Here Wonder only can take Place;——
Then Muse, th' adventrous Flight forbear!
These Mystick Scenes thou canst no farther trace;
Hope may some boundless Future Bliss embrace,
But *What*, or *When*, or *How*, or *Where*,
Are Mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow Cells of human Brain
The vast immeasurable Thought contain.

TO

Mr. ADDISON,

On his Tragedy of *CATO*.

THO' *Cato* shines in *Virgil*'s Epick Song,
Prescribing Laws among th' *Elysian* Throng;
Tho' *Lucan*'s Verse, exalted by his Name,
O'er Gods themselves has rais'd the Heroe's Fame;

The

The *Roman* Stage did ne'er his Image see,
Drawn at full Length; a Task reserv'd for Thee.
By Thee we view the finish'd Figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd Eyes;
We hear his Voice, asserting Virtue's Cause;
His Fate renew'd our deep Attention draws,
Excites by Turns our various Hopes and Fears,
And all the Patriot in thy Scene appears.
On *Tyber*'s Banks thy Thought was first inspir'd;
'Twas there, to some indulgent Grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient Fortunes rolling in thy Mind,
Thy happy Muse this manly Work design'd:
Or in a Dream thou saw'st *Rome*'s Genius stand,
And, leading *Cato* in his sacred Hand,
Point out th' immortal Subject of thy Lays,
And ask this Labour, to record his Praise.
'Tis done —— the Heroe lives, and charms our Age!
While nobler Morals grace the *British* Stage.
Great *Shakespear*'s Ghost, the solemn Strain to hear,
(Methinks I see the laurell'd Shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the Scene, and wondring view
His Fav'rite *Brutus* rivall'd thus by You.
Such *Roman* Greatness in each Action shines,
Such *Roman* Eloquence adorns your Lines,
That sure the *Sibyls* Books this Year foretold;
And in some mystick Leaf was found inroll'd,

'*Rome*, turn thy mournful Eyes from *Affrick*'s Shore,
'Nor in her Sands thy *Cato*'s Tomb explore!
'When thrice Six hundred times the circling Sun
'His annual Race shall thro' the Zodiack run,
'An Isle remote his Monument shall rear,
'And ev'ry generous *Briton* pay a Tear.

ADVICE to Mr. *POPE*

On his intended Translation of

HOMER's *ILIAD*, 1714.

O THOU, who with a happy Genius born,
Canst tuneful Verse in flowing Numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy *Windsor*'s Plains with early Bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren Praise.
Blind was the Bard that sung *Achilles*' Rage,
He sung and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving Age;
If *Britain* his translated Song wou'd hear,
First take the Gold —— then charm the list'ning Ear,
So shall thy Father *Homer* smile to see
His Pension paid, —— tho' late, and paid to Thee.

TO THE MEMORY *of Mr.* MILTON.

HOMER's *Description of Himself, under the Character of* Demodocus *the Musician, at the Feast of King* Alcinous.

From the Eighth Book of the *Odysses.*

THE Muse with Transport lov'd Him; yet to fill
His various Lot, She blended Good with Ill;
Depriv'd Him of his Eyes, but did impart
The Heav'nly Gift of Song, and all the tuneful Art.

To a LADY, *with the Tragedy of* CATO.

TWO Shining Maids this Happy Work displays;
Each moves our Rapture, both divide our Praise:
In *MARCIA*, we her Godlike Father trace;
While LUCIA triumphs with each Softer Grace.
One strikes with Awe, and One gives chaste Delight;
That bright as Lightning, this serene as Light.

Yet

Yet by the Muſe the ſhadow'd Forms were wrought,
And Both are Creatures of the POET's Thought.
In Her that animates theſe Lines, we view
The Wonder greater, the Deſcription true;
Each living Virtue, ev'ry Grace combin'd,
And MARCIA's Worth with LUCIA's Sweetneſs join'd.
Had She been born ally'd to CATO's Name,
NUMIDIA's Prince had felt a real Flame;
And, pouring his reſiſtleſs Troops from far,
With bolder Deeds had turn'd the doubtful War;
CÆSAR had fled before his Conqu'ring Arms,
And ROMAN Muſes ſung her Beauty's Charms.

A FRAGMENT.

PROMISCUOUS Crouds to worthleſs Riches born,
Thy Pencil paints, 'tis true, yet paints with Scorn.
Sometimes the Fool, by Nature left half-made,
Mov'd by ſome happy Inſtinct asks thy Aid,
To give his Face to Reaſon ſome Pretence,
And raiſe his Looks with Supplemental Senſe.

SERENATA,

FOR TWO VOICES.

On the Marriage of the Right Honourable the LORD *COBHAM* to Mrs. *ANNE HALSEY*.

DUETTO.

WAKE th' harmonious Voice and String,
Love *and* Hymen's *Triumph sing.*
Sounds with secret Charms combining,
In melodious Union joining,
Best the wondrous Joys can tell,
That in Hearts united dwell.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST VOICE.

To young VICTORIA's happy Fame,
Well may the Arts a Trophy raise,
Musick grows sweeter in her Praise,
And, own'd by Her, with Rapture speaks her Name.
To touch the brave CLEANDER's Heart,
The *Graces* all in Her conspire,

Love

Love arms her with his sureſt Dart,
Apollo with his Lyre.

AIR.

The liſt'ning Muſes all around her,
Think 'tis Phœbus' *Strains they hear:*
And Cupid, *drawing near to wound her,*
Drops his Bow, and ſtands to hear.

RECITATIVE.

SECOND VOICE.

While Crouds of Rivals, with Deſpair
Silent admire, or vainly court the Fair,
Behold the happy Conqueſt of her Eyes,
A Heroe is the glorious Prize!
In Courts, in Camps, thro' diſtant Realms renown'd,
CLEANDER comes — VICTORIA, ſee,
He comes, with *Britiſh* Honour crown'd;
Love leads his eager Steps to Thee.

AIR.

In tender Sighs he Silence breaks,
The Fair his Flame approves.
Conſenting Bluſhes warm her Cheeks,
She ſmiles, — ſhe yields, — ſhe loves.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST VOICE.

Now *Hymen* at the Altar ſtands,
And while he joins their faithful Hands,

Behold,

Behold! by ardent Vows drawn down,
Immortal CONCORD, heav'nly bright,
Array'd in Robes of pureſt Light,
Deſcends, th' auſpicious Rites to crown.
Her Golden Harp the Goddeſs brings,
Its magick Sound
Commands a ſudden Silence all around,
And Strains Prophetick thus attune the Strings.

DUETTO.

1 Voice. *The Swain his Nymph poſſeſſing,*
2 Voice. *The Nymph her Swain careſſing,*
1 and 2. *Shall ſtill improve the Bleſſing,*
For ever kind and true.
Both. *While rolling Years are flying,*
Love, Hymen's *Lamp ſupplying,*
With Fuel never dying,
Shall ſtill the Flame renew.

HORA-

HORATIUS,

In Libro Primo Epistolarum.

Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude:
Incipe. Vivendi qui rectè prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

TRANSLATED.

TO MORROW cheats us all. Why dost thou stay,
And leave undone what shou'd be done to Day?
Begin — the present Minute's in thy Pow'r;
But still t'adjourn, and wait a fitter Hour,
Is like the Clown, who at some River's Side
Expecting stands, in hopes the running Tide
Will all ere long be past — Fool! not to know,
It still has flow'd the same, and will for ever flow.

HYMN.

Sung by the CHILDREN *of* Christ's Hospital, *at the Entry of* KING GEORGE *into* London, 1714.

I.

HEAR us, O GOD, this joyful Day!
Whole Nations join their Voice,
To Thee united Thanks to pay,
And in thy Strength rejoice.

II.

For led by Thee, O KING OF KINGS!
Our Sovereign GEORGE we see;
Thy Hand the *Royal* Blessing brings,
He comes, he reigns, by Thee!

III.

Plenteous of Grace, pour from above
Thy Favours on his Head;
Truth, *Mercy*, *Righteousness*, and *Love*,
As Guards around him spread.

IV.

With Length of Days, and Glory crown'd,
With Wealth and fair Increase,
Let him Abroad be far renown'd,
Still blest at Home with Peace.

A MONUMENTAL ODE.

To the MEMORY of

Mrs. ELIZABETH HUGHES,

Late Wife of Edward Hughes, *Esq*; *of* Hertingfordbury *in the County of* Hertford, *and Daughter of* Richard Harrison, *Esq*; *of* Balls *in the same County.*

OBIIT 15 *Nov.* MDCCXIV.

I.

SEE! how those dropping Monuments decay!
Frail Mansions of the silent Dead,
Whose Souls to uncorrupting Regions fled,
With a wise Scorn their mouldring Dust survey.
Their Tombs are rais'd from Dust as well as they;
For see! to Dust they both return,
And Time consumes alike the Ashes and the Urn.

II. W

II.

We ask the Sculptor's Art in vain
To make us for a Space our ſelves ſurvive;
In *Parian* Stone we proudly breathe again,
Or ſeem in figur'd Braſs to live.
Yet Stone and Braſs our Hopes betray,
ge ſteals the mimick Forms and Characters away.
In vain, O *Ægypt*, to the wondring Skies
With Giant Pride thy Pyramids ariſe;
Whate'er their vaſt and gloomy Vaults contain,
No Names diſtinct of their great Dead remain,
neath the Maſs confus'd, in heaps thy Monarchs lie,
Unknown, and blended in Mortality.

III.

To Death our ſelves, and all our Works we owe.
But there is nought, O Muſe, can ſave
Our Memories from Darkneſs and the Grave,
And ſome ſhort After-life beſtow?
That Task is mine, the Muſe replies,
And hark! She tunes the ſacred Lyre!
Verſe is the laſt of human Works that dies,
When Virtue does the Song inſpire.

IV.

Then look, *Eliza*, happy Saint, look down!
Pauſe from Immortal Joys a-while
To hear, and gracious with a Smile

The dedicated Numbers own;
Say how in thy Life's ſcanty Space,
So ſhort a Space, ſo wondrous bright,
Bright as a Summer's Day, ſhort as a Summer's Night,
Cou'dſt thou find Room for ev'ry crouded Grace?
As if thy thrifty Soul foreknew,
Like a wiſe Envoy, Heav'n's Intent
Soon to recall whom it had ſent,
And all its Task reſolv'd at once to do.
Or wert thou but a Traveller below,
That hither didſt a-while repair,
Curious our Cuſtoms and our Laws to know?
And, ſick'ning in our groſſer Air,
And tir'd of vain repeated Sights,
Our fooliſh Cares, our falſe Delights,
Back to thy native Seats wou'dſt go?
Oh! ſince to us thou wilt no more return,
Permit thy Friends, the faithful Few
Who beſt thy numerous Virtues knew,
Themſelves, not Thee to mourn.

V.

Now penſive Muſe, enlarge thy Flight!
(By turns the penſive Muſes love
The Hilly Heights and Shady Grove)
Behold where ſwelling to the Sight
Eaſils, a fair Structure, graceful ſtands?

And from yon verdant riſing Brow
Sees *Hertford*'s ancient Town, and Lands
Where Nature's Hand in ſlow *Meanders* leads
The *Lee*'s clear Stream its Courſe to flow
Thro' flow'ry Vales, and moiſten'd Meads,
And far around in beauteous Proſpect ſpreads
Her Map of Plenty all below.
'Twas here---- and ſacred be the Spot of Earth!
Eliza's Soul, born firſt above,
Deſcended to an humbler Birth,
And with a Mortal's Frailties ſtrove.
So, on ſome tow'ring Peak that meets the Sky,
When miſſive Seraphs downward fly,
They ſtop, and for a-while alight,
Put off their Rays Cœleſtial-bright,
Then take ſome milder Form familiar to our Eye.

VI.

Swiftly Her Infant Virtues grew:
Water'd by Heav'n's peculiar Care
Her morning Bloom was doubly Fair,
Like Summer's Day-break, when we ſee
The freſh-dropp'd Stores of roſy Dew,
(Tranſparent Beauties of the Dawn)
Spread o'er the Graſs their Cobweb-Lawn,
Or hang moiſt Pearls on ev'ry Tree.

Pleas'd with the lovely Sight a-while
Her Friends behold, and joyful smile,
Nor think the Sun's exhaling Ray
Will change the Scene ere Noon of Day,
Dry up the glist'ring Drops, and draw those Dews away.

VII.

Yet first, to fill her Orb of Life,
Behold, in each Relation dear,
The pious Saint, the duteous Child appear,
The tender Sister, and the faithful Wife.
Alas! But must one Circlet of the Year
Unite in Bliss, in Grief divide
The destin'd Bridegroom and the Bride?
Stop, gen'rous Youth, the gathering Tear,
That as you read these Lines or hear
Perhaps may start, and seem to say,
That short-liv'd Year was but a Day!
Forbear —— nor fruitless Sorrowings now employ,
Think she was lent a-while, not giv'n,
(Such was th' appointed Will of Heav'n)
Then grateful call that Year an Age of virtuous Joy.

AN ALLUSION *to* HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

Printed at the breaking out of the Rebellion, in the Year 1715.

THE Man that loves his King and Nation,
And ſhuns each vile Aſſociation,
That truſts his honeſt Deeds i'th' Light,
Nor meets in dark Cabals, by Night,
With Fools, who, after much Debate,
Get themſelves hang'd, and ſave the State,
Needs not his Hall with Weapons ſtore;
Nor dreads each Rapping at his Door;
Nor ſculks, in fear of being known,
Or hides his Guilt in Parſon's Gown;
Nor wants, to guard his gen'rous Heart,
The Poniard or the poiſon'd Dart;

* *Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,*
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ ſagittis,
Fuſce, pharetrâ:

And, but for Ornament and Pride,
A Sword of Lath might croſs his Side.
* If o'er St. *James*'s Park he ſtray,
He ſtops not, pauſing in his way;
Nor pulls his Hat down o'er his Face,
Nor ſtarts, looks back, and mends his Pace:
Or if he ramble to the *Tower*,
He knows no Crime, and dreads no Power,
But thence returning, free as Wind,
Smiles at the Bars he left behind.
† Thus, as I loiter'd t'other Day,
Humming ---- *O every Month was May* ----
And, thoughtleſs how my Time I ſquander'd,
From *Whitehall*, thro' the *Cockpit* wander'd,
A Meſſenger, with ſurly Eye,
View'd me quite round, and yet paſs'd by.

No

* *Sive per Syrtes iter æſtuoſas,*
Sive facturus per inhoſpitalem
Caucaſum, vel quæ loca fabuloſus
Lambit Hydaſpes.

† *Namque me ſylvâ lupus in Sabinâ,*
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultrà
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:

* No ſharper Look or rougher Mien
In *Scotiſh* Highlands e'er were ſeen;
Nor Ale and Brandy ever bred
More pimpled Cheeks, or Noſe more red;
And yet, with both Hands in my Breaſts,
Careleſs I walk'd, nor ſhunn'd the Beaſt.

† Place me among a hundred Spies,
Let all the Room be Ears and Eyes;
Or ſearch my Pocket-Books and Papers,
No Word or Line ſhall give me Vapours.
Send me to *Whigs* as true and hearty,
As ever pity'd poor *M*——*ty*;

* *Quale portentum neque militaris*
Daunia in latis alit æſculetis:
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

† *Pone me pigrâ, ubi nulla, campis,*
Arbor æſtivâ recreatur aurâ:
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malúsque
Jupiter urget:

Pone ſub curru nimiùm propinqui
Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ:
Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulcè loquentem.

Let *T——d*, *S——d*, be there,
Or *R——n W——e* in the Chair.
Or send me to a Club of *Tories*,
That damn and curse at MARLBRO's Glories,
And drink —— but fare none such there are! ——
The DEVIL, the POPE, and Rebel MAR;
Yet still my Loyalty I'll boast,
KING *GEORGE* shall ever be my Toast;
Unbrib'd his glorious Cause I'll own,
And fearless scorn each Traitor's Frown.

APOLLO

APOLLO *and* DAPHNE.

A

MASQUE.

Set to Muſick by Dr. *PEPUSCH.*

And Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

Protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis. Ovid.

A

Dramatis Perſonæ.

APOLLO,	Mrs. *Margarita*.
DAPHNE,	Mrs. *Barbier*.
PENEUS,	Mr. *Turner*.
DORIS,	Mrs. *Willis*.

SCENE, *The Valley of* Tempe, *in* Theſſaly.

APOLLO *and* DAPHNE.

The First SCENE *is a River.* Peneus, *a River-God, appears on a Bed of Rushes, leaning on his Urn. He rises, and comes forward, his Head crown'd with Rushes and Flowers, a Reed in his Hand.*

PENEUS.

HOW long must *Peneus* chide in vain
His Daughter's Coyness and Disdain?
Thro' *Tempe*'s pleasant Vales and Bow'rs
As my full Urn its Current pours,
In ev'ry Plain, from ev'ry Grove
I hear the Sighs of slighted Love;
And on my rushy Banks the *Sylvans* cry
Why ever cruel, *Daphne*, why?
But see She comes, the beauteous Cause;
Daphne, my just Commands attend,
Hear me, thy Father and thy Friend,
And yield at last to Love and *Hymen*'s Laws.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

O *Peneus* urge this cruel Suit no more,
Have I not to *Diana* ſwore?
Behold again to Her I bow,
Devoted ever to remain
A Virgin of her ſpotleſs Train,
Hear, *Cynthia*, and confirm my Vow.

How happy are we,
How airy, how free,
That rove thro' the Woods and the Plains!
In vain the blind Boy
Our Hearts wou'd decoy,
We ſcorn all his Joys and his Pains.

[Exit *Daphne.*

PENEUS.

Raſh Maid return ——
What haſt thou Sworn?
With thee ſhall *Peneus'* Race expire?
Then hear once more thy ſlighted Sire,
And know, thy fatal Vow draws down
The Curſe of Heav'n, a Father's Frown,
And ſure Deſtruction waits thy Scorn.

Feeble Cupid! *vain Deceiver!*
What avail thy baniſh'd Quiver?

When

Where are all thy conq'ring Arts?
They that fly thee,
May defy thee;
They who fear thee,
And revere thee
Ever meet thy keenest Darts. [*Exit Phœbus.*

SCENE changes to a Foreſt.

Apollo *enters with his Bow and Arrows, as having newly ſlain the* Python.

APOLLO.

'Tis done — the Monſter *Python*, ſlain
By *Phœbus'* Shafts, lies breathleſs on the Plain.
Yet why with Conqueſt am I thus adorn'd?
Alas! I feel a Mortal's Pain,
Conquer'd by Love, whom once I ſcorn'd.
O *Daphne!* till thy Smiles I can obtain,
No more theſe Marks of Triumph let me bear;
But thus a Shepherd's Semblance wear,
Till bleſt by thee I grow a God again.

[*Throws away his Bow and Arrows, and takes up a Sheep-hook.*

See — She appears, how wondrous Fair!
Hail Goddeſs of theſe verdant Groves!

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

What art thou, or from whence?

APOLLO.

A Swain that loves.

DAPHNE.

Thy unavailing Courtship I spare.
Dost thou not daily hear the Shepherds cry
Why ever cruel, *Daphne*, why?
Go —— with the rest despair.

APOLLO.

No, let the rest despair, while I
Distinguish'd, triumph in the Joy.
Fair blooming Creature!
Each tender Feature
Speaks thee by Nature
For Love design'd.
Then smile consenting,
Lest Time repenting,
Let soft Relenting
Now shew thee kind.

DAPHNE.

Canst thou the Mountain Tigers bind,
Or stop the Floods, or fix the Wind?
Do this —— then *Daphne* will perhaps be kind.

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

E'en Tigers Love's soft Laws obey;
Art thou more savage far than they?
Look all around thee, and above!
Love lights the Skies, and paints the Meads;
Its genial Flame
Thro' Heav'n and Earth and Ocean spreads;
hou art thy self the happiest Child of Love,
Do not thy Birth disclaim.

DAPHNE.

ho' fair as *Phœbus* thou shou'dst seem,
d were thy Words soft as his Lyre,
They cou'd not move me to Desire;
Wake, Shepherd, from thy Dream.

Cease to sooth thy fruitless Pain;
Why for Frowns wilt thou be suing?
Cease to languish and complain.
'Tis to seek thy own Undoing,
Still to love, and love in vain.

APOLLO.

In her soft Cheeks and beauteous Eyes,
What new enchanting Graces rise! [*Aside.*

Duetto

Duetto *for* Apollo *and* Daphne.

Apol. *No more deny me,*
O ceaſe to fly me.
Your faithful Swain.

Daph. *No longer try me,*
For ever fly me,
Deſpairing Swain.

Apol. *Yet hear me.*

Daph. *Forbear me.*

Apol. *Let Sighs imploring,*
And Looks adoring,
Still ſpeak my Pain.

Daph. *Your Sighs imploring,*
And Looks adoring,
But move Diſdain. [Exit *Daph.*

APOLLO.

She's gone —— nor knows from whom ſhe flies.
Miſtaken Coyneſs! falſe Diſdain!
Phœbus ſhe prais'd, but ſcorns the Swain ——
Then, breaking from this dark Diſguiſe,
When *Phœbus* what he is ſhall ſeem,
My glitt'ring Rays and melting Lyre
At laſt ſhall warm thee to Deſire,
And wake thee, *Daphne*, from thy Dream.

Wh

Where Cupid's *Bow is failing,*
Ambition's Charms prevailing,
Shall triumph o'er the Fair.
The Nymph that Love deſpiſes,
Some ſecret Paſſion prizes,
That ſtill forbids Deſpair. [Exit *Apollo.*

Enter Daphne *and* Doris.

DAPHNE.

Doris, why this trifling Tale?

DORIS.

That good Adviee may once prevail;
Save one —— nor all your Lovers loſe.
Alas! that I, poor I might gain
What you each Day refuſe!

DAPHNE.

Take all, and eaſe me of the Pain.

DORIS.

I wou'd —— but ah! 'twere now in vain.

When I was a Maiden of Twenty,
And my Charms and my Lovers were plenty,
Ah! why did I ever ſay No?
Now the Swains, tho' I court 'em, all fly me,
I ſigh, but no Lover comes nigh me;
Ye Virgins, be warn'd by my Woe!
Ah! why did I ever ſay No?

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

Poor *Doris!* dry thy weeping Eyes;
Doſt thou repent thou once wert wiſe?

Tender Hearts to ev'ry Paſſion
Still their Freedom wou'd betray,
But how calm is Inclination,
When our Reaſon bears the Sway!

Swains themſelves, while they purſue us,
Often teach us to deny;
While we fly they fondly wooe us,
If we grew too fond they fly.

DORIS.

Yet might I ſee one courting Swain,
Tho' but to ſlight him once again! —
But come — I'll amorous Thoughts give o'er.

DAPHNE.

'Tis well! to leave 'em at threeſcore.
Haſte then, and at th' appointed Place,
See if the Nymphs expect me for the Chace. [*Ex.* Doris.

[*A Symphony of Inſtruments is heard, whilſt* Apollo *Deſcends in the Chariot of the Sun; a Crown of Rays about his Head, and his Lyre in his Hand.*

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

What Sounds Coeleſtial ſtrike my Ear!
Why does the golden Source of Light
Pour out new Day? — how wondrous bright!
Some God deſcends to human Sight;
I'm charm'd, yet aw'd with Fear.

APOLLO.

Daphne on *Phœbus* fix thy Eye,
With meaner Shapes deceiv'd no more;
Know, I thy beauteous Form adore;
Wilt thou a God, a God that loves thee, fly?

[Apollo *ſtrikes his Lyre, and* Daphne *turns back as ſurpriz'd at the Sound.*

Faireſt Mortal! ſtay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling Fear!
Cannot Love with Muſick join'd
Touch thy unrelenting Mind?
Faireſt Mortal! ſtay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling Fear.

Hark how the River-Shores prolong
My ſoft Complaints, and murmur to my Song!
Thy Father *Peneus* feels my Pain;
See! how his Oſiers gently bow,
And ſeem my ſecret Soul to know —

Daph.

Daph. Aside.] Alas! My rash, my fatal Vow!

Apol. Wilt thou alone unmov'd remain?

[*As* Daphne *is going out, she stops, and sings the following Air.*

DAPHNE.

Shall I return? —— or no? ——
Charms yet unknown surround me;
Yet, Love, thou ne'er shalt wound me,
No more alarm my Breast.
Then let me haste to go ——
Ah no, my Heart replies
In tender heaving Sighs. ——
Ye Pow'rs restore my Rest.

Apol. O do not go ——
Daph. Dost thou not know,
I'm of *Diana*'s Train!
Thy Love forbear ——
Apol. *Thy Scorn forbear ——*
Daph. *I must not hear;*
Apol. *O stay and hear;*
Daph. *Thy Love* } *is vain.*
Apol. *Thy Flight* }

[*Exit* Daphne *pursu'd by* Apollo.

—— SCENE

SCENE *changes to the River.*

Re-enter Daphne *looking back as affrighted.*

DAPHNE.

comes ---- the swift Purſuer comes ---- O where
Shall I eſcape his piercing Sight,
Where hide me from the God of Light?
Ah! 'tis in vain ---- he's here.

[Daphne *runs to the ſide of the River, and, as ſhe ſings the following Air, is transform'd into a Laurel-Tree.*

Father Peneus! *hear me, aid me!*
Let ſome ſudden Change invade me,
Fix me rooted on thy Shore.
Ceaſe, Apollo, *to perſuade me,*
I am Daphne *now no more* ----

[Apollo *enters at the latter end of the Air, and is met by* Peneus.

APOLLO.

O fatal Flight! ---- O curſt Diſdain!
O *Peneus*, how ſhall we our Loſs deplore?
But ſee!
The trembling Branches yet her Shape retain!
Tho' *Daphne* lives a Nymph no more,
She lives, fair Verdant Plant, in thee:

Hence-

Henceforth be thou *Apollo's* Tree,
And hear what Honours to thy Leaves remain.

No Thunder e'er shall blast thy Boughs,
Preserv'd to grace Apollo's *Brows,*
Kings, Victors, Poets to adorn;
Oft in Britannia's *Isle thy prosp'rous Green*
Shall on the Heads of her great Chiefs be seen,
And by a NASSAU, *and a* GEORGE, *be wo*

PENEUS.

Still *Peneus,* with a Father's Care,
Shall feed thee from his flowing Urn
With Verdure ever fresh and fair,
Nor this thy destin'd Change shall mourn.

CHORUS, *or* Duetto *of* Apollo *and* Peneus.

Nature alone can Love inspire,
Art is vain to move Desire.
If Nature once the Fair incline,
To their own Passion they resign.
Nature alone can Love inspire,
Art is vain to move Desire.

AN
ODE
FOR THE
Birth-Day of Her Royal Highness
THE
PRINCESS *of WALES*,
St. David's *Day, the First of* March, 17$\frac{1}{10}$.

Set to Muſick by Dr. *PEPUSCH.*

And Perform'd at the Anniverſary Meeting of the Society of Ancient *Britons*, eſtabliſh'd in Honour of Her Royal Highneſs's Birth-Day, and of the Principality of *Wales.*

Salve læta dies! meliorque revertere ſemper,
A populo rerum digna potente coli! Ovid.

ODE

FOR

TWO VOICES

First Voice, FAME.

Second Voice, CAMBRIA, or the Principality of *WALES*.

Both Voices, with a Trumpet.

TO Joy, to Triumphs dedicate the Day!

CAMBRIA.

Riſe, Goddeſs of immortal Fame,
And, with thy Trumpet's ſwelling Sound,
To all Britannia's *Realms around,*
The double Feſtival proclaim.

FAME.

The Goddeſs of immortal Fame
Shall, with her Trumpet's ſwelling Sound,
To all Britannia's *Realms around,*
The double Feſtival proclaim.

BOT

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's *distant Hills let the loud Notes rebound!*
Each Britiſh *Soul be rais'd, and ev'ry Eye be gay!*
To Joy, to Triumphs dedicate the Day.

FAME.

Hail, *Cambria!* long to Fame well known!
Thy Patron-Saint looks ſmiling down,
Well pleas'd to ſee
His Day, prolifick of Renown,
Increas'd in Honours to himſelf, and Thee;
See CAROLINA's Natal Star ariſe,
And with new Beams adorn thy Azure Skies!
Tho' on her Virtues I ſhou'd ever dwell,
Fame cannot all her num'rous Virtues tell.
Bright in her ſelf, and in her Offſpring bright,
On *Britain's* Throne ſhe caſts diffuſive Light;
Detraction from her Preſence flies;
And while promiſcuous Crouds in Rapture gaze;
E'en Tongues diſloyal learn her Praiſe,
And murm'ring Envy ſees her ſmile, and dies.

Happy Morn! ſuch Gifts beſtowing!
Britain's Joys from thee are flowing;
Ever thus Auſpicious Shine!

Happy Isle! such Gifts possessing!
Britain, *ever own the Blessing!*
CAROLINA's *Charms are thine.*

CAMBRIA.

Nor yet, O Fame, dost thou display
All the Triumphs of this Day;
More Wonders yet arise to Sight!
See! o'er these Rites what mighty * Pow'r presides;
Behold, to thee his early Steps he guides;
What noble Ardour does his Soul excite!
Henceforth, when to the listning Universe
Thou number'st o'er my Princes of Renown,
The second Hope of *Britain's* Crown,
When my great † *Edward's* Deeds thou shalt rehe
And tell of *Cressy's* well-fought Plain,
Thy golden Trumpet sound again!
The brave AUGUSTUS shall renew thy Strain,
And *Oudenarde's* Fight immortalize the Verse.

* *His Royal Highness, President of the Society.*

† Edward, *the Black Prince.*

AIR. With a Harp.

Heav'nly Muses! tune your Lyres,
Far resounding;
Grace the Hero's glorious Name.
See! the Song new Life inspires!
Ev'ry Breast, with Joy abounding,
Seems to share the Hero's Flame.

FAME.

O thou, with ev'ry Virtue crown'd,
Britannia's Father, and her King renown'd!
Thus in thy Offspring greatly blest,
While thro' th' extended Royal Line,
Thou seest thy propagated Lustre shine,
What secret Raptures fill thy Breast!
So smiles *Apollo*, doubly Gay,
When in the Diamond, with full Blaze,
He views his own Paternal Rays,
And all his bright reflected Day.

CAMBRIA.

Hail Source of Blessings to our Isle!
While gloomy Clouds shall take their Flight,
Shot thro' by thy Victorious Light,
Propitious ever on thy BRITONS smile!

BOTH VOICES.

To Joy, to Triumphs dedicate the Day.

CAMBRIA.

Rise, Goddess of immortal Fame,
And, with thy Trumpet's swelling Sound,
To all Britannia's *Realms around,*
The double Festival proclaim.

FAME.

The Goddess of immortal Fame
Shall, with her Trumpet's swelling Sound,
To all Britannia's *Realms around,*
The double Festival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's *distant Hills let the loud Notes rebound*
Each British *Soul be rais'd, and ev'ry Eye be gay!*
To Joy, to Triumphs dedicate the Day.

A

*LETTER

the AUTHOR *of* The Present State of the REPUBLICK OF LETTERS.

wing some Account of Mr. HUGHES's *Construction of the XXth* Ode *of* HORACE, *Book* II.

SIR,

THERE are some Constructions of obscure Passages in ancient Writers, which when discover'd appear natural and obvious, that the Reader is apt to wonder w they cou'd escape his Observation. I think this mark may be exemplify'd, by an easy Interpretation the 20th Ode of the *Second* Book of *Horace*, which hitherto proved a Stumbling-Block to the Criticks Commentators. It will be necessary for this purpose transcribe a few Lines from it.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Non usitatâ, nec tenui ferar
Pennâ, biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates: neque in terris morabor
Longiùs: invidiâque major

* *Printed in* The Present State of the Republick of tters for *November*, 1728, Vol. II. p. 383.

Urbes relinquam: non ego pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas,
Dilecte, Mæcenas, obibo:
Nec Stygiâ cohibebor undâ.
Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ
Pelles, & album mutor in alitem
Superne: nascuntúrque leves
Per digitos, humerósque plumæ.
Jam Dædaleo ocyor Icaro, &c.

The chief Dispute has been, whether *dilecte* is to be joined with *Mæcenas*, or to follow *vocas*, in the Sense of *ô dilecte*. Some take it the former way; and then they understand *vocas* to signify the same as *vocas ad cænam*, as it is used by *Catullus* and other *Latin* Writers. But Mr. *Dacier* rejects this Sense, (I think with Reason,) as unworthy of *Horace*, and fitter for a *Parasite*, than a *polite Writer*. He therefore, and others, construe it the latter way. But then all the Use they make of it, is, *That they suppose* HORACE *insinuates to* MÆCENAS *in an agreeable manner* (as Mr. *Dacier* expresses himself) *that he was not unworthy of the Affection and Tenderness his Patron testified for him, in calling him*, my Dear, my Life, *and in using other Expressions of the like Import; since he was so excellent a Poet, and shou'd be crowned with Immortality.* So that the Whole Design of *Horace*, according to these Gentlemen, is to be the Herald of his own Praise; and modestly to acquaint *Mæcenas*, (if you will forgive a modern Phrase,) what a *very pretty Fellow* he was.

The

The fruitful Genius of the learned Dr. *Bentley* has found out a Senſe, which I believe none of his Predeceſſors ever thought of; and he delivers it with the Aſſurance of an Oracle. *Quid multa? ſine dubio ſic corrigendus eſt locus, Non ego, non ego obibo, quem vocas sanguis pauperum parentum. Hic nihil jam ineptum; ſic pulchrè habet Antitheſis*; Non ego, quem pauperis Libertini filium vocas, obibo: Neque paupertas, neque ignobilitas generis obſtabit, quo minus ſempiternum nomen ex ſcriptis meis conſequar.

But notwithſtanding this Triumph, the Doctor can ſcarce believe, that the good-natur'd *Mæcenas* would in earneſt upbraid his beloved *Horace* with his being deſcended *Patre Libertino*; and therefore, to ſolve the matter, he conjectures that he only ſpoke it *jocularly*; or rather, (according to the laudable Maxim, *Poſito quolibet, ſequitur quodlibet*;) that thoſe blundering Rogues, the *Tranſcribers* or *Printers*, have made a Miſtake here; and that inſtead of *vocas*, we ought to read *vocant*: Which (*ſubintellecta Nominativo*,) ſignifies, That the *Enemies* and *Maligners* of *Horace* upbraided him with the Meanneſs of his Parentage.

The true Senſe of the Ode ſeems, in ſhort, to be no more than this: "*Horace* tells *Mæcenas*, That tho' he was deſcended from Obſcure Parents, yet ſince *Mæcenas* had honour'd him with his Friendſhip, and treated him with ſo much Tenderneſs and Affection, he was above Envy, and ſecure of Immortality." So that the whole Turn of the Ode depends upon the right Interpretation of the Word *dilecti*.

It is at least certain, that this Construction is perfectly agreeable to the known Sentiments of *Horace* in his Vth *Satire*, *Book* I, where he addresses himself to *Mæcenas* in these Words,

Ut veni coràm, singultim pauca loquutus,
(Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari,)
Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum
Me Saturejano vectari rura caballo.
Sed, quod eram, narro. Respondes, ut tuus est mos,
Pauca, ——— jubésque
Esse in amicorum numero. Magnum hoc ego duco,
Quod placui tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum,
Non patre præclaro, sed vitâ & pectore puro.

Now, taking it in this Light, instead of a vain Encomium of himself, it appears to be an elegant Compliment to *Mæcenas*: And the *non ustatâ pennâ* in the *first* Stanza, the *jam jam* in the *third*, and the *jam* in the *fourth*, all confirm this Sense. It is indeed so plainly the Drift of the Ode, that when it has been once pointed out, we are ready to wonder, (as the *Spaniards* did at *Columbus*'s breaking the End of the Egg, in making it stand upright,) how any one cou'd miss it. And yet I do not remember to have met with any Commentator, who has placed it in this Light.

The Publick is obliged for this judicious *Criticism* to the late accurate Mr. HUGHES; by whom the Substance of it was communicated in Discourse to the Writer of this Letter.

He has further confirm'd and illustrated the Sense he has given, by the following admirable Allusion to the foresaid Ode.

Extra

Extract of a LETTER *from Mr.* HUGHES *to the Lord Chancellor* COWPER.

" THIS little Poem was writ by the Accident " of having *Horace* for my Companion in " a Confinement by Sickneſs, and fancying I had diſ- " cover'd a New Senſe of one of his Odes, for which I " have found your Lordſhip's great Indulgence and Par- " tiality to me, the beſt Expoſition.

" Perhaps we never read with that Attention, as when " we think we have found ſomething applicable to our- " ſelves. I am now grown fond enough of this Senſe to " believe it the true one, and have drawn two or three " Learned Friends (to whom I have mention'd it,) into " my Opinion.

" The Ode, Your Lordſhip will ſee, is That, in " which *Horace* feigns himſelf turn'd into a Swan. It " paſſes (for aught I know Univerſally,) for a Compli- " ment on himſelf, and a mere Enthuſiaſtick Rant of " the Poet in his own Praiſe, like his *Exegi Monumen- " tum*, &c. I confeſs I had often ſlightly read it in " that View, and have found every one I have lately " ask'd, deceived by the ſame Opinion, which I can- " not but think ſpoils the Ode, and ſinks it to no- " thing; I had almoſt ſaid, turns the Swan into a " Gooſe.

" The

" The *Grammarians* seem to have fallen into this
" Miſtake, by wholly overlooking the Reaſon of his
" Rapture, *viz. Its being addreſs'd to* MÆCENAS,
" and have prefaced it with this, and the like general
" Inſcriptions — *Vaticinatur Carminum ſuorum Immor-*
" *talitatem*, &c. which I think is not the Subject.

" I am very happy in the Occaſion which ſhew'd it
" me in a quite different Senſe from what I had ever ap-
" prehended, till I had the Honour to be known to Your
" Lordſhip; I am ſure a much more advantageous one
" to the Poet, as well as more juſt to his great Patron.
" If I have exceeded the Liberty of an Imitator, in
" purſuing the ſame Hint further, to make it leſs doubt-
" ful, yet his Favourers will forgive me, when I own I
" have not on this Occaſion ſo much thought of emu-
" lating his Poetry, as of rivalling his Pride, by the
" Ambition of being known as,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt oblig'd,

and devoted humble Servant,

J. HUGHES.

ODE

ODE

To the Right Honourable the

LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

ANNO MDCCXVII.

In allusion to HORACE, Lib. II. Ode XX.

I.

I'M rais'd, transported, chang'd all o'er!
Prepar'd, a tow'ring Swan, to soar
Aloft; See, see the Down arise,
And clothe my Back, and plume my Thighs!
My Wings shoot forth; now will I try
New Tracks, and boldly mount the Sky:
Nor Envy, nor Ill-fortune's Spite,
Shall stop my Course, or damp my Flight.

II.

Shall I, obscure or disesteem'd,
Of Vulgar Rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil my Name to save
From dark Oblivion and the Grave?
No — He can never wholly die,
Secure of Immortality,

Whom

Whom *Britain*'s *COWPER* condescends
To own, and numbers with his Friends.

III.

'Tis done — I scorn mean Honours now;
No common Wreaths shall bind my Brow.
Whether the Muse vouchsafe t'inspire
My Breast with the Coelestial Fire;
Whether my Verse be fill'd with Flame,
Or I deserve a Poet's Name,
Let Fame be silent; only tell
That gen'rous *COWPER* loves me well.

IV.

Thro' *Britain*'s Realms I shall be known
By *COWPER*'s Merit, not my own.
And when the Tomb my Dust shall hide,
Stripp'd of a Mortal's little Pride,
Vain Pomp be spar'd, and ev'ry Tear;
Let but some Stone this Sculpture bear:
HERE LIES HIS CLAY, TO EARTH CONSIGN'D,
TO WHOM GREAT *COWPER* ONCE WAS KIND.

WHAT IS MAN?

O SON of Man! O Creature of a Day!
Proud of vain Wisdom, with false Greatness gay!
Heir of thy Father's Vice, to whose bad Store
Thy guilty Days are spent in adding more;
Thou propagated Folly!—What in Thee
Cou'd Heav'n's Supreme, cou'd perfect Wisdom see,
To fix one Glance of his regarding Eye?
Why art Thou chose the Favourite of the Sky?
While Angels wonder at the Mercy known,
And scarce the Wretch himself, the Debt immense will own!

BOILEAU.

BOILEAU,

Dans son I. Epistre AU ROY.

POURQUOI ces Elephans, ces armes, ce bagage,
Et ces vaisseaux tout prests à quitter le rivage?
Disoit au Roi Pyrrhus, un sage Confident,
Conseiller tres-sensé d'un Roi tres-imprudent.
Je vais, lui dit ce Prince, à Rome où l'on m'appelle.
Quoi faire? L'assieger. L'entreprise est fort belle,
Et digne seulement d'Alexandre ou de vous,
Mais quand nous l'aurons prise, & bien que ferons-nous?
Du reste des Latins la conqueste est facile.
Sans doute, ils sont à nous: est-ce tout? La Sicile
Delà nous tend les bras, & bien-tost sans effort
Syracuse recoit nos vaisseaux dans son port.
En demeurés-vous là? Dés que nous l'aurons prise,
Il ne faut qu'un bon vent & Carthage est conquise:
Les chemins sont ouverts: qui peut nous arrester?
Je vous entens, Seigneur, nous allons tout dompter:

Nous

From *BOILEAU*,

In his Firſt Epiſtle to LEWIS XIV.

WHAT mean theſe Elephants, Arms, warlike Store,
And all theſe Ships, prepar'd to leave the Shore?
Thus CYNEAS, faithful, old, experienc'd, wiſe,
Addreſs'd King PYRRHUS; — thus the King replies;
'Tis Glory calls us hence; to *Rome* we go.
For what? — To conquer. — *Rome*'s a Noble Foe,
A Prize for *Alexander* fit, or You;
But *Rome* reduc'd, what next, Sir, will you do?
The Reſt of *Italy* my Chains ſhall wear.
And is that all? — No, *Sicily* lies near;
See how ſhe ſtretches out her beauteous Arms,
And tempts the Victor with unguarded Charms!
In *Syracuſa*'s Port this Fleet ſhall ride.
'Tis well — and there you will at laſt abide? —
No; that ſubdu'd, again we'll hoiſt our Sails
And put to Sea; and, blow but proſp'rous Gales,
Carthage muſt ſoon be ours, an eaſy Prey,
The Paſſage open: What obſtructs our Way? —
Then, Sir, your vaſt Deſign I underſtand,
To conquer all the Earth, croſs Seas and Land,

O'er

Nous allons traverser les sables de Lybie;
Asservir en passant l'Egypte, l'Arabie;
Courir delà le Gange en de nouveaux païs;
Faire trembler le Scythe aux bords du Tanaïs;
Et ranger sous nos loix tout ce vaste Hemisphere:
Mais de retour enfin, que pretendez-vous faire?
Alors, cher Cineas, victorieux, contens,
Nous pourrons rire à l'aise, & prendre du bon temps.
Hé, Seigneur, dès ce jour, sans sortir de l'Epire,
Du matin jusqu'au soir qui vous défend de rire?

O'er *Africk*'s spacious Wilds your Reign extend,
Beneath your Sword make proud *Arabia* bend;
Then seek remoter Worlds, where *Ganges* pours
His swelling Stream; beyond *Hydaspes*' Shores,
Thro' *Indian* Realms to carry dire Alarms,
And make the hardy *Scythian* dread your Arms.
But say —— this wondrous Race of Glory run,
When we return, say what shall then be done?
Then pleas'd, my Friend, we'll spend the joyful Day
In full Delight, and laugh our Cares away.
And why not now? Alas! Sir, need we roam
For this so far, or quit our Native Home?
No —— let us now each valu'd Hour employ,
Nor for the future lose the present Joy.

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE

In Imitation of an ODE *in* CASIMIRE.

I.

SOLACE of Life, my sweet Companion Lyre!
On this fair Poplar Bough I'll hang thee high,
While the gay Fields all soft Delights inspire,
And not One Cloud deforms the smiling Sky.

II.

While whisp'ring Gales, that court the Leaves and Flow'rs,
Play thro' thy Strings, and gently make them sound,
Luxurious I'll dissolve the flowing Hours
In balmy Slumbers on the Carpet Ground.

III.

But see — what sudden Gloom obscures the Air!
What falling Show'rs impetuous change the Day!
Let's rise, my Lyre — Ah Pleasure false as fair!
How faithless are thy Charms, how short thy Stay!

THE

THE PATRIOT.

To the Right Honourable WILLIAM LORD COWPER, Lord High Chancellor of *Great Britain*.

HOW Godlike is the Man, how truly Great,
Who 'midſt contending Factions of the State,
In Council cool, in Reſolution bold,
Nor brib'd by Hopes, nor by mean Fears controul'd,
And Proof alike againſt both Foes and Friends,
Ne'er from the Golden Mean of Virtue bends!
But wiſely fix'd, nor to Extremes inclin'd,
Maintains the ſteady Purpoſe of his Mind.
So *Atlas*, pois'd on his broad Baſe, defies
The Shock of gath'ring Storms, and wintry Skies;
Above the Clouds, Serene, he lifts his Brow,
And ſees unmov'd the Thunder break below.
But where's the Patriot, by theſe Virtues known,
Unſway'd by others Paſſions, or his own?

Juſt

Juſt to his Prince, and to the Publick true,
That ſhuns, in all Events, each Partial View?
That ne'er forgets the Whole of Things to weigh,
And ſcorns the Short-liv'd Wiſdom of a Day?
If there be One —— hold Muſe, nor more reveal —
(Yet Oh that Numbers cou'd his Name conceal!)
Thrice happy *Britain*, of ſuch Wealth poſſeſt!
On thy firm Throne, great *GEORGE*, unſhaken reſt,
Safe in his Judgment, on his Faith rely,
And prize the Worth which Kingdoms cannot buy!
Rich in itſelf, the genuine Diamond ſhines,
And owes its Value to its Native Mines;
Yet ſet in *Britain*'s Crown, drinks ampler Rays
Of the Sun's Light, and caſts a wider Blaze.
With Pleaſure we the well-plac'd Gem behold,
That adds a Luſtre to the Royal Gold.

January 25, 17$\frac{17}{18}$.

The Second Scene of the First Act of

ORESTES,

A

TRAGEDY.

Translated from EURIPIDES.

ARGUMENT.

Oreſtes *had kill'd his Mother* Clytemneſtra, *in Revenge of his Father's Death, who was murder'd by Her. This Part of the Story is the Subject of the* ELECTRA *of* SOPHOCLES, *where, in the Concluſion of the Play,* Clytemneſtra *is heard behind the Scene crying out in vain for Mercy, while her Son is executing his Revenge. Perhaps this Play was written firſt; and* EURIPIDES *took up the Story where the other left off. The Reflexions on his Guilt in putting his Mother to Death, tho' a Criminal, with his own Hands, fill'd* Oreſtes's *Mind with ſo much Horror as afterwards caus'd his Diſtraction. In this Condition he is repreſented in the following Scene, lying on a Couch, and his Siſter* Electra, *with a Chorus of* Græcian *Women, waiting near him.*

I ſhall detain the Reader no longer than to obſerve, that the Tenderneſs of Electra, *and the alternate Starts and Returns of Madneſs and Reaſon in* Oreſtes, *are touch'd with the moſt exquiſite Strokes of Nature and Paſſion.*

ORESTES.

A

TRAGEDY.

CHORUS, ORESTES, ELECTRA.

CHORUS.

DRAW near, *Electra*, to thy Brother's Couch;
See if he breathes; this long-protracted Reſt
May end in Death, and fatally deceive thee.

ORESTES, *waking.*

O ſweet refreſhing Sleep! thou balmy Cure
Of Sickneſs and of Pain!
How has thy gentle Pow'r at length reliev'd me!
Soft Oblivion of ſurrounding Ills,
How grateful to th' Afflicted are thy Charms!
Where am I? — ſpeak — inform me, tell me where?
How came I hither? for I know not how!
Alas! I've lately been bereft of Reaſon!
And now, no Track of former Thought remains.

ELECTRA.

O my much-lov'd *Oreſtes!* O my Brother!
With Joy I've watch'd o'er thy late healing Slumber.
Come — ſhall I help to raiſe thee from thy Couch?

ORESTES.

Soft, I pray thee — firſt wipe away theſe Drops,
That ſit all dewy o'er my Face.

ELECTRA.

Ye Gods!
How pleaſant is this Task to a Siſter's Love!

ORESTES.

Come, let me lean upon thee; — how canſt thou be
me? —
Put forth thy Hand; remove the clotted Locks,
That ſhade my Sight; I ſcarcely yet can ſee —

ELECTRA.

O my poor Brother; how has Sickneſs chang'd the
Thy Face, thy Beard, ſo long unwaſh'd, deform the
And ſpread an unknown Horror o'er thy Mien.

ORESTES.

I'm weary; — lead me to my Couch again.
When my Fit leaves me, I am weak and faint,
And a cold Trembling runs thro' all my Limbs.

ELECTRA.

How friendly is the Sick Man's Bed; tho' Pain
Dwell there, yet there he beſt may bear it.

ORESTES.

ORESTES.

O! help once more; and gently bend me forward.

CHORUS.

The Sick are ever reſtleſs;
neaſineſs and Pain make them impatient.

ELECTRA.

Wilt thou get up, and try again to walk?
hange will perhaps relieve thee.

ORESTES.

I fain wou'd walk — and, ſeeming well awhile,
elude my anxious Thoughts.

ELECTRA.

Now hear me, Brother;
ar me, while yet the cruel Furies leave thee,
his Pauſe from Grief, this Interval of Reaſon.

ORESTES.

Speak quick thy News — if it be good, 'tis welcome;
ill — I've Load enough; nor add thou more.

ELECTRA.

Then know, thy Uncle *Menelaus* comes;
s Ship is in the Port —

ORESTES.

What doſt thou ſay? —
comes, like dawning Light, to chear our Griefs,
d chace away the Blackneſs of Deſpair;
y Father's Brother, and his beſt-lov'd Friend!

ELECTRA.

He's now arriv'd — and brings from conquer'd *Troy*
His beauteous *Helen* —

ORESTES.

Say'ſt thou? — better far
He came alone — and he alone ſurviving;
But if with *Helen* — then he brings a Curſe,
A heavy Curſe —

ELECTRA.

The Race of *Tyndarus*
Have thro' all *Greece* ſpread Infamy and Shame.

ORESTES.

Beware then — ſhun the Deeds of impious Women.
Wear no falſe Face — Be good, as well as ſeem ſo —
Beware, I ſay —

ELECTRA.

Alas! what means my Brother? You are chang'd.
Your Colour ſhifts — your Eyes look fiercely wild —
Your Fit returns — O Heav'ns! he's loſt again.

ORESTES.

Mother, forbear! — What! no Forgiveneſs — never
O! take away thoſe Furies — how they ſhake
Their Snaky Locks, and grin around me!

ELECTRA.

Alas! poor Wretch; 'tis thy own Fear alarms thee
Compoſe thyſelf: Why doſt thou leave thy Couch?

Here are no Fiends; thou talk'ſt to ſhapeleſs Air.

ORESTES.

Help, help me, *Phœbus* — See, thoſe Dogs of Hell
With famiſh'd Jaws gape horrid to devour me!
Th' Infernal Prieſteſſes look fiercely on me;
They thirſt for Blood, and I'm the deſtin'd Victim!

ELECTRA.

Nay, ſtrive not — for I will not let thee go,
While theſe weak Arms can fold thee —

ORESTES.

What art thou?
One of my curſt Tormentors? — Hence — I know thee;
Thou graſp'ſt me thus to plunge me down to Hell.

ELECTRA.

Oh! whence can wretched Mortals hope for Succour,
When Heav'n is deaf, and all the Gods our Foes!

ORESTES.

Reach me the Weapons of the ſhooting God,
Apollo's Gift, the Shafts and horny Bow;
With theſe he bade me drive the Fiends away,
When cruel, they attack me —

ELECTRA.

Can they feel?
Can deathleſs Beings feel a mortal Wound?

ORESTES.

They ſhall — or leave my tortur'd Sight — behold!
Doſt thou not ſee their feather'd Shafts fly round me?
Begone, ye Miniſters of Wrath — Away! away!
The Guilt's not mine — Hence, thro' the yielding Skies,
Fly ſwift to Heav'n — and charge *Apollo* there,
Whoſe Oracle betray'd me — Ah! I faint;
My Spirits ſink — Where am I now? Alas!
How have I left my Bed? — how ſtray'd I hither?
Oh — I perceive — once more the raging Waves
Have ſpent their Force — and all is calm again —
My Siſter? — weeping too? Why doſt thou turn
Thy Face away, thus muffled in thy Garment?
I grieve to think what I have made thee ſuffer;
I know, my Sickneſs bears too hard upon thee;
Yet weep not for my Crimes, unhappy Maid!
The Deed was mine — Thou only didſt conſent:
'Twas I that ſlew my Mother — *Phœbus* himſelf
Adviſ'd that impious Act — the Guilt be his,
Whoſe Words ſpoke Comfort, but who now forſakes
me.
But oh! *Electra*, had our Father's Shade
Been preſent then — had I, before the God,
Ask'd his Conſent, to ſtrike the Murd'reſs dead,
The pitying *Manes* ſure had ſtop'd my hand,
Nor wou'd have wiſh'd for his own Life again,
Redeem'

Redeem'd by Guilt, ſo horrid in a Son.
Now wipe away thy Tears, lamenting Maid;
Tho' we're both wretched, Tears are ſhed in vain;
And when thou ſeeſt again my faltring Reaſon,
Be ready thou to rule my broken Senſe,
And comfort my Affliction --- And when thou
Shalt ſink beneath thy preſſing Woes, I'll ſtrive
By ſoothing Words to mitigate thy Sorrows.
Such Offices become our fond Affection. --
But now, retiring to thy own Apartment,
Let gentle Slumber cloſe thy wakeful Eyes;
Then riſe refreſh'd; anoint thy wearied Limbs,
And with due Nouriſhment recruit thy Spirits.
Such ceaſeleſs Watchings will exhauſt thy Strength,
And make thy languid Life a Burden to thee.
Thou ſeeſt, all other Friends are fled; thou art
My only Solace in this dire Affliction.
Shou'dſt thou forſake me too, I'm loſt indeed.

ELECTRA.

O no! thy Siſter never will forſake thee;
Nor only will I live, but die with thee;
What Joy cou'd Life afford a wretched Woman,
Bereft of Father, Brother, every Friend? —
But if you ſo command, I will retire;
In the mean while, compoſe thyſelf to reſt,
Reclin'd upon thy Couch; nor let vain Terrors

Rouze thee again — Thy own upbraiding Conſcience
Is the revengeful Fiend, that haunts thy Breaſt!

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY
Of the Right Honourable
The Lord Chancellor PARKER.
July XXIII, MDCCXIX.

AS Father THAMES pours out his plenteous Urn
O'er common Tracts, with Speed his Waters flow;
But where ſome beauteous Palace does adorn
His Banks, the River ſeems to move more ſlow;

As if he ſtopp'd awhile, with conſcious Pride,
Nor to the Ocean wou'd purſue his Race,
Till he reflect its Glories in his Tide,
And call the Water-Nymphs around to gaze.

So

So in Time's common Flood the huddled Throng
Of Months and Hours unheeded paſs away,
Unleſs ſome gen'ral Good our Joy prolong,
And mark the Moments of ſome Feſtal Day.

Not fair JULY, tho' Plenty clothe his Fields,
Tho' Golden Suns make all his Mornings ſmile,
Can boaſt of aught that ſuch a Triumph yields,
As that he gave a PARKER to our Iſle.

Hail happy Month! ſecure of laſting Fame!
Doubly diſtinguiſh'd thro' the circling Year:
In *Rome* a HERO gave thee firſt thy Name;
A PATRIOT's Birth makes thee to *Britain* dear.

The XIVth OLYMPICK *of* PINDAR.

TO

ASOPICUS *of* ORCHOMENUS*

I.

YE heav'nly GRACES, who preside
O'er *Minyas*'s happy Soil, that breeds,
Swift for the Race, the faireſt Steeds;
And rule the Land, where with a gentle Tide
Your lov'd *Cephiſian* Waters glide!
Since *Orchomenus* does to you belong,
Hear, Goddeſſes, and ſmiling aid the Song.

II.

Whatever Honours ſhine below,
Whatever Gifts can move Delight,
Or ſooth the raviſh'd Soul, or charm the Sight,
To YOU their Pow'r of pleaſing owe.
Fame, Beauty, Wiſdom you beſtow;
Nor will the Gods the ſacred Banquet own,
Nor on the *Chorus* look propitious down,
If you, your Preſence have deny'd,
To rule the Banquet, and the *Chorus* guide.

III.

* *In the City of* Orchomenus *there was a Temple dicated to the* Graces.

III.

In Heav'n itſelf all own your happy Care;
Bleſs'd by your Influence divine,
There all is Good, and all is Fair:
On Thrones ſublime you there illuſtrious ſhine;
Plac'd near *Apollo* with the golden Lyre,
You all his Harmony inſpire,
And warbled Hymns to *Jove* perpetual ſing,
To *Jove*, of Heav'n the Father and the King.

IV.

Now hear *Aglaia*, venerable Maid!
Hear thou, that tuneful Verſe doſt love,
Euphroſyne! Join your Cœleſtial Aid,
Ye Daughters of immortal *Jove!*
Thalia too be preſent with my Lays;
Aſopicus has rais'd his City's Name,
And, Victor in th' *Olympick* Strife, may claim
From you his juſt Reward of virtuous Praiſe.

V.

And thou, O *Fame!* this happy Triumph ſpread;
Fly to the Regions of the Dead,
Through *Proſerpine*'s dark Empire bear the Sound;
There ſeek *Cleodamus* below,
And let the pleas'd Paternal Spirit know,

How

How on the Plains of *Pisa* far renown'd,
His Son, his youthful Son, of matchless Speed,
Bore off from All the Victor's Meed,
And with an Olive Wreath his envy'd Temples crown'd.

Written in a WINDOW *at* Wallington-House. MDCCXIX.

ENVY, if thy searching Eye
Thro' this Window chance to pry,
To thy Sorrow thou shalt find,
All that's Generous, Friendly, Kind,
Goodness, Virtue, ev'ry Grace,
Dwelling in this happy Place:
Then, if thou wou'dst shun this Sight,
Hence for ever take thy Flight.

THE SUPPLEMENT:

OR, A *PICTURE in VERSE.*

IMPERFECT.

PAINTER, give o'er; here ends thy feeble Art;
For how wilt thou describe th' Immortal Part?
Tho' *Kneller*'s or tho' *Raphael*'s Skill were thine,
Or *Titian*'s Colours on the Cloth did shine,
The labour'd Piece must yet half-finish'd stand,
And mock the Weakness of the Master's Hand.
Colours are but the Phantoms of the Day,
With that they're born, with that they fade away:
Like Beauty's Charms, they but amuse the Sight,
Dark in themselves, till, by Reflexion bright,
With the Sun's Aid to rival him they boast,
But Light withdrawn in their own Shades are lost.
Then what are these t' express the living Fire,
The Lamp within, that never can expire?

That

That Work can only by the Muſe be wrought;
Souls muſt paint Souls, and Thought delineate Thought.
Then Painter-Muſe begin, and unconfin'd
Draw boldly firſt a large Extent of Mind:
Yet not a barren Waſte, an empty Space,
For Crouds of Virtues fill up all the Place.
See! o'er the reſt fair PIETY preſides,
As the bright Sun th' inferior Planets guides;
To the Soul's Pow'rs it vital Heat ſupplies,
And hence a thouſand worthy Habits riſe.
So when that genial Father of the Spring
Smiles on the Meads, and wakes the Birds to ſing,
And from the heav'nly Bull his Influence ſheds
On the Parterres and fruitful Garden Beds,
A thouſand beauteous Births ſhoot up to Sight,
A thouſand Buds unfolding meet the Light;
Each uſeful Plant does the rich Earth adorn,
And all the Flow'ry Univerſe is born.
O! cou'd my Verſe deſcribe this ſacred Queen,
This firſt of Virtues, awful, yet ſerene,
Plain in her native Charms, nor too ſevere,
Free from falſe Zeal, and ſuperſtitious Fear;
Such and ſo bright, as by th' Effects we find
She dwells in this ſelected happy Mind,
The Source of ev'ry Good ſhou'd ſtand confeſt,
And all who ſee, applaud the Heav'n-born Gueſt!

Proceed

Proceed, my Muſe, next in the Picture place
Diffuſive CHARITY to Human Race.
JUSTICE thou need'ſt not in the Draught expreſs,
Since ev'ry Greater ſtill includes the Leſs.
What were the Praiſe if Virtue idly ſtood,
Content alike to do nor Harm nor Good?
Tho' ſhunning Ill, unactive and ſupine,
Like painted Suns, that warm not while they ſhine?
The nobler Soul ſuch narrow Life diſdains,
Flows out, and meets another's Joys and Pains,
Taſteleſs of Bleſſings, if poſſeſt alone,
And in imparted Pleaſures ſeeks its own.
Hence grows the ſenſe of FRIENDSHIP's generous Fire,
Hence LIBERALITY the Heart inſpires,
Hence Streams of Good in conſtant Actions flow,
And Man to Man becomes a God below!
A Soul thus form'd, and ſuch a Soul is here,
Needs not the dangerous Teſt of Riches fear,
But, unſubdu'd to Wealth, may ſafely ſtand,
And count o'er Heaps with an unſully'd Hand.
Heav'n that knew this, and where t' intruſt its Store,
And bleſſing One, oft' bleſſes many more,
Firſt gave a Will to give, then fitly join'd
A liberal Fortune to a liberal Mind.

With

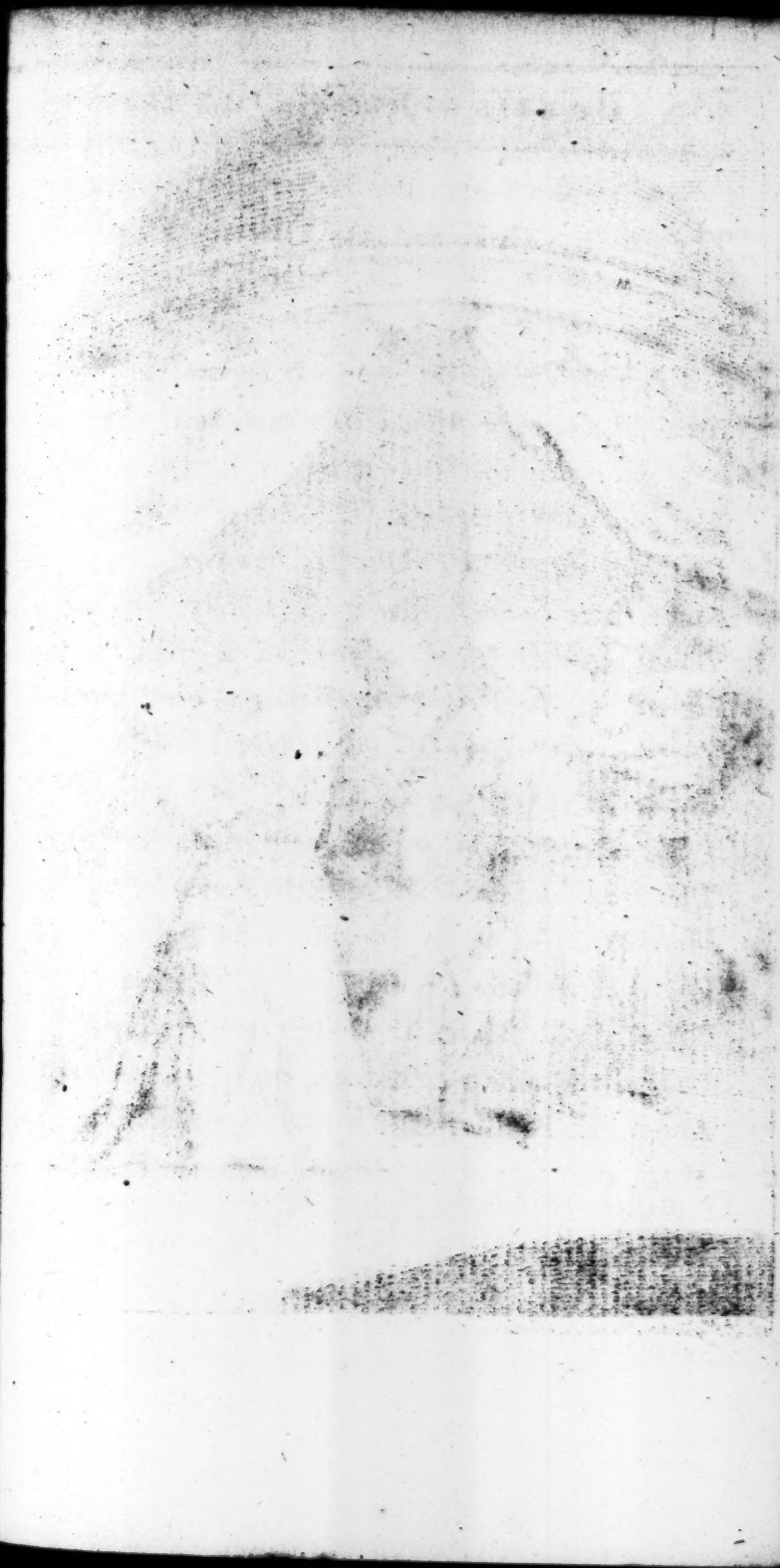
With such a graceful Ease her Bounty flows;
She gives, and scarce that she's the Giver knows,
But seems receiving most, when she the most bestows.
Rich in her self, well may she value more
Her Wealth within, the Mind's immortal Store;
Passions subdu'd, and Knowledge free from Pride,
Good Humour, ever to good Sense ally'd,
Well-season'd Mirth, and Wisdom unsevere,
An equal Temper, and a Heart sincere;
Gifts that alone from Nature's Bounty flow,
Which Fortune may display, but not bestow;
For Wealth but sets the Picture more in Sight,
And brings the Beauties or the Faults to Light.
How true th' Esteem, that's founded in Desert?
How pleasing is the Tribute of the Heart?
Here willing Duty ne'er was paid in vain,
And e'en Dependence cannot feel its Chain,
Yet whom She thus sets free She closer binds,
(Affection is the Chain of grateful Minds)
And, doubly blessing her adopted Care,
Makes them her Virtues with her Fortune share,
Leads by Example, and by Kindness guards,
And raises first the Merit She rewards.
Oft' too abroad She casts a friendly Eye,
As She wou'd Help to ev'ry Need supply.

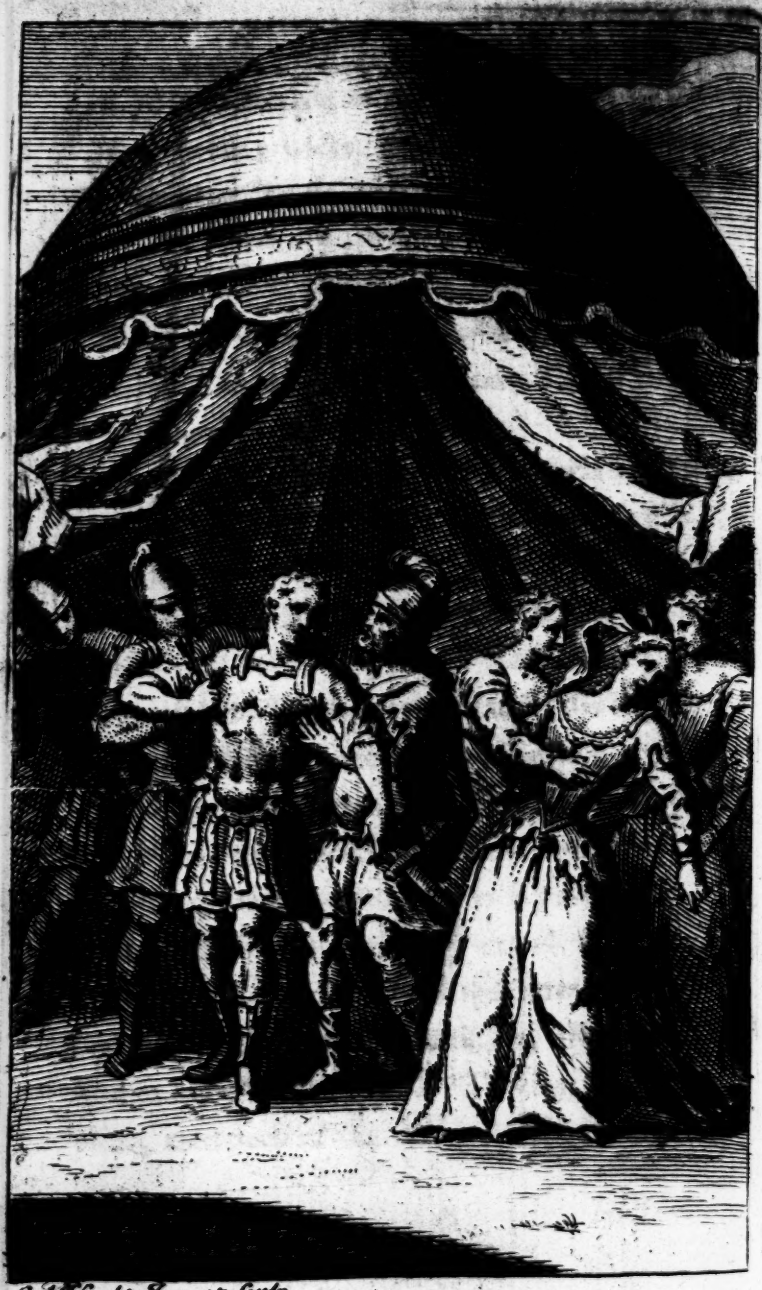
T

The Poor near her almoſt their Cares forget,
Their Want but ſerves as Hunger to their Meat;
For, ſince her Soul's ally'd to Humankind,
Not to her Houſe alone her Store's confin'd,
But paſſing on, its own full Banks o'erflows,
Enlarg'd, and deals forth Plenty as it goes.
Thro' ſome fair Garden thus a River leads
Its watry Wealth, and firſt th' Incloſure feeds,
Viſits each Plant, and ev'ry Flow'r ſupplies;
Or, taught in ſportive Fountains to ariſe,
Wafts ſprinkled Show'rs o'er ev'ry figur'd Green;
Or in Canals walks round the beauteous Scene,
Yet ſtops not there, but its free Courſe maintains,
And ſpreads gay Verdure thro' th' adjacent Plains;
The lab'ring Hinds with Pleaſure ſee it flow,
And bleſs thoſe Streams by which their Paſtures grow.
O gen'rous Uſe of Pow'r! O virtuous Pride!
E'er may the Means be to ſuch Souls deny'd,
Executors of Heav'n's all-bounteous Will,
Who well the great Firſt-giver's Ends fulfil,
Who from Superior Heights ſtill looking down
On glitt'ring Heaps, which ſcarce they think their own,
Deſpiſe the empty Show of uſeleſs State,
And only wou'd by doing Good be Great!

Now

Now pauſe a while, my Muſe, and then renew
The pleaſing Task, and take a ſecond View!
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
A Train of Virtues yet undrawn appear;
Here juſt *Oeconomy*, ſtrict *Prudence* there;
Near *Liberality* they ever ſtand;
This guides her Judgment, *That* directs her Hand.
By theſe, ſee wild *Profuſion* chas'd away,
And wanton *Luxury*, like Birds of Prey.
Whilſt meek *Humility*, with Charms ſerene,
Forbids vain Pomp t' approach the hallow'd Scene;
Yet thro' her Veil the more attracts the Sight,
And on her Siſter-Virtues caſts a Light.
But wherefore ſtarts the Painter-Muſe, and why,
The Piece unfiniſh'd, throws the Pencil by?
Methinks, (ſhe ſays,) *Humility* I hear,
With gentle Voice reproving, cry — Forbear!
Forbear, raſh Muſe! nor longer now commend,
Leſt whom thou wou'dſt deſcribe, thou ſhou'dſt offend
And in her Breaſt a painful Glowing raiſe,
Who, conſcious of the Merit, ſhuns the Praiſe.





J. J.s Gucht Inv. et Sculp.

THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS. A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

To the Right Honourable

EARL *COWPER.*

My LORD,

MY Obligations to Your Lordship are so great and singular, so much exceeding all acknowledgment, and yet so highly demanding all that I can ever make,

make, that Nothing has been a greater Uneasiness to me than to think that I have not publickly own'd them sooner. The Honour of having been admitted to your Lordship's Acquaintance and Conversation, and the Pleasure I have sometimes had of sharing in Your private Hours and Retirement from the Town, were a Happiness sufficient of it self to require from me the utmost Returns of Gratitude. But Your Lordship was soon pleas'd to add to this, Your generous Care of providing for One who had given You no Sollicitation; and before I cou'd ask, or even expected it, to honour me with an Employment which

the

tho' valuable on other Accounts, became most so to me by the single Circumstance of its placing me near Your Lordship. But I am not to bound my Acknowledgments here: When Your Lordship withdrew from Publick Business, Your Care of me did not cease, till You had recommended me to Your Successor, the present Lord Chancellor. So that my having since had the Felicity to be continued in the same Employment under a Patron to whom I have many Obligations, and who has particularly shewn a Pleasure in encouraging the Lovers of Learning and Arts, is an additional Obligation, for which I

am originally indebted to Your Lordſhip.

And yet I have ſaid Nothing as I ought of Your Lordſhip's Favours, unleſs I cou'd deſcribe a Thouſand agreeable Circumſtances which attend and heighten them. To Give is an Act of Power common to the Great but to double any Gift by the Manner of beſtowing it, is an Art known only to the moſt elegant Minds, and Pleaſure taſted by none but Perſons of the moſt refin'd Humanity.

As for the Tragedy I now humbly dedicate to Your Lordſhip, Part of it was written in the Neighbourhood of Your Lordſhip's pleaſant Seat in the Country

Country; where it had the good Fortune to grow up under Your early Approbation and Encouragement; and I perſuade myſelf it will now be receiv'd by Your Lordſhip with that Indulgence, the Exerciſe of which is natural to You, and is not the leaſt of thoſe diſtinguiſhing Virtues by which You have gain'd an unſought Popularity, and without either Study or Deſign have made Yourſelf One of the moſt belov'd Perſons of the Age in which You live. Here, My Lord, I have a large Subject before me, if I were capable of purſuing it, and if I were not acquainted with your Lordſhip's particular Delicacy, by which

you are not more careful to deserve the greatest Praises than you are nice in receiving even the least. I shall therefore only presume to add, that I am with greatest Zeal,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most oblig'd,

most dutiful, and

devoted humble Servant,

JOHN HUGHES.

February 6,
$17\frac{19}{20}$.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Time of the following Action is about two Years after *Mahomet*'s Death, under the next succeeding Caliph *Abubeker*. The *Saracen* Caliphs were Supreme both in Spiritual and Temporal Affairs; and *Abubeker*, following the Steps of *Mahomet*, had made a considerable Progress in propagating his new Superstition by the Sword. He had sent a numerous Army into *Syria*, under the Command of *Caled*, a bold and bloody *Arabian*, who had conquer'd several Towns. The Spirit of Enthusiasm, newly pour'd forth among them, acted in its utmost Vigour; and the Persuasion, that they who turn'd their Backs in Fight were accurs'd of God, and that they who fell in Battle pass'd immediately into Paradise, made them an Over-match for all the Forces, which the *Grecian* Emperor *Heraclius* could send against them. It was a very important Period of Time, and the Eyes of the whole World were fix'd with Terror on these successful Savages, who committed all their Barbarities un-

der the Name of Religion; and soon after, by extending their Conquests over the *Grecian* Empire, and through *Persia* and *Egypt*, laid the Foundation of that mighty Empire of the *Saracens*, which lasted for several Centuries; to which the *Turks* of later Years succeeded.

The *Saracens* were now sat down before *Damascus*, the Capital City of *Syria*, when the Action of this Tragedy begins. This was about the Year of our Lord 634. All who have written of those Times represent the State of Christianity in great Confusion, very much corrupted, and divided with Controversies and Disputes, which, together with an universal Depravity of Manners, and the Decay of good Policy and ancient Discipline in the Empire, gave a mighty Advantage to *Mahomet* and his Followers, and prepar'd the way for their amazing Success.

TO THE MEMORY of Mr. *HUGHES.*

O *LOST too Early! and too Lately known!*
My Love's intended Marks receive in one;
Where new to Eaſe, and recent from thy Pains,
With ampler Joy thou tread'ſt the bliſsful Plains:
If there regardful of the Ways of Men,
Thou ſeeſt with Pity, what thou once haſt been,
O gentle Shade! accept this humble Verſe,
Amidſt the meaner Honours of thy Herſe.
How does thy Phocyas *warm* Britannia's *Youth,*
In Arms to Glory, and in Love to Truth!
Oh! if the Muſe of Future aught preſage,
Theſe Seeds ſhall ripen in the coming Age;
Then Youths renown'd for many a Field well fought,
Shall own the glorious Leſſons thou haſt taught;
Honour's ſtrict Laws ſhall reign in ev'ry Mind,
And ev'ry Phocyas *his* Eudocia *find.*
O! yet be this the loweſt of thy Fame,
To form the Heroe, and inſtruct the Dame;
I ſee the Chriſtian, Friend, Relation, Son,
Burn for the glorious Courſe that thou haſt run.
If aught we owe thy Pencil, or thy Lyre,
Of manly Strokes, or of ſuperior Fire,
How muſt thy Muſe be ever own'd Divine,
And in the ſacred Liſt unrivall'd ſhine!
Nor joyous Health was thine, nor downy Eaſe;
To thee forbidden was the ſoft Receſs;

Worn with Diſeaſe, and never-ceaſing Pain,
How firmly did thy Soul her Seat maintain!
Early thy Side the mortal Shaft receiv'd,
All, but the wounded Heroe, ſaw and griev'd.
No Senſe of Smart, no Anguiſh cou'd controul,
Or turn the generous Purpoſe of his Soul.
Witneſs ye nobler Arts, by Heav'n deſign'd
To charm the Senſes, and improve the Mind,
How thro' your Mazes, with inceſſant Toil,
He urg'd his way to reap th' Immortal Spoil!
So Fabled Orpheus *tun'd his potent Song,*
Death's circling Shades and Stygian *Glooms among.*
Of thy great Labours this the laſt and chief,
At once demands our Wonder, and our Grief;
Thy Soul in clouded Majeſty 'till now,
Its finiſh'd Beauties did but partly ſhow,
Wond'ring we ſaw diſclos'd the ample Store,
Griev'd in that Inſtant, to expect no more.
So in the Evening of ſome doubtful Day,
And Clouds divided with a mingled Ray,
Haply the golden Sun unveils his Light,
And his whole Glories ſpreads at once to Sight;
Th' enliven'd World look up with gladſome Chear,
Bleſs the gay Scene, nor heed the Night ſo near;
Sudden, the lucent Orb drops ſwiftly down
Thro' Weſtern Skies, to ſhine in Worlds unknown.

Wm. COWPER.

March 28, 1720.

ON

Mr. *HUGHES'S* TRAGEDY,

OF THE

SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

INFERIOR Bards enervate Strains indite,
And void of Vigour and of Meaning write;
Their languid Lines one even Tenour keep,
And with the same unvary'd Cadence creep:
But Here the Sense is strong, the Diction bold,
And Truth's Sublime in manly Verse are told.
To tow'ring SOPHOCLES *and* SHAKESPEAR *wrote,*
Drew to the Life, and painted human Thought!
No Modern *Phrases in these Scenes appear;*
Antiquity's more noble Dress they wear:
This Master-Hand with nicest Judgment draws
Th' Arabian *Notions, Manners, Rites and Laws;*
Displays degen'rate Christians growing Crimes,
And the vain Pomp of those corrupted Times.
On ev'ry side what lovely Landskips rise?
The gay Descriptions cheat our ravish'd Eyes!
Here, Fig-trees, Vines and Olives bloom below;
And there, proud LEBANON's *aspiring Brow,*
With stately Groves of Palms and Cedars crown'd,
Does the grand Prospect beautifully bound!

What Eye but sees the Moon's fair rising Light
Drive back the hov'ring Shades, *and chear the Night?*
While in the Luſtre of theſe *glowing Lines,*
Th' Impoſtor's Paradiſe ſo gaily ſhines,
With Winy Rivers, Nectarine Fruits ſupply'd,
And Beauties ſparkling in Immortal Pride,
No more we wonder, ſuch outragious Fire
Did the bold Arabs *zealous Breaſts inſpire.*
Silence *is pleas'd, and rapt* Attention *waits,*
While PHOCYAS *with himſelf of Death debates;*
But when he riſes, wildly, from the Ground,
And Paſſion *mocks him with imagin'd Sound,*
Terror and Grief at once poſſeſs the Soul,
And ev'ry Senſe and Faculty controul.
Back to its Source the Vital Current flies,
When, SAVE HER! SAVE HER! *ravingly he cries.*
Theſe Scenes improve, as well as warm the Heart,
And Nobleſt Morals to the Mind impart.
How juſt the Draught? How elegantly true,
Which ſets that ſoothing Nymph fair Fame *to View?*
What ſolemn Truths theſe awful Lines contain:
Death's no where to be found. Thou fly'ſt in vain
From Life, with what thou fly'ſt, to meet again!
Pride *drops her Plumes, and* Envy *dies away,*
As the Stars fade before the dawning Day,
When chang'd EUMENES, *in his ruin'd State,*
By ſage Affliction *diſciplin'd too late,*
Does juſtly of Proſperity *complain,*
That Self-deſtroying Monſter, Virtue's Bane!
A large diffuſive Love of Humankind,
Shines forth in brave ABUDAH, *Unconfin'd.*
How Amiable the virtuous Chief appears,
When mildly he diſtreſsful PHOCYAS *chears,*

Suppo

And gives his Noble Foe, a Friend's Relief!

O! that my Muse, in soft melodious Verse,
Could bright Eudocia's matchless Charms rehearse!
Her flowing Words, like Honey-Dews, distill,
And ev'ry Breast with rising Rapture fill:
Honour *and* Love, *like harness'd Doves, unite,*
And round Her spread a sweetly-vary'd Light:
True to Herself, and to her spotless Fame,
Thro' ev'ry Scene She shines, Illustriously the Same!

W. DUNCOMBE.

April, 1720.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *MILLS*.

OFT has the Muse here try'd her Magick Arts,
To raise your Fancies, and engage your Hearts.
When o'er this little Spot She shakes her Wand,
Towns, Cities, Nations, rise at her Command:
And Armies march obedient to her Call,
New States are form'd, and ancient Empires fall.
To vary your Instruction and Delight,
Past Ages roll renew'd before your Sight.
His awful Form the Greek *and* Roman *wears,*
Wak'd from his Slumber of Two Thousand Years:
And Man's whole Race, restor'd to Joy and Pain,
Act all their little Greatness o'er again.
No common Woes To-night we set to View;
Important is the Time, the Story new.
Our opening Scenes shall to your Sight disclose,
How Spiritual Dregeming first arose;
Claims drawn from Heav'n by a Barbarian *Lord,*
And Faith first propagated by the Sword.
In rocky Araby *this Pest began,*
And swiftly o'er the Neighbour Country ran:
By Faction weaken'd, and Disunion broke,
Degen'rate Provinces admit the Yoke.
Nor stopp'd their Progress, till, resistless grown,
Th' Enthusiasts made all Asia's World their own.

Britons,

PROLOGUE.

Britons, *be warn'd; let e'en your Pleasures here*
Convey some Moral to th' attentive Ear.
Beware lest Blessings long possest displease;
Nor grow supine with Liberty and Ease.
Your Country's Glory be your constant Aim;
Her Safety all is yours; think yours her Fame.
Unite at home —— forego intestine Jars,
Then scorn the Rumours of Religious Wars;
Speak loud in Thunder from your guarded Shores,
And tell the Continent, the Sea is Yours.
Speak on, —— and say, by War you'll Peace maintain,
Till brightest Years, reserv'd for GEORGE's *Reign,*
Advance, and shine in their appointed Round;
Arts then shall flourish, plenteous Joys abound,
And, chear'd by him, each Loyal Muse shall sing
The happiest Island, and the greatest KING.

Dramatis Personæ.

CHRISTIANS.

Eumenes, Governor of *Damascus*. — Mr. *Wilks*.

Eudocia, his Daughter. — Mrs. *Porter*.

Herbis, his Friend, one of the Chiefs of the City. — Mr. *Williams*.

Phocyas, a Noble and Valiant *Syrian*, privately in Love with *Eudocia*. — Mr. *Booth*.

Artamon, an Officer of the Guards. — Mr. *Will. Mills*.

Sergius, an Express from the Emperor *Heraclius*.

Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, and Attendants.

SARACENS.

Caled, General of the *Saracen* Army. — Mr. *Mills*.

Abudah, the next in Command under *Caled*. — Mr. *Thurmond*.

Daran, a wild *Arabian*, professing Mahometanism for the sake of the Spoil. — Mr. *Walker*.

Serjabil, *Raphan*, &c. — *Saracen* Captains.

Officers, Soldiers, Attendants.

SCENE, *The City of* DAMASCUS *in Sy[ria] and the* Saracen *Camp before it. And in the last A[ct] a Valley adjacent.*

TH[E]

THE SIEGE of *Damascus*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The CITY.*

Enter Eumenes, *follow'd by a Croud of People.*

EUMENES.

I'LL hear no more! Be gone!
Or stop your clamorous Mouths, that still are open
To bawl Sedition, and consume our Corn.
If you will follow me, send home your Women,
And follow to the Walls; there earn your Safety,
As brave Men should — Pity your Wives and Children?
Yes,

Yes, I do pity them, Heav'n knows I do,
E'en more than You; nor will I yield 'em up,
Tho' at your own Requeſt, a Prey to Ruffians —
Herbis, what News?

Enter Herbis.

HERBIS.

News? — We're betray'd, deſerted;
The Works are but half mann'd; the *Saracens*
Perceive it, and pour on ſuch Crouds, they blunt
Our Weapons, and have drain'd our Stores of Death.
What will you next?

EUMENES.

I've ſent a freſh Recruit;
The valiant *Phocyas* leads 'em on — whoſe Deeds
In early Youth aſſert his noble Race;
A more than common Ardour ſeems to warm
His Breaſt, as if he lov'd and courted Danger.

HERBIS.

I fear 'twill be too late.

EUMENES.

[*Aſide.*] I fear it too:
And tho' I brav'd it to the trembling Croud,
I've caught th' Infection, and I dread th' Event.
Wou'd I had treated — but 'tis now too late. —
Come, *Herbis*. [*Exeunt*

[*A Noiſe is heard without, of Officers giving Orders.*

OFFI-

1 OFFICER.

Help there, more Help! All to the Eastern Gate!

2 OFFICER.

Look where they cling aloft like cluster'd Bees!
re, Archers, ply your Bows.

1 OFFICER.

Down with the Ladders;
hat, will you let them mount?

2 OFFICER.

Aloft there! give the Signal, you that wait
St. *Mark*'s Tower.

1 OFFICER.

s the Town asleep?
g out th' Alarum Bell!

Bell rings, and the Citizens run to and fro in Confusion. A great Shout. Enter Herbis.

HERBIS.

o—the Tide turns; *Phocyas* has driv'n it back.
e Gate once more is ours.

Enter Eumenes, Phocyas, Artamon, *&c.*

EUMENES.

rave *Phocyas*, Thanks! mine and the People's
Thanks! [*People shout, and cry, A* Phocyas! *&c.*
that we may not lose this breathing Space,
g out the Flag of Truce. You, *Artamon*,
e with a Trumpet to th' *Arabian* Chiefs,

And

And let them know, that, Hoſtages exchang'd,
I'd meet them now upon the Eaſtern Plain.

[*Exit* Artamon

PHOCYAS.

What means *Eumenes?*

EUMENES.

Phocyas, I wou'd try
By friendly Treaty, if on Terms of Peace
They'll yet withdraw their Powers.

PHOCYAS.

On Terms of Peace?
What Peace can you expect from Bands of Robbers?
What Terms from Slaves, but Slavery? —— You know
Theſe Wretches fight not at the Call of Honour?
For injur'd Rights, or Birth, or jealous Greatneſs,
That ſets the Princes of the World in Arms.
Baſe-born, and ſtarv'd amidſt their ſtony Deſarts,
Long have they view'd from far, with wiſhing Eyes,
Our fruitful Vales; our Fig-Trees, Olives, Vines;
Our Cedars, Palms, and all the verdant Wealth,
That crowns fair *Lebanon*'s aſpiring Brows.
Here have the Locuſts pitch'd, nor will they leave
Theſe taſted Sweets, theſe blooming Fields of Plenty,
For barren Sands, and native Poverty,
Till driv'n away by Force.

EUMENES.

What can we do?
Our People in Deſpair, our Soldiers harraſs'd
With daily Toil, and conſtant nightly Watch;
Our Hope of Succours from the Emperor
Uncertain; *Eutyches* not yet return'd,
That went to ask them; One brave Army beaten;
Th' *Arabians* numerous, cruel, fluſh'd with Conqueſt.

HERBIS.

Beſides, you know what Phrenzy fires their Minds
Of their new Faith, and drives 'em on to Danger.

EUMENES.

True; — they pretend the Gates of Paradiſe
Stand ever open to receive the Souls
Of All that die in fighting for their Cauſe.

PHOCYAS.

Then wou'd I ſend their Souls to Paradiſe,
And give their Bodies to our *Syrian* Eagles.
Our Ebb of Fortune is not yet ſo low
To leave us deſperate. Aids may ſoon arrive;
Mean time in ſpite of their late bold Attack,
The City ſtill is ours; their Force repell'd,
And therefore weaker; proud of this Succeſs,
Our Soldiers too have gain'd redoubled Courage,
And long to meet them on the open Plain.
What hinders then but we repay this Outrage,

And

And ſally on their Camp?

EUMENES.

No —— let us firſt
Believe th'Occaſion fair, by this Advantage,
To purchaſe their Retreat on eaſy Terms:
That failing, we the better ſtand acquitted
To our own Citizens. Howe'er, brave *Phocyas*,
Cheriſh this Ardour in the Soldiery,
And in our Abſence form what Force thou canſt.
Then, if theſe hungry Blood-Hounds of the War
Shou'd ſtill be deaf to Peace, at our Return,
Our widen'd Gates ſhall pour a ſudden Flood
Of Vengeance on them, and chaſtiſe their Scorn.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE *changes to a Plain before the City.*
A Proſpect of Tents at a diſtance.

Caled, Abudah, Daran.

DARAN.

To treat, my Chiefs? —— What! are we Merchants then,
That only come to traffick with theſe *Syrians*,
And poorly cheapen Conqueſt on Conditions?

No; we were ſent to fight the Caliph's Battles,
Till ev'ry Iron Neck bend to Obedience.
nother Storm makes this proud City ours;
What need to treat? — I am for War and Plunder.

CALED.

Why ſo am I — and but to ſave the Lives
f Muſſulmans, not Chriſtians, wou'd not treat.
hate theſe Chriſtian Dogs; and 'tis our Taſk,
thou obſerv'ſt, to fight; our Law enjoins it.
eav'n too is promis'd only to the Valiant.
ſ' has our Prophet ſaid, the happy Plains
bove, lie ſtretch'd beneath the Blaze of Swords.

ABUDAH.

Yet *Daran*'s loth to truſt that Heav'n for Pay:
his Earth, it ſeems, has Gifts that pleaſe him more.

CALED.

Check not his Zeal, *Abudah.*

ABUDAH.

No; I praiſe it.
t I cou'd wiſh that Zeal had better Motives.
s Victory no Fruits but Blood and Plunder?
at we were ſent to fight, 'tis true; but wherefore?
Conqueſt, not Deſtruction. That obtain'd,
e more we ſpare, the Caliph has more Subjects,
d Heav'n is better ſerv'd. — But ſee, they come.

Enter

Enter Eumenes, Herbis, Artamon.

CALED.

Well, Chriſtians, we are met — and War awhile,
At your Requeſt, has ſtill'd its angry Voice,
To hear what you'll propoſe.

EUMENES.

We come to know,
After ſo many Troops you've loſt in vain,
If you'll draw off in Peace, and ſave the reſt.

HERBIS.

Or rather to know firſt — for yet we know not —
Why on your Heads you call our pointed Arrows,
In our own juſt Defence? What means this Viſit?
And why we ſee ſo many thouſand Tents
Riſe in the Air, and whiten all our Fields?

CALED.

Is that a Queſtion now? — you had our Summons,
When firſt we march'd againſt you, to ſurrender.
Two Moons have waſted ſince, and now the third
Is in its Wane. 'Tis true, drawn off awhile,
At *Aiznadin* we met and fought the Powers,
Sent by your Emperor to raiſe our Siege.
Vainly you thought us gone; we gain'd a Conqueſt.
You ſee we are return'd; our Hearts, our Cauſe,
Our Swords the ſame.

HERB

HERBIS.

But why those Swords were drawn,
nd what's that Cause, inform us.

EUMENES.

Speak your Wrongs,
Wrongs you have receiv'd, and by what Means
hey may be now repair'd.

ABUDAH.

Then, Christians, hear!
nd Heav'n inspire you to embrace its Truth!
ot Wrongs t'avenge, but to establish Right,
ur Swords were drawn: For such is Heav'n's Com-
mand
mutable. By us great *Mahomet*,
nd his Successor, holy *Abubeker*,
vite you to the Faith.

ARTAMON. [*Aside.*]

So — then it seems
here's no Harm meant; we're only to be beaten
to a new Religion. — If that's all,
ind I am already half a Convert.

EUMENES.

Now in the Name of Heav'n, what Faith is this,
hat stalks Gigantick forth thus arm'd with Terrors,
if it meant to ruin, not to save?
hat leads embatteld Legions to the Field,

And

And marks its Progreſs out with Blood and Slaughter?

HERBIS.

Bold frontleſs Men! that impudently dare
To blend Religion with the worſt of Crimes!
And ſacrilegiouſly uſurp that Name,
To cover Frauds, and juſtify Oppreſſion!

EUMENES.

Where are your Prieſts? What Doctors of your L
Have you e'er ſent, t' inſtruct us in its Precepts?
To ſolve our Doubts, and ſatisfy our Reaſon,
And kindly lead us thro' the Wilds of Error
To theſe new Tracks of Truth? —— This wou'd
Friendſhip,
And well might claim our Thanks.

CALED.

Friendſhip like this
With Scorn had been receiv'd; your numerous Vices,
Your claſhing Sects, your mutual Rage and Strife,
Have driv'n Religion, and her Angel-Guards,
Like Out-caſts from among you. — In her ſtead,
Uſurping Superſtition bears the Sway,
And reigns in mimick State, 'midſt Idol Shows,
And Pageantry of Pow'r. Who does not mark
Your Lives, rebellious to your own great Prophet,
Who mildly taught you? — therefore *Mahomet*
Has brought the Sword to govern you by Force,

N

Nor will accept Obedience ſo precarious.

EUMENES.

O ſolemn Truths! tho' from an impious Tongue!

[*Aſide.*

That we're unworthy of our holy Faith,
To Heav'n with Grief and conſcious Shame we own.
But what are you, that thus arraign our Vices,
And conſecrate your own? Vile Hypocrites!
Are you not Sons of Rapine, Foes to Peace,
Baſe Robbers, Murderers——

CALED.

Chriſtian, No——

EUMENES.

Then ſay
Why have you ravag'd all our peaceful Borders?
Plunder'd our Towns? and by what Claim e'en now
You tread this Ground?

HERBIS.

What Claim, but that of Hunger?
The Claim of ravenous Wolves, that leave their Dens
To prowl at Midnight round ſome ſleeping Village,
Or watch the Shepherd's folded Flock for Prey?

CALED.

Blaſphemers, know, your Fields and Towns are ours.
Our Prophet has beſtow'd 'em on the Faithful,
And Heav'n itſelf has ratify'd the Grant.

EUMENES.

Oh! now indeed you boaſt a noble Title!
What cou'd your Prophet grant? a Hireling Slave!
Not e'en the Mules and Camels which he drove
Were his to give; and yet the bold Impoſtor
Has canton'd out the Kingdoms of the Earth,
In frantick Fits of viſionary Power,
To ſooth his Pride, and bribe his Fellow-Madmen!

CALED.

Was it for this you ſent to ask a Parley,
T' affront our Faith, and to traduce our Prophet!
Well might we anſwer you with quick Revenge
For ſuch Indignities. --- Yet hear once more,
Hear this our laſt Demand; and this accepted
We yet withdraw our War. Be Chriſtians ſtill,
But ſwear to live with us in firm Alliance,
To yield us Aids, and pay Us annual Tribute.

EUMENES.

No; --- Should we grant you Aid we muſt be Rebels;
And Tribute is the ſlaviſh Badge of Conqueſt.
Yet ſince, on juſt and honourable Terms,
We ask but for our own, --- Ten ſilken Veſts,
Weighty with Pearl and Gemms, we'll ſend your Cali
Two, *Caled*, ſhall be thine; two thine, *Abudah*.
To each inferior Captain we decree
A Turbant ſpun from our *Damaſcus'* Flax

White as the Snows of Heav'n; to every Soldier
A Scimitar. This, and of ſolid Gold
Ten Ingots, be the Price to buy your Abſence.

CALED.

This, and much more, e'en all your ſhining Wealth,
Will ſoon be ours; Look round your *Syrian* Frontiers!
See, in how many Towns our hoiſted Flags
Are waving in the Wind; *Sachna*, and *Hawran*,
Proud *Tadmor*, *Aracah*, and ſtubborn *Boſra*
Have bow'd beneath the Yoke; — Behold our March
O'er half your Land, like Flame thro' Fields of Harveſt.
And laſt view *Aiznadin*, that Vale of Blood!
There ſeek the Souls of forty thouſand *Greeks*,
That, freſh from Life, yet hover o'er their Bodies.
Then think, and then reſolve.

HERBIS.

Preſumptuous Men!
What tho' you yet can boaſt ſucceſsful Guilt,
Conqueſt only yours? Or dare you hope
That you ſhall ſtill pour on the ſwelling Tide,
Like ſome proud River that has left its Banks,
Nor ever know Repulſe?

EUMENES.

Have you forgot?
Not twice ſeven Years are paſt, ſince e'en your Prophet,
Old as he was, and boaſting Aid Divine,

Was by the Tribe of *Coraſh* forc'd to fly,
Poorly to fly, to ſave his wretched Life,
From *Mecca* to *Medina*?

ABUDAH.

No; —— forgot?
We well remember how *Medina* ſcreen'd
That holy Head, preſerv'd for better Days,
And ripening Years of Glory! —

DARAN.

Why, my Chiefs,
Will you waſte Time, in offering Terms deſpis'd
To theſe Idolaters? —— Words are but Air,
Blows wou'd plead better.

CALED.

Daran, thou ſay'ſt true.
Chriſtians, here end our Truce. Behold once more
The Sword of Heav'n is drawn! Nor ſhall be ſheath'
But in the Bowels of *Damaſcus*.

EUMENES.

That,
Or ſpeedy Vengeance, and Deſtruction due
To the proud Menacers, as Heav'n ſees fit!

[*Exeunt ſeveral*

SCE

SCENE *changes to a Garden.*

EUDOCIA.

All's hush'd around! —— No more the Shouts of Soldiers,
nd Clash of Arms tumultuous fill the Air.
Methinks this Interval of Terror seems
ike that when the loud Thunder just has roll'd
'er our affrighted Heads, and in the Heav'ns
momentary Silence but prepares
second and a louder Clap to follow.

Enter Phocyas.

no — my Heroe comes, with better Omens,
nd every gloomy Thought is now no more.

PHOCYAS.

Where is the Treasure of my Soul? — *Eudocia*,
ehold me here impatient, like the Miser
hat often steals in secret to his Gold,
nd counts with trembling Joy, and jealous Transport,
he shining Heaps which he still fears to lose.

EUDOCIA.

Welcome, thou brave, thou best deserving Lover!
ow do I doubly share the common Safety,
nce 'tis a Debt to thee! — but tell me, *Phocyas*,
ost thou bring Peace? — thou dost, and I am happy!

PHOCYAS.

Not yet, *Eudocia*; 'tis decreed by Heav'n
I muſt do more to merit thy Eſteem.
Peace, like a frighted Dove, has wing'd her Flight
To diſtant Hills, beyond theſe Hoſtile Tents;
And thro' 'em we muſt thither force our Way,
If we wou'd call the lovely Wanderer back
To her forſaken Home.

EUDOCIA.

Falſe flattering Hope!
Vaniſh'd ſo ſoon! --- alas, my faithful Fears
Return, and tell me we muſt ſtill be wretched!

PHOCYAS.

Not ſo, my Fair; if thou but gently ſmile,
Inſpiring Valour, and preſaging Conqueſt,
Theſe barbarous Foes to Peace and Love ſhall ſoon
Be chas'd, like Fiends before the Morning Light,
And all be calm again.

EUDOCIA.

Is the Truce ended!
Muſt War, alas, renew its bloody Rage?
And *Phocyas* ever be expos'd to Danger?

PHOCYAS.

Think for whoſe ſake Danger it ſelf has Charms.
Diſmiſs thy Fears; the lucky Hour comes on,
Full fraught with Joys, when my big Soul no more

Sha

hall labour with this Secret of my Paſſion,
o hide it from thy jealous Father's Eyes.
uſt now, by Signals from the Plain I've learn'd
hat the proud Foe refuſe us Terms of Honour;
Sally is reſolv'd; the Citizens
nd Soldiers, kindled into ſudden Fury,
reſs all in Crouds, and beg I'll lead 'em on.
my *Eudocia!* if I now ſucceed ——
id I ſay If — I muſt, I will; the Cauſe
Love, 'tis Liberty, it is *Eudocia!* ——
hat then ſhall hinder, ſince our mutual Faith
pledg'd, and thou conſenting to my Bliſs,
ut I may boldly ask thee of *Eumenes*,
or fear a Rival's more prevailing Claim?

EUDOCIA.

May Bleſſings ſtill attend thy Arms! — Methinks
ve caught the Flame of thy Heroick Ardour!
nd now I ſee thee crown'd with Palm and Olive;
he Soldiers bring thee back with Songs of Triumph,
nd loud applauding Shouts; thy reſcu'd Country
ounds thy Praiſe; our Emperor *Heraclius*
ecrees thee Honours for a City ſav'd,
nd Pillars riſe of Monumental Braſs,
ſcrib'd —— *To* PHOCYAS *the* DELIVERER.

PHOCYAS.

The Honours and Rewards which thou haſt nam'd,
Are Bribes too little for my vaſt Ambition.
My Soul is full of thee! — Thou art my All
Of Fame, of Triumph, and of future Fortune.
'Twas Love of thee firſt ſent me forth in Arms;
My Service is all thine, to thee devoted,
And thou alone canſt make e'en Conqueſt pleaſing.

EUDOCIA.

O do not wrong thy Merit, nor reſtrain it
To narrow Bounds; but know, I beſt am pleas'd
To ſhare thee with thy Country. O my *Phocyas!*
With conſcious Bluſhes oft I've heard thy Vows,
And ſtrove to hide, yet more reveal'd my Heart;
But 'tis thy Virtue juſtifies my Choice,
And what at firſt was Weakneſs, now is Glory.

PHOCYAS.

Forgive me, thou fair Pattern of all Goodneſs!
If in the Tranſport of unbounded Paſſion,
I ſtill am loſt to ev'ry Thought but Thee.
Yet ſure to love thee thus is ev'ry Virtue;
Nor need I more Perfection. — Hark! I'm call'd.

[*Trumpet ſound*

EUDO

EUDOCIA.

Then go ----- and Heav'n with all its Angels guard thee.

PHOCYAS.

Farewel! — for thee once more I draw the Sword.
Now to the Field, to gain the glorious Prize;
'Tis Victory — the Word; *Eudocia's* Eyes! [*Exeunt.*

THE SIEGE of *Damaſcus.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Governor's Palace.*

Eumenes, Herbis.

HERBIS.

STILL I muſt ſay 'twas wrong, 'twas wrong, *Eumenes,*
And mark th' Event!

EUMENES.

What cou'd I leſs? You ſaw
'Twas vain t' oppoſe it, whilſt his eager Valour,
Impatient of Reſtraint -----

HERBIS.

His eager Valour?

His Raſhneſs, his hot Youth, his Valour's Fever!
Muſt we, whoſe Buſineſs is to keep our Walls,
And manage warily our little Strength,
Muſt we at once laviſh away our Blood,
Becauſe his Pulſe beats high, and his mad Courage
Wants to be breath'd in ſome new Enterprize? —
You ſhou'd not have conſented.

EUMENES.

You forget,
'Twas not my Voice alone; you ſaw, the People
(And ſure ſuch ſudden Inſtincts are from Heav'n!)
Roſe all at once to follow him, as if
One Soul inſpir'd 'em, and that Soul were *Phocyas.*

HERBIS.

I had indeed forgot; and ask your Pardon.
I took you for *Eumenes*, and I thought
That in *Damaſcus* you had chief Command.

EUMENES.

What doſt thou mean?

HERBIS.

Nay, who's forgetful now?
You ſay, the People — Yes, that very People,
That Coward Tribe that preſs'd you to ſurrender!
Well may they ſpurn at loſt Authority;
Whom they like better, better they'll obey.

EUME-

EUMENES.

O I cou'd curſe the giddy changeful Slaves,
But that the Thought of this Hour's great Event
Poſſeſſes all my Soul. — If we are beaten! —

HERBIS.

The Poiſon works; 'tis well — I'll give him more.
[*Aſide.*
True, if we're beaten, who ſhall anſwer that?
Shall you, or I? — Are you the Governor? —
Or ſay we conquer, whoſe is then the Praiſe?

EUMENES.

I know thy friendly Fears; that thou and I
Muſt ſtoop beneath a beardleſs riſing Heroe;
And in *Heraclius'* Court it ſhall be ſaid,
Damaſcus, nay perhaps the Empire too,
Ow'd its Deliverance to a Boy. — Why, be it,
So that he now return with Victory;
'Tis Honour greatly won, and let him wear it.
Yet I cou'd wiſh I needed leſs his Service.
Were *Eutyches* return'd —

HERBIS. [*Aſide.*]

That, that's my Torture.
I ſent my Son to th' Emperor's Court, in hopes
His Merit at this time might raiſe his Fortunes;
But *Phocyas* — Curſe upon his forward Virtues! —
Is reaping all this Field of Fame alone,

Or leaves him ſcarce the Gleanings of a Harveſt.

EUMENES.

See, *Artamon* with haſty Strides returning;
He comes alone! — O Friend, thy Fears were juſt.
What are we now, and what is loſt *Damaſcus?*

Enter Artamon.

ARTAMON.

Joy to *Eumenes!*

EUMENES.

Joy? — is't poſſible?
Doſt thou bring News of Victory?

ARTAMON.

The Sun
Is ſet in Blood, and from the Weſtern Skies
Has ſeen three thouſand ſlaughter'd *Arabs* fall.

HERBIS.

Is *Phocyas* ſafe?

ARTAMON.

He is, and crown'd with Triumph.

HERBIS. [*Aſide.*]

My Fears indeed were juſt.

[*Shout,* *A* Phocyas, *a* Phocyas.!

EUMENES.

What Noiſe is that?

HERBIS.

The People worſhipping their new Divinity.

Shortly

Shortly they'll build him Temples.

EUMENES.

Tell us, Soldier,
Since thou haſt ſhar'd the Glory of this Action,
Tell us how it began.

ARTAMON.

At firſt the Foe
Seem'd much ſurpris'd; but taking ſoon th' Alarm
Gather'd ſome haſty Troops, and march'd to meet us.
The Captain of theſe Bands look'd wild and fierce,
His Head unarm'd, as if in Scorn of Danger,
And naked to the Waſte; as he drew near
He rais'd his Arm, and ſhook a pond'rous Lance;
When all at once, as at a Signal giv'n,
We heard the TECBIR, ſo theſe *Arabs* call
Their Shouts of Onſet, when with loud Appeal
They challenge Heav'n, as if demanding Conqueſt.
The Battle join'd, and thro' the barbarous Hoſt,
Fight, *Fight*, and *Paradiſe*, was all the Cry.
At laſt our Leaders met; and gallant *Phocyas* —
But what are Words to tell the mighty Wonders
We ſaw him then perform? — their Chief unhors'd,
The *Saracens* ſoon broke their Ranks, and fled;
And had not a thick Evening Fog aroſe,
(Which ſure the Devil rais'd up to ſave his Friends!)
The Slaughter had been double — But, behold!
The Heroe comes. *Ent*

Enter Phocyas. Eumenes *meeting him.*

EUMENES.

Joy to brave *Phocyas!*
menes gives him back the Joy he ſent.
e welcome News has reach'd this Place before thee.
w ſhall thy Country pay the Debt ſhe owes thee?

PHOCYAS.

By taking this as Earneſt of a Debt
hich I owe her, and fain wou'd better pay.

HERBIS.

n ſpite of Envy, I muſt praiſe him too. [*Aſide.*
cyas, thou haſt done bravely, and 'tis fit
ceſsful Virtue take a time to reſt.
une is fickle, and may change; beſides,
at ſhall we gain, if from a mighty Ocean
Sluices we draw off ſome little Streams?
houſands fall, ten thouſands more remain.
ought we hazard Worth ſo great as thine
inſt ſuch Odds; ſuffice what's done already:
let us now, in hope of better Days,
wary Watch, and wait th' expected Succours.

PHOCYAS.

hat! to be coop'd whole Months within our Walls?
uſt at home, and ſicken with Inaction:
Courage of our Men will droop and die,
t kept up by daily Exerciſe.

Again

Again the beaten Foe may force our Gates;
And Victory, if ſlighted thus, take Wing,
And fly where ſhe may find a better Welcome.

ARTAMON. [*Aſide.*]

It muſt be ſo — he hates him! on my Soul,
This *Herbis* is a foul old envious Knave.
Methinks *Eumenes* too might better thank him.

EUMENES. [*To* Herbis, *aſide.*]

Urge him no more; —
I'll think of thy late Warning,
And thou ſhalt ſee I'll yet be Governor.

[*A Letter brought in.*]

PHOCYAS. [*Looking on it.*]

'Tis to *Eumenes.*

EUMENES.

Ha! from *Eutyches.*

[*Reads.*] 'The Emperor, awaken'd with the Dange
'That threatens his Dominions, and the Loſs
'At *Aiznadin*, has drain'd his Garriſons
'To raiſe a ſecond Army. In few Hours
'We ſhall begin our March. *Sergius* brings this,
'And will inform you further —

HERBIS. [*Aſide.*]

Heav'n, I thank thee!
'Tis e'en beyond my Hopes.

EUM

EUMENES.

But where is *Sergius?*

MESSENGER.

The Letter, faſten'd to an Arrow's Head,
Was ſhot into the Town.

EUMENES.

I fear he's taken. —
Phocyas, *Herbis*, *Artamon!* my Friends!
You all are Sharers in this News; the Storm
Blowing o'er, that hung like Night upon us,
And threaten'd deadly Ruin — Haſte, proclaim
The welcome Tidings loud thro' all the City.
Let ſparkling Lights be ſeen from ev'ry Turret
To tell our Joy, and ſpread their Blaze to Heav'n!
Prepare for Feaſts; Danger ſhall wait at diſtance,
And Fear be now no more. The jolly Soldier
And Citizen ſhall meet o'er their full Bowls,
Forget their Toils, and laugh their Cares away,
And Mirth and Triumphs cloſe this happy Day.

[*Exeunt* Herb. *and* Art.

PHOCYAS.

And may ſucceeding Days prove yet more happy!
Well doſt thou bid the Voice of Triumph ſound
Thro' all our Streets; our City calls thee Father;
And ſay, *Eumenes*, doſt thou not perceive
A Father's Tranſport riſe within thy Breaſt,

Whilſt

Whilſt in this Act thou art the Hand of Heav'n
To deal forth Bleſſings, and diſtribute Joy?

EUMENES.

The Bleſſings Heav'n beſtows are freely ſent,
And ſhou'd be freely ſhar'd.

PHOCYAS.

True;—— Generous Minds
Redoubled feel the Pleaſures they impart:
For me, if I've deſerv'd by Arms or Councils,
By Hazards gladly ſought, and greatly proſper'd,
Whate'er I've added to the publick Stock,
With Joy I ſee it in *Eumenes'* Hands,
And wiſh but to receive my Share from thee.

EUMENES.

I cannot, if I wou'd, withhold thy Share.
What thou haſt done is thine; the Fame thy own;
And virtuous Actions will reward themſelves.

PHOCYAS.

Fame?—What is that, if courted for herſelf?
Leſs than a Viſion; a mere Sound, an Echo,
That calls with mimick Voice thro' Woods and Labyrin
Her cheated Lovers; loſt and heard by Fits,
But never fix'd; a ſeeming Nymph, yet Nothing.
Virtue indeed is a ſubſtantial Good,
A real Beauty; yet with weary Steps,
Thro' rugged Ways, by long laborious Service,

hen we have trac'd, and woo'd, and won the Dame,
ay we not then expect the Dower she brings?

EUMENES.

Well — ask that Dower; say, can *Damascus* pay it?
r Riches shall be tax'd, name but the Sum,
r Merchants with some costly Gemms shall grace thee.
r can *Heraclius* fail to grant thee Honours,
portion'd to thy Birth and thy Desert.

PHOCYAS.

And can *Eumenes* think I wou'd be bribb'd
Trash, by sordid Gold, to Venal Virtue?
at! serve my Country for the same mean Hire,
at can corrupt each Villain to betray her?
y is she sav'd from these *Arabian* Spoilers,
o be stripp'd by her own Sons? — forgive me,
he Thought glows upon my Cheeks; I know
as mention'd, but to prove how much I scorn it.
or *Heraclius*, if he own my Conduct,
ll indulge an honest Pride in Honours
ich I have strove to merit. Yes, *Eumenes*,
ve Ambition — yet the vast Reward
t swells my Hopes, and equals all my Wishes,
thy Gift alone — it is *Eudocia*.

EUMENES.

docia? — *Phocyas*, I am yet thy Friend,
therefore will not hold thee long in Doubt.

Thou,

Thou muſt not think of her ——

PHOCYAS.

Not think of her?
Impoſſible! —— She's ever preſent to me,
My Life, my Soul; She animates my Being,
And kindles up my Thoughts to worthy Actions.
And why, *Eumenes*, why not think of her?
Is not my Rank ——

EUMENES.

Forbear —— what need a Herald
To tell me who thou art? —— Yet once again ——
Since thou wilt force me to a Repetition,
I ſay, thou muſt not think of her.

PHOCYAS.

Yet hear me;
Why wilt thou judge, ere I can plead my Cauſe?

EUMENES.

Why wilt thou plead in vain? haſt thou not heard
My Choice has deſtin'd her to *Eutyches*?

PHOCYAS.

And has ſhe then conſented to that Choice?

EUMENES.

Has ſhe conſented? —— What is her Conſent?
Is ſhe not mine?

PHOCYAS.

She is —— and in that Title

'en Kings with Envy may behold thy Wealth,
nd think their Kingdoms poor! — and yet, *Eumenes*,
hall she, by being thine, be barr'd a Privilege,
Which e'en the meaneſt of her Sex may claim?
Thou wilt not force her? —

EUMENES.

Who has told thee ſo?
l force her to be happy.

PHOCYAS.

That thou canſt not.
hat Happineſs ſubſiſts in Loſs of Freedom?
he Gueſt conſtrain'd but murmurs at the Banquet,
r thanks his Hoſt, but ſtarves amidſt Abundance.

EUMENES.

'Tis well, young Man! — Why then I'll learn from thee
be a very tame obedient Father.
ou haſt already taught my Child her Duty.
nd the Source of all her Diſobedience,
r Hate of me, her Scorn of *Eutyches*;
! is't not ſo? — come tell me; I'll forgive thee.
ſt thou not found her a moſt ready Scholar?
now thou haſt — why, what a dull old Dotard
s I, to think I ever had a Daughter!

PHOCYAS.

m ſorry that *Eumenes* thinks —

EUME-

EUMENES.

No — Sorry?
Sorry for what? then thou doſt own thou'ſt wrong'd
That's ſomewhat yet — Curſe on my ſtupid Blindne
For had I Eyes I might have ſeen it ſooner,
Was this the Spring of thy Romantick Bravery,
Thy boaſtful Merit, thy officious Service?

PHOCYAS.

It was — with Pride I own it — 'twas *Eudocia!*
I have ſerv'd Thee in ſerving Her, thou know'ſt it,
And thought I might have found a better Treatmen
Why wilt thou force me thus to be a Braggard,
And tell thee that which thou ſhou'dſt tell thy ſelf?
It grates my Soul — I am not wont to talk thus.
But I recall my Words — I have done nothing,
And wou'd diſclaim all Merit but my Love.

EUMENES.

O no — ſay on, that thou haſt ſav'd *Damaſcus.*
Is it not ſo? — Look o'er her Battlements,
See, if the flying Foe have left their Camp!
Why are our Gates yet clos'd, if thou haſt freed Us
'Tis true, thou fought'ſt a Skirmiſh — what of that
Had *Eutyches* been preſent —

PHOCYAS.

Eutyches!
Why wilt thou urge my Temper with that Trifler

let him come! that in yon ſpacious Plain
e may together charge the thickeſt Ranks,
ſh on to Battle, Wounds, and glorious Death,
d prove who 'twas that beſt deſerv'd *Eudocia*.

EUMENES.

That will be ſeen ere long — but ſince I find
ou arrogantly wou'dſt uſurp Dominion,
ev'ſt thy ſelf the Guardian Genius here,
d that our Fortunes hang upon thy Sword;
hat firſt try'd — for know, that from this Moment
ou here haſt no Command — Farewell! — So ſtay,
hence and join the Foe — thou haſt thy Choice.

[*Exit* Eumenes.

PHOCYAS.

urn'd and degraded! — proud ungrateful Man!
I a Bubble then, blown up by thee,
toſs'd into the Air to make thee Sport?
e to the Foe? 'tis well — *Eudocia*,
will ſee thee, thou wrong'd Excellence!
how to ſpeak thy Wrongs, or my Diſgrace?
ſſible — O rather let me walk
a dumb Ghoſt, and burſt my Heart in Silence.

SCENE

SCENE, *The Garden.*

EUDOCIA.

Why muſt we meet by Stealth, like guilty Lovers!
But 'twill not long be ſo — What Joy 'twill be
To own my Heroe in his ripen'd Honours,
And hear applauding Crouds pronounce me bleſt! —
Sure he'll be here — See! the fair riſing Moon,
Ere Day's remaining Twilight ſcarce is ſpent,
Hangs up her ready Lamp, and with mild Luſtre
Drives back the hovering Shades! Come, *Phocyas*, co
This gentle Seaſon is a Friend to Love,
And now methinks I cou'd, with equal Paſſion,
Meet thine, and tell thee all my ſecret Soul.

Enter Phocyas.

He hears me — O my *Phocyas!* — What? — no
ſwer? —
Art thou not He? or art ſome Shadow? — ſpeak.

PHOCYAS.

I am indeed a Shadow — I am nothing —

EUDOCIA.

What doſt thou mean? — for now I know thee *Pho*

PHOCYAS.

And never can be thine.
It will have vent — O barbarous, curſt — but hold
I had forgot, — it was *Eudocia*'s Father! —

O

O cou'd I too forget how he has us'd me!

EUDOCIA.

I fear to ask thee —

PHOCYAS.

Doſt thou fear? — Alas!
Then thou wilt pity me — O generous Maid!
Thou haſt charm'd down the Rage that ſwell'd my Heart,
nd choak'd my Voice — now I can ſpeak to thee.
nd yet 'tis worſe than Death what I have ſuffer'd;
is the Death of Honour! — Yet that's little;
'is more *Eudocia*, 'tis the Loſs of thee!

EUDOCIA.

Haſt thou not conquer'd! — What are all theſe Shouts,
his Voice of general Joy heard far around?
hat are theſe Fires, that caſt their glimmering Light
gainſt the Sky? Are not all theſe thy Triumph?

PHOCYAS.

O name not Triumph! talk no more of Conqueſt!
is indeed a Night of General Joy,
t not to me; *Eudocia*, I am come
o take a laſt Farewel of thee for ever.

EUDOCIA.

A laſt Farewel?

PHOCYAS.

Yes; — How wilt thou hereafter
ok on a Wretch deſpis'd, revil'd, caſhier'd,

Strip'd of Command, like a baſe beaten Coward?
Thy cruel Father --- I have told too much; ----
I ſhou'd not but for this have felt the Wounds
I got in Fight for him --- now, now they bleed.
But I have done --- and now thou haſt my Story,
Is there a Creature ſo accurſt as *Phocyas*?

EUDOCIA.

And can it be? --- Is this then thy Reward?
O *Phocyas!* never wou'dſt thou tell me yet
That thou hadſt Wounds; Now I muſt feel them too.
For is it not for me thou haſt borne this?
What elſe cou'd be thy Crime? --- wert thou a Traitor
Hadſt thou betray'd us, ſold us to the Foe ---

PHOCYAS.

Wou'd I be yet a Traitor, I have Leave;
Nay, I am dar'd to it with mocking Scorn.
My Crime indeed was asking thee; That only
Has cancell'd all, if I had any Merit;
The City now is ſafe, my Service ſlighted,
And I diſcarded like an uſeleſs thing,
Nay, bid be gone --- and, if I like that better,
Seek out new Friends, and join yon barbarous Hoſt.

EUDOCIA.

Hold --- let me think a while --- [*Walks a*
--- Tho' my Heart bleed,
I wou'd not have him ſee theſe dropping Tears. ---

And wilt thou go then, *Phocyas*?

PHOCYAS.

To my Grave;
Where can I bury elſe this foul Diſgrace?
Alas! that Queſtion ſhews how poor I am,
How very much a Wretch, for if I go,
It is from thee, thou only Joy of Life;
And Death will then be welcome.

EUDOCIA.

Art thou ſure
Thou haſt been us'd thus? — Art thou quite undone?

PHOCYAS.

Yes, very ſure — What doſt thou mean?

EUDOCIA.

That then, it is a Time for me — O Heav'n! that I
Alone am grateful to this wondrous Man! —
To own thee *Phocyas*, thus — [*Giving her Hand.*
nay, glory in thee,
And ſhew without a Bluſh, how much I love.
We muſt not part —

PHOCYAS.

Then am I rich again! [*Embracing her.*
no — we will not part! — confirm it, Heav'n!
Now thou ſhalt ſee how I will bend my Spirit,
With what ſoft Patience I will bear my Wrongs,
Till I have weary'd out thy Father's Scorn.

Yet I have worſe to tell thee — *Eutyches* —.

EUDOCIA.

Why wilt thou name him?

PHOCYAS.

Now, e'en now he's coming!
Juſt hov'ring o'er thee like a Bird of Prey.
Thy Father vows — for I muſt tell thee All —
'Twas this that wrung my Heart, and wrack'd my Brain
E'en to Diſtraction! — vows thee to his Bed;
Nay threaten'd Force, if thou refuſe Obedience.

EUDOCIA.

Force? — threaten'd Force? — my Father! — what
is Nature?
Is that too baniſh'd from his Heart! — O then
I have no Father — How have I deſerv'd this? —

[*Weeping.*

No Home, but am henceforth an Out-caſt Orphan;
For I will wander to Earth's utmoſt Bounds,
Ere give my Hand to that deteſted Contract.
O ſave me, *Phocyas!* thou haſt ſav'd my Father —
Muſt I yet call him ſo, this cruel Father?
How wilt thou now deliver poor *Eudocia?*

PHOCYAS.

See! how we're join'd in Exile, how our Fate
Conſpires to warn us both to leave this City!
Thou know'ſt the Emperor is now at *Antioch*;

have an Uncle there, who, when the *Persian*,
s now the *Saracin*, had nigh o'er-run
he ravag'd Empire, did him signal Service,
nd nobly was rewarded. There, *Eudocia*,
hou might'ſt be ſafe, and I may meet with Juſtice.

EUDOCIA.

There --- any where, ſo we may fly this Place.
e, *Phocyas*, what thy Wrongs and mine have wrought
a weak Woman's Frame! for I have Courage,
o ſhare thy Exile now thro' ev'ry Danger.
nger is only here, and dwells with Guilt,
ith baſe Ingratitude, and hard Oppreſſion.

PHOCYAS.

Then let us loſe no time, but hence this Night.
he Gates I can command, and will provide
he Means of our Eſcape. Some five Hours hence
will then be turn'd of Midnight) we may meet
the Piazza of *Honoria*'s Convent.

EUDOCIA.

I know it well; the Place is moſt ſecure,
d near adjoining to this Garden Wall.
ere thou ſhalt find me --- O protect us, Heav'n!

PHOCYAS.

ear not; --- thy Innocence will be our Guard.
thought already how to ſhape our Courſe.
ne pitying Angel will attend thy Steps,

Guide thee unseen, and charm the sleeping Foe,
'Till thou art safe!--- O I have suffer'd nothing;
Thus gaining thee, and this great generous Proof,
How blest I am in my *Eudocia*'s Love!
My only Joy, Farewel!---

EUDOCIA.

Farewel, my *Phocyas!*
I've now no Friend but thee---yet thee I'll call
Friend, Father, Lover, Guardian! Thou art all.

[*Exeunt*

THE SIEGE of *Damascus.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, Caled's *Tent.*

Caled *attended.* Sergius *brought in, bound with Cords.*

CALED.

MERCY? What's that? --- Look yonder, on the Field
Of our late Fight! --- Go, talk of Mercy there.
Will the Dead hear thy Voice?

SERGIUS.

O spare me yet!

CALED.

Thou Wretch! ---- Spare thee? to what? to live in Torture?

Are not thy Limbs all bruis'd, thy Bones disjointed,
To force thee to confess? And wou'dst thou drag,
Like a crush'd Serpent, a vile mangled Being?
My Eyes abhor a Coward —— Hence, and die!

SERGIUS.

O, I have told thee all! —— When first pursu'd,
I fix'd my Letters on an Arrow's Point,
And shot them o'er the Walls ——

CALED.

Hast thou told all?
Well, then thou shalt have Mercy to requite thee:
Behold, I'll send thee forward on thy Errand.
Strike off his Head; then cast it o'er the Gates;
There let thy Tongue tell o'er its Tale again.

SERGIUS.

O bloody *Saracen!* ——

[*Exit* Sergius, *dragg'd away by Guards.*

Enter Abudah.

CALED.

Abudah, welcome!

ABUDAH.

O *Caled!* what an Evening was the last?

CALED.

Name it no more; Remembrance sickens with it,
And therefore Sleep is banish'd from this Night;
Nor shall to-morrow's Sun open his Eye

Upon

Upon our Shame, ere doubly we've redeem'd it.
Have all the Captains Notice?

ABUDAH.

I have walk'd
The Rounds to-night, ere the last Hour of Prayer,
From Tent to Tent, and warn'd them to be ready.
What must be done?

CALED.

Thou know'st th' important News,
Which we have intercepted by this Slave,
Of a new Army's March. The Time now calls,
While these soft *Syrians* are dissolv'd in Riot,
Fool'd with Success, and not suspecting Danger,
Neglectful of their Watch, or else fast bound
In Chains of Sleep, Companion of Debauches,
To form a new Attack ere break of Day.
No, like the wounded Leopard, shall we rush
From out our Covert on these drowsy Hunters,
And seize 'em unprepar'd to 'scape our Vengeance.

ABUDAH.

Great Captain of the Armies of the Faithful!
I know thy mighty and unconquer'd Spirit.
Yet hear me, *Caled*; hear, and weigh my Doubts.
Our angry Prophet frowns upon our Vices,
And visits us in Blood. Why else did Terrors,
Unknown before, seize all our stoutest Bands?

The Angel of Deſtruction was abroad;
The Archers of the Tribe of *Thoel* fled,
So long renown'd, or ſpent their Shafts in vain;
The feather'd Flights err'd thro' the boundleſs Air,
Or the Death turn'd on him that drew the Bow!
What can this bode?—Let me ſpeak plainer yet;
Is it to propagate th' unſpotted Law
We fight? 'tis well; it is a noble Cauſe!
But much I fear Infection is among us;
A boundleſs Luſt of Rapine guides our Troops.
We learn the Chriſtian Vices we chaſtiſe,
And, tempted with the Pleaſures of the Soil,
More than with diſtant Hopes of Paradiſe,
I fear, may ſoon—but Oh! avert it Heav'n!—
Fall e'en a Prey to our own Spoils and Conqueſts.

CALED.

No—thou miſtak'ſt; thy pious Zeal deceives thee.
Our Prophet only chides our Sluggard Valour.
Thou ſaw'ſt how in the Vale of *Honan* once
The Troops, as now defeated, fled confus'd
E'en to the Gates of *Mecca*'s holy City;
Till *Mahomet* himſelf there ſtopp'd their Entrance,
A Javelin in his Hand, and turn'd them back
Upon the Foe; they fought again, and conquer'd.
Behold how we may beſt appeaſe his Wrath!
His own Example points us out the Way.

ABUDAH.

Well — be it then resolv'd. Th' indulgent Hour
Of better Fortune is, I hope, at hand.
And yet, since *Phocyas* has appear'd its Champion,
How has this City rais'd its drooping Head!
As if some Charm prevail'd where-e'er he fought;
Our Strength seems wither'd, and our feeble Weapons
Forget their wonted Triumph — were he absent —

CALED.

I wou'd have fought him out in the last Action
To single Fight, and put that Charm to Proof,
Had not a foul and sudden Mist arose,
Ere I arriv'd to have restor'd the Combat.
But let it be — 'tis past. We yet may meet,
And 'twill be known whose Arm is then the stronger.

Enter Daran.

DARAN.

Health to the Race of *Ismael!* and Days
More prosp'rous than the last; — a Christian Captive
Is fall'n within my Watch, and waits his Doom.

CALED.

Bring forth the Slave! — O thou keen Vulture Death!
Do we then feed thee only thus by Morsels?
Whole Armies never can suffice thy Hunger.

[Daran *goes out, and re-enters with* Phocyas.

CA-

CALED.

Whence, and what art thou? — of *Damascus?* —
Daran,
Where didst thou find this dumb and sullen Thing,
That seems to lour Defiance on our Anger?

DARAN.

Marching in Circuit, with the Horse thou gav'st me,
T' observe the City Gates, I saw from far
Two Persons issue forth; the one advanc'd,
And ere he cou'd retreat, my Horsemen seiz'd him.
The other was a Woman, and had fled,
Upon a Signal giv'n at our Approach,
And got within the Gate. Wou'dst thou know more,
Himself, if he will speak, can best inform thee.

CALED.

Have I not seen thy Face?

ABUDAH. [*To* Caled.]

He hears thee not;
His Eyes are fix'd on Earth; some deep Distress
Is at his Heart. This is no common Captive.

CALED.

A Lion in the Toils! We soon shall tame him.
Still art thou dumb? — Nay, 'tis in vain to cast
Thy gloomy Looks so oft around this Place,
Or frown upon thy Bonds — thou canst not 'scape.

PHO

PHOCYAS.

Then be it ſo — the worſt is paſt already,
nd Life is now not worth a Moment's Pauſe.
o you not know me yet? — think of the Man
ou have moſt Cauſe to curſe, and I am He.

CALED.

Ha! *Phocyas?*

ABUDAH.

Phocyas? — *Mahomet*, we thank thee!
ow thou doſt ſmile again.

DARAN. [*Aſide.*]

O Devil, Devil!
nd I not know him? — 'twas but Yeſterday
e kill'd my Horſe, and drove me from the Field.
ow I'm reveng'd! No; hold you there, not yet,
t while he lives.

CALED. [*Aſide.*]

This is indeed a Prize! —
it becauſe thou know'ſt what ſlaughter'd Heaps
here yet unbury'd lie without our Camp,
hoſe Ghoſts have all this Night, paſſing the *Zorat*,
ll'd from that Bridge of Death on thee to follow,
at now thou'rt here to anſwer to their Cry?
we'er it be, thou know'ſt thy Welcome —

PHOCYAS.

Yes,

Thou

Thou proud, blood-thirſty *Arab*! — Well I know
What to expect from thee; I know Ye all.
How ſhou'd the Authors of Diſtreſs and Ruin
Be mov'd to Pity? that's a Human Paſſion;
No — in your hungry Eyes, that look Revenge,
I read my Doom. Where are your Racks, your Tortu
I'm ready — lead me to 'em; I can bear
The worſt of Ills from You. You're not my Friend
My Countrymen. — Yet were ye Men, I cou'd
Unfold a Story — but no more — *Eumenes*,
Thou haſt thy Wiſh, and I am now — a Worm!

ABUDAH. [*To* Caled *aſide.*]

Leader of Armies, hear him! for my Mind
Preſages Good accruing to our Cauſe
By this Event.

CALED.

I tell thee then, thou wrong'ſt Us,
To think our Hearts thus ſteel'd, or our Ears deaf
To all that thou mayſt utter. Speak, diſcloſe
The ſecret Woe that throbbs within thy Breaſt.
Now, by the ſilent Hours of Night! we'll hear thee
And mute Attention ſhall await thy Words.

PHOCIAS.

This is not then the Palace in *Damaſcus*!
If ye will hear, then I indeed have wrong'd you.
How can this be? — When he for whom I've fough
Fo

ught againſt you, has yet refus'd to hear me!
u ſeem ſurpris'd. —— It was Ingratitude,
at drove me out an Exile from thoſe Walls,
hich I ſo late defended.

ABUDAH.

Can it be?
theſe thy Chriſtian Friends!

CALED.

T'is well —— we thank 'em.
ey help us to ſubdue themſelves. —— But who
s that Companion of thy Flight? —— A Woman,
Daran ſaid ——

PHOCYAS.

T'is there I am moſt wretched ——
am torne from all my Soul held dear,
my Life's Blood flows out upon the Wound!
t Woman —— 'twas for her —— How ſhall I ſpeak it? ——
ecia, O Farewel! —— I'll tell you then,
aſt as theſe Heart-rending Sighs will let me;
'd the Daughter of the proud *Eumenes*,
long in ſecret woo'd her; not unwelcome ——
her my Viſits; but I fear'd her Father,
oft had preſs'd her to deteſted Nuptials,
therefore durſt not till this Night of Joy
w to him my Courtſhip. Now I thought her
, by a double Claim, of mutual Vows,

And

And Service yielded at his greatest Need.
When, as I mov'd my Suit, with scorn Disdain
He mock'd my Service, and forbad my Love;
Degraded me from the Command I bore,
And with Defiance bad me seek the Foe.
How has his Curse prevail'd! —— The generous Maid
Was won by my Distress to leave the City;
And cruel Fortune made me thus your Prey.

ABUDAH. [*Aside.*]

My Soul is mov'd. — Thou wert a Man, O Prophet
Forgive, if 'tis a Crime, a human Sorrow
For injur'd Worth, tho' in an Enemy. ——

PHOCYAS.

Now — since you've heard my Story, set me free,
That I may save her yet, dearer than Life,
From a tyrannick Father's threaten'd Force;
Gold, Gemms and Purple Vests shall pay my Ransom
Nor shall my peaceful Sword henceforth be drawn
In Fight, nor break its Truce with you for ever.

CALED.

No; — there's one Way, a better — and but one,
To save thy self, and make some Reparation
For all the Numbers thy bold Hand has slain.

PHOCYAS.

O name it quickly, and my Soul will bless thee!

CALED.

Embrace our Faith, and share with us our Fortunes.

PHOCYAS.

Then I am loſt again!

CALED.

What! when we offer Freedom only, but to raiſe thee high
Greatneſs, Conqueſt, Glory, Heav'nly Bliſs!

PHOCYAS.

To ſink me down to Infamy, Perdition,
and hereafter I make my Name a Curſe
preſent Times, to ev'ry future Age
roverb and a Scorn! take back thy Mercy,
know I now diſdain it.

CALED.

s thou wilt.
Time's too precious to be waſted longer
Words with thee. Thou know'ſt thy Doom ---
Farewel.

ABUDAH. [*To Caled aſide.*]

ar me yet, *Caled!* grant him ſome ſhort Space;
ps at length he will accept thy Bounty.
him at leaſt ----

CALED.

ell -- be it ſo then. *Derar*,
l well thy Charge. -- Thou haſt an Hour to live;

If

If thou art Wise, thou mayſt prolong that Term;
If not — why — Fare thee well, and think of Death!

[*Exeunt* Cal. *and* Al

PHOCYAS. [Daran *waiting at a diſtance.*]

Farewel, and think of Death! — was it not ſo?
Do Murderers then preach Morality? —
But how to think of what the Living know not,
And the Dead cannot, or elſe may not tell? —
What art thou, O thou great myſterious Terror!
The Way to thee we know; Diſeaſes, Famine,
Sword, Fire, and all thy ever-open Gates
That Day and Night ſtand ready to receive us.
But what's beyond them — Who will draw that Veil
Yet Death's not there — No; 'tis a Point of Time,
The Verge 'twixt mortal and immortal Being.
It mocks our Thought! — On this Side All is Life;
And when we've reach'd it, in that very Inſtant
'Tis paſt the thinking on! — O! if it be
The Pangs, the Throes, the agonizing Struggle
When Soul and Body part, ſure I have felt it,
And there's no more to fear.

DARAN. [*Aſide.*]

Suppoſe I now
Diſpatch him? — Right — What need to ſtay for O
I wiſh I durſt! — Yet what I dare I'll do.
Your Jewels, Chriſtian — You'll not need theſe Tr

[*Searching him.*]

PHOCYAS.

I pr'ythee Slave ſtand off — My Soul's too buſy
o loſe a Thought on thee.

Enter Abudah.

ABUDAH.

What's this? — forbear!
ho gave thee Leave to uſe this Inſolence?
[*Takes the Jewels from him, and lays 'em on a Table.*

DARAN. [*Aſide.*]
Deny'd my Booty? — Curſes on his Head!
s not the Founder of our Law a Robber?
y, 'twas for that I left my Country's Gods,
aph and *Uzza*. Better ſtill be Pagan,
n ſtarve with a new Faith.

ABUDAH.

What? — Doſt thou mutter?
an, withdraw; and better learn thy Duty.
[*Exit* Daran.
yas, perhaps thou knowſt me not —

PHOCYAS.

know
Name *Abudah*, and thy Office here
Second in Command. What more thou art
d I cannot tell.

ABUDAH.

ue; for thou yet
Know'ſt

Know'ſt not I am thy Friend.

PHOCYAS.

Is't poſſible? ---
Thou ſpeak'ſt me fair.

ABUDAH.

What doſt thou think of Life?

PHOCYAS.

I think not of it; Death was in my Thoughts.
On hard Conditions, Life were but a Load,
And I wou'd lay it down.

ABUDAH.

Art thou reſolv'd?

PHOCYAS.

I am, unleſs thou bringſt me better Terms
Than thoſe I have rejected.

ABUDAH.

Think again;
Galed, by me, once more renews that Offer.

PHOCYAS.

Thou ſay'ſt thou art my Friend; why doſt thou
To ſhake the ſettled Temper of my Breaſt?
My Soul had juſt diſcharg'd her cumbrous Train
Of Hopes and Fears, prepar'd to take her Voyage
To other Seats, where ſhe may reſt in Peace;
And now thou call'ſt me back, to beat again
The painful Roads of Life. --- Tempt me no more

o be a Wretch, for I deſpiſe the Offer.

ABUDAH.

The General knows thee brave, and 'tis for that
ſeeks Alliance with thy noble Virtues.

PHOCYAS.

He knows me brave?—why does he then thus treat me?
o; He believes I am ſo poor of Soul,
hat barely for the Privilege to live,
ou'd be bought his Slave. But go, and tell him,
e little Space of Life his Scorn bequeath'd me,
s lent in vain, and he may take the Forfeit.

ABUDAH.

Why wilt thou wed thyſelf to Miſery,
en our Faith courts thee to eternal Bleſſings?
en Truth itſelf is, like a Seraph, come
looſe thy Bonds? — The Light Divine, whoſe Beams
c'd thro' the Gloom of *Hera*'s ſacred Cave,
there illumin'd the great *Mahomet*,
ia's Morning-Star, now ſhines on thee.
, ſalute with Joy the Gueſt from Heav'n,
w her Steps, and be no more a Captive.

PHOCYAS.

t whither muſt I follow? — anſwer that.
e a Gueſt from Heav'n? What Marks Divine,
t Signs, what Wonders vouch her boaſted Miſſion?

ABU-

ABUDAH.

What Wonders? — turn thy Eyes to *Mecca!* mar
How from *Caaba* firſt, that hallow'd Temple,
Her Glory dawn'd! — then look how ſwift its Courſe
As when the Sun-beams ſhooting thro' a Cloud
Drive o'er the Meadow's Face the flying Shades!
Have not the Nations bent before our Swords,
Like ripen'd Corn before the Reaper's Steel?
Why is all this? Why does Succeſs ſtill wait
Upon our Law, if not to ſhew that Heav'n
Firſt ſent it forth, and owns it ſtill by Conqueſt?

PHOCYAS.

Doſt thou ask why is this? — O why indeed?
Where is the Man can read Heav'n's ſecret Counſe
Why did I conquer in another Cauſe,
Yet now am here? —

ABUDAH.

I'll tell thee — thy good Angel
Has ſeiz'd thy Hand unſeen, and ſnatch'd thee out
From ſwift Deſtruction; know, ere Day ſhall daw
Damaſcus will in Blood lament its Fall;
We've heard what Army is deſign'd to march
Too late to ſave her. Now, e'en now, our Forc
Is juſt preparing for a freſh Aſſault.
Now too thou might'ſt revenge thy Wrongs — ſo C
Charg'd me to ſay; and more, that he invites th

hou know'ſt the Terms — to ſhare with him the Con-
queſt.

PHOCYAS.

Conqueſt? — Revenge? — Hold, let me think — O
Horror!

venge? — O what Revenge? — Bleed on, my Wounds;
r thus to be reveng'd, were it not worſe —
an all that I can ſuffer? — But *Eudocia* —
here will She then — Shield her, ye pitying Pow'rs,
d let me die in Peace!

ABUDAH.

Hear me once more,
all I have to offer; — mark me now!
d has ſworn *Eudocia* ſhall be ſafe.

PHOCYAS.

Safe? — but how? a wretched Captive too!

ABUDAH.

e ſwears ſhe ſhall be free, ſhe ſhall be thine.

PHOCYAS.

hen I am loſt indeed — O cruel Bounty!
can I be at once both curſt and happy?

ABUDAH.

he Time draws near, and I muſt quickly leave thee;
irſt reflect, that in this fatal Night
hter and Rapine may be loos'd abroad,
while they roam with undiſtinguiſh'd Rage,

Shou'd

Shou'd She thou lov'ſt — well mayſt thou ſtart — be ma
Perhaps unknown, ſome barb'rous Soldier's Prey,
Shou'd She then fall a Sacrifice to Luſt,
Or brutal Fury —

PHOCYAS.

O — this pulls my Heart-ſtrings! [*F*
Earth open — ſave me, ſave me from that Thought,
There's Ruin in it; 'twill, it will undo me!

ABUDAH.

Nay, do not plunge thyſelf in black Deſpair;
Look up, poor Wretch, thou art not ſhipwreck'd y
Behold an Anchor; am not I thy Friend?
Yet hear me, and be bleſt — —

PHOCYAS. [*Riſing.*]

Hah! who, what art thou? [*Ra*
My Friend? that's well; but hold — are all Friends hon
What's to be done: — Huſh, Hark! what Voice is t

ABUDAH.

There is no Voice; 'tis yet the Dead of Night;
The Guards without keep ſilent Watch around us.

PHOCYAS.

Again — it calls — 'tis She — O lead me to her —

ABUDAH.

Thy Paſſion mocks thee with imagin'd Sounds.

PHOCYAS.

Sure 'twas *Eudocia*'s Voice cry'd out — *Forbear.*

What ſhall I do? — O Heav'n!

ABUDAH.

Heav'n ſhews thee what.
Nay, now it is too late; ſee, *Caled* comes
With Anger on his Brow; quickly withdraw
To the next Tent, and there —

PHOCYAS. [*Raving.*]

What do I ſee?
Damaſcus! Conqueſt! Ruin! Rapes and Murder!
Villains! — Is there no way — O ſave her, ſave her!

[*Exit with* Abudah.

Enter Caled *and* Daran.

DARAN.

Behold, on thy Approach they ſhift their Ground.

CALED.

'Tis as thou ſay'ſt, he trifles with my Mercy.

DARAN.

Speak, ſhall I fetch his Head?

CALED.

No, ſtay thou here,
cannot ſpare thee yet. *Raphan*, go thou. [*To an Officer.*
t hold — I've thought again — he ſhall not die.
o, tell him he ſhall live, till he has ſeen
amaſcus ſink in Flame, 'till he behold
hat Slave, the Woman-Idol he adores,
giv'n a Prize to ſome brave *Muſſulman*,

Or slain before his Face; then, if he sue
For Death, as for a Boon — perhaps we'll grant it.
[*Ex.* Raphan

DARAN.

The Captains wait thy Orders.

CALED.

Are the Troops
Ready to march?

DARAN.

They are. [*The Captains pass by as they are nam'*

CALED.

Where's *Abu-Taleb?*
Alcorash? — O, your valiant Tribes, I thank 'em,
Fled from their Standard! Will they now redeem it!
Omar and *Serjabil?* — 'tis well, I see 'em.
You know your Duty. You, *Abderraman*,
Must charge with *Raphan*. Mourn, thou haughty Cit
The Bow is bent, nor canst thou 'scape thy Doom.
Who turns his Back henceforth, our Prophet curse him

DARAN.

But who commands the trusty Bands of *Mecca?*
Thou know'st their Leader fell in the last Fight.

CALED.

'Tis true; thou, *Daran*, well deserv'st that Char
I've mark'd what a keen Hatred, like my own,
Dwells in thy Breast against these Christian Dogs.

D

DARAN.

Thou doſt me Right.

CALED.

And therefore I'll reward it.
that Command now think. And here — this Sabre,
ſs'd in the Field by *Mahomet* himſelf
Chaibar's proſp'rous Fight, ſhall aid thy Arm.

DARAN.

Thanks, my good Chief; with this I'll better thank thee. [*Taking the Scimitar.*

CALED.

Myſelf will lead the Troops of the Black Standard,
d at the eaſtern Gate begin the Storm.

DARAN.

ut why do we not move? 'twill ſoon be Day.
hinks I'm cold, and wou'd grow warm with Action.

CALED.

hen haſte and tell *Abudah* — O thou'rt welcome,

Enter Abudah.

charge awaits thee. Where's the ſtubborn Captive?

ABUDAH.

deed he's brave. I left him for a Moment
e next Tent. He's ſcarcely yet himſelf.

CALED.

t is he ours?

ABUDAH.

The Threats of Death are nothing;
Tho' thy laſt Meſſage ſhook his Soul, as Winds
On the bleak Hills bend down ſome lofty Pine;
Yet ſtill he held his Root; till I found Means,
Abating ſomewhat of thy firſt Demand,
If not to make him wholly ours, at leaſt
To gain ſufficient to our End.

CALED.

Say how?

ABUDAH.

Oft he inclin'd, oft ſtarted back; at laſt,
When juſt conſenting, for a while he paus'd,
Stood fix'd in Thought, and lift his Eyes to Heav'n;
Then, as with freſh recover'd Force, cry'd out
Renounce my Faith? Never — I anſwer'd, No,
That now he ſhou'd not do it.

CALED.

How?

ABUDAH.

Yet hear.
For ſince I ſaw him now ſo loſt in Paſſion,
That muſt be left to his more temperate Thoughts.
Mean time I urg'd, conjur'd, at laſt conſtrain'd him
By all he held moſt dear, nay by the Voice
Of Providence, that call'd him now to ſave,

With her he lov'd, perhaps the Lives of thouſands,
No longer to reſiſt his better Fate,
But join his Arms in preſent Action with us,
And ſwear he wou'd be faithful.

CALED.

What, no more?
Then he's a Chriſtian ſtill?

ABUDAH.

Have Patience yet:
For if by him we can ſurprize the City ——

CALED.

Say'ſt thou?

ABUDAH.

Hear what's agreed; but on the Terms
That ev'ry unreſiſting Life be ſpar'd.
ſhall command ſome choſen faithful Bands,
bacyas will guide us to the Gate, from whence
e late eſcap'd, nor do we doubt but there
ith Eaſe to gain Admittance.

CALED.

This is ſomething.
nd yet I do not like this Half-Ally ——
he not ſtill a Chriſtian? — but no matter ——
ean time I will attack the Eaſtern Gate;
ho firſt ſucceeds gives Entrance to the reſt.
ar, All! — Prepare ye now for boldeſt Deeds,

And know, the Prophet will reward your Valour.
Think that ye all to certain Triumph move;
Who falls in Fight, yet meets the Prize above.
There, in the Gardens of eternal Spring,
While Birds of Paradise around you ſing,
Each, with his blooming Beauty by his Side,
Shall drink rich Wines that in full Rivers glide,
Breathe fragrant Gales o'er Fields of Spice that blow,
And gather Fruits immortal as they grow.
Ecſtatick Bliſs ſhall your whole Pow'rs employ,
And every Senſe be loſt in every Joy. [*Exeu*

THE SIEGE of *Damaſcus.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A great Square in the City, before the Governor's Palace.*

Enter Abudah, *Saracen Captains and Soldiers; with* Eumenes, Herbis, *and others of the Chriſtians unarm'd.*

EUMENES.

IT muſt be ſo — Farewel, devoted Walls! —
To be ſurpris'd thus? —— Hell and all ye Fiends,
How did ye watch this Minute for Deſtruction?

HERBIS.

We've been betray'd by Riot and Debauch;
Curſe on the Traitor-Guard!

EUMENES.

The Guard above,
Did that ſleep too?

ABUDAH.

Chriſtians, complain no more.
What you have ask'd is granted. Are ye Men,
And dare ye queſtion thus, with bold Impatience,
Eternal Juſtice! — Know, the Doom from Heav'n
Falls on your Towers, reſiſtleſs as the Bolt
That fires the Cedars on your Mountain Tops.
Be meek, and learn with humble Awe to bear
The mitigated Ruin. Worſe had follow'd,
Had ye oppos'd our Numbers. Now you're ſafe.
Quarter and Liberty are giv'n to All;
And little do ye think how much ye owe
To one brave Enemy, whom yet ye know not.

Enter Artamon *haſtily.*

ARTAMON.

All's loſt! — Ha! — Who are theſe?

EUMENES.

All's loſt indeed.
Yield up thy Sword, if thou wou'dſt ſhare our Safety.
Thou com'ſt too late to bring us News.

ARTAMON.

O —— no.

The News I bring is from the Eastern Guard.
Caled has forc'd the Gate, and — but he's here.

[*A Cry without.*]

Fly, fly; they follow — Quarter, Mercy, Quarter!

[*Several Persons as pursu'd run over the Stage.*

C A L E D. [*Without.*]

No Quarter! Kill, I say; are they not Christians!
More Blood! our Prophet asks it. —

He enters with Daran, *&c.*

What, *Abudah?*
Well met! — but wherefore are these Looks of Peace?
Why sleeps thy Sword?

A B U D A H.

Caled, our Task is over.
Behold the Chiefs; they have resign'd the Palace.

C A L E D.

And sworn t' obey our Law?

A B U D A H.

No.

C A L E D.

Then fall on.

A B U D A H.

Hold yet, and hear me — Heav'n by me has spar'd
The Sword its cruel Task. On easy Terms
We've gain'd a bloodless Conquest.

CALED.

I renounce it.
Curſe on thoſe Terms; the City's mine by Storm.
Fall on, I ſay ——

ABUDAH.

Nay then, I ſwear ye ſhall not.

CALED.

Ha! — Who am I?

ABUDAH.

The General, and I know
What Reverence is your Due.

[Caled *ſigns to his Men to fall o*

——Nay, he who ſtirs,
Firſt makes his Way thro' me. My Honour's pledg'd;
Rob me of that who dares. [*They ſtop.*] I know the
Caled,
Chief in Command; bold, valiant, wiſe and faithful.
But yet remember I'm a Muſſulman,
Nay more, thou know'ſt, Companion of the Prophet,
And what we vow is ſacred.

CALED.

Thou'rt a Chriſtian,
I ſwear thou art, and haſt betray'd the Faith.
Curſe on thy new Allies!

ABUDAH.

No more — this Striſe

But ill beſeems the Servants of the Caliph,
And caſts Reproach — Chriſtians, withdraw a while;
I pledge my Life to anſwer the Conditions —
[*Ex.* Eum. Herb. *&c.*

Why, *Caled*, do we thus expoſe our ſelves
A Scorn to Nations that deſpiſe our Law?
Thou call'ſt me Chriſtian — What? Is it becauſe
I prize my plighted Faith, that I'm a Chriſtian?
Come, 'tis not well, and if —

CALED.

What Terms are yielded?

ABUDAH.

Leave to depart, to all that will; an Oath
Firſt giv'n, no more to aid the War againſt us,
An unmoleſted March. Each Citizen
To take his Goods, not more than a Mule's Burden;
The Chiefs ſix Mules, and ten the Governor.
Beſides ſome few ſlight Arms for their Defence
Againſt the Mountain Robbers.

CALED.

Now, by *Mahomet*,
Thou haſt equipp'd an Army.

ABUDAH.

Canſt thou doubt
The greater Part by far will chooſe to ſtay,
Receive our Law, or pay th' accuſtom'd Tribute?

What

What fear we then from a few wretched Bands
Of ſcatter'd Fugitives? — beſides, thou know'ſt
What Towns of Strength remain yet unſubdu'd.
Let us appear this once like generous Victors,
So future Conqueſts ſhall repay this Bounty,
And willing Provinces e'en court Subjection.

CALED.

Well — be it on thy Head, if worſe befall!
This once I yield — but ſee it then proclaim'd
Thro' all *Damaſcus*, that who will depart
Muſt leave the Place this Inſtant. — Paſs, move on.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Outſide of a Nunnery.*

EUDOCIA.

Darkneſs is fled; and yet the Morning Light
Gives me more Fears than did Night's deadly Gloom.
Within, Without, All, all are Foes. — O *Phocyas*,
Thou art perhaps at Reſt; wou'd I were too!

[*After a Pauſe.*

This Place has holy Charms; Rapine and Murder
Dare not approach it, but are aw'd to Diſtance.
I've heard that e'en theſe Infidels have ſpar'd
Walls ſacred to Devotion. — World, Farewel!

Her

e will I hide me, 'till the friendly Grave
as its Arms, and shelter me for ever. [*Exit.*

Enter Phocyas.

PHOCYAS.

Did I not hear the Murmurs of a Voice,
is way? — a Woman's too? — and seem'd complaining?
k! — No — O Torture! Whither shall I turn me?
search'd the Palace Rooms in vain; and now,
now not why, some Instinct brought me hither.
was here last Night we met. Dear, dear *Eudocia!*
ght I once more — [*Going out, he meets her entring.*

EUDOCIA.

Who calls the lost *Eudocia?*
e 'tis a friendly Voice.

PHOCYAS.

'Tis she! — O Rapture!

EUDOCIA.

s't possible? — my *Phocyas?* —

PHOCYAS.

My *Eudocia!*
I yet call thee mine?

EUDOCIA.

Do I yet see thee?
hear thee speak? — O how hast thou escap'd
om barbarous Swords, and Men that know not Mercy?

PHO-

PHOCYAS.

I've borne a thousand Deaths since our last Parting.
But wherefore do I talk of Death? — for now,
Methinks, I'm rais'd almost to Life immortal,
And feel I'm blest beyond the Pow'r of Change.

EUDOCIA.

O yet beware — lest some Event unknown
Again shou'd part us.

PHOCYAS. [*Aside.*]

Heav'n avert the Omen!
None can, my Fair, none shall.

EUDOCIA.

Alas! thy Transport
Makes thee forget; is not the City taken?

PHOCYAS.

It is.

EUDOCIA.

And are we not beset with Foes?

PHOCYAS.

There are no Foes — or none to thee — No Dange

EUDOCIA.

No Foes?

PHOCYAS.

I know not how to tell thee yet —
But think, *Eudocia*, that my matchless Love
And wondrous Causes preordain'd, conspiring,

thee have triumph'd o'er the fiercest Foes,
d turn'd 'em into Friends.

EUDOCIA.

Amazement! Friends?—
all ye Guardian Powers!—Say on—O lead me,
d me thro' this dark Maze of Providence
hich thou hast trod, that I may trace thy Steps
ith silent Awe, and worship as I pass.

PHOCYAS.

uire no more—thou shalt know all hereafter—
t me conduct thee hence—

EUDOCIA.

O whither next?
what far distant Home?—But 'tis enough,
at favour'd thus of Heav'n thou art my Guide.
d as we journey on the painful way,
, wilt thou then beguile the passing Hours,
d open all the Wonders of thy Story?

PHOCYAS.

Indulge no more thy melancholy Thoughts,
maſcus is thy Home.

EUDOCIA.

And yet thou say'st
s no longer ours!—Where is my Father?

PHOCYAS.

To shew thee too how Fate seems every way

To

To guard thy Safety, e'en thy Father now,
Wert thou within his Pow'r, wou'd ſtand defeated
Of his tyrannick Vow. Thou know'ſt laſt Night
What Hope of Aids flatter'd this fooliſh City;
At Break of Day th' *Arabian* Scouts had ſeiz'd
A ſecond Courier, and from him 'tis learn'd
That on their March the Army mutiny'd,
And *Eutyches* was ſlain.

EUDOCIA.

And yet, That, now
Is of the leaſt Importance to my Peace.
But anſwer me; ſay, where is now my Father?

PHOCYAS.

Or gone, or juſt preparing to depart.

EUDOCIA.

What! Is our Doom revers'd? And is he then
The wretched Fugitive? —

PHOCYAS.

Thou heav'nly Maid!
To free thee then from ev'ry anxious Thought,
Know, I've once more, wrong'd as I am, ev'n ſav'd
Thy Father's threaten'd Life, nay ſav'd *Damaſcus*
From Blood and Slaughter, and from total Ruin.
Terms are obtain'd, and general Freedom granted
To all that will, to leave in Peace the City.

EUDOCIA.

t poſſible — how truſt me I cou'd chide thee:
s much unkind to hold me thus in Doubt;
'ythee clear theſe Wonders.

PHOCYAS.

Twill ſurpriſe thee,
hen thou ſhalt know —

EUDOCIA.

What?

PHOCYAS.

To what deadly Gulphs
Horror and Deſpair, what cruel Straits
agonizing Thought I have been driv'n
is Night, ere my perplex'd bewilder'd Soul
d find its way — thou ſaidſt that thou wou'dſt chide;
ar thou wilt; indeed I have done that
ou'd have wiſh'd t'avoid — but for a Cauſe
ovely, ſo belov'd —

EUDOCIA.

What doſt thou mean?
not indulge a Thought that thou cou'dſt do
Act unworthy of thy ſelf, thy Honour,
that firm Zeal againſt theſe Foes of Heav'n,
ich won my Heart at firſt to ſhare in all
y Dangers and thy Fame, and wiſh thee mine.
ou cou'dſt not ſave thy Life by Means inglorious.

PHO-

PHOCYAS.

Alas! thou know'ſt me not — I'm Man, frail Ma
To Error born; and who that's Man is perfect?
To ſave my Life? O no; well was it riſqu'd
For thee! had it been loſt, 'twere not too much,
And thou but ſafe; — O what wou'dſt thou have ſai
If I had riſqu'd my Soul to ſave *Eudocia*?

EUDOCIA.

Ha! Speak — O no, be dumb — it cannot be!
And yet thy Looks are chang'd, thy Lips grow pale
Why doſt thou ſhake? — alas! I tremble too!
Thou cou'dſt not, haſt not ſworn to *Mahomet*?

PHOCYAS.

No — I ſhou'd firſt have dy'd — nay giv'n up the

EUDOCIA.

O *Phocyas!* Was it well to try me thus? —
And yet another deadly Fear ſucceeds.
How came theſe Wretches hither? Who reviv'd
Their fainting Arms to unexpected Triumph?
For while thou fought'ſt, and fought'ſt the Chriſtian C
Theſe batter'd Walls were Rocks impregnable,
Their Tow'rs of Adamant. But O I fear
Some Act of thine —

PHOCYAS.

No more — I'll tell thee all;
But pr'ythee do not frown on me, *Eudocia!* —

I

found the wakeful Foe in Midnight Council
olv'd, ere Day, to make a freſh Attack,
een for Revenge, and hungry after Slaughter.
ou'd my rack'd Soul bear that, and think of thee?
ay, think of thee expos'd a helpleſs Prey
o ſome fierce Ruſſian's violating Arms?
had the World been mine, in that Extreme
hou'd have giv'n whole Provinces away,
y all — and thought it little for thy Ranſom!

EUDOCIA.

or this then — oh — thou haſt betray'd the City!
ruſtful in the Righteous Pow'rs above,
at ſtill protect the Chaſte and Innocent;
d to avert a feign'd uncertain Danger,
ou haſt brought certain Ruin on thy Country!

PHOCYAS.

No, thou forget'ſt the friendly Terms — the Sword,
ich threaten'd to have fill'd theſe Streets with Blood,
heath'd in Peace; thy Father, thou, and all
Citizens are ſafe, uncaptiv'd, free.

EUDOCIA.

afe? free? O no — Life, Freedom, every Good
ns to a Curſe, if ſought by wicked Means.
ſure it cannot be! — Are theſe the Terms
which we meet? — No — we can never meet
Terms like theſe; the Hand of Death it ſelf

Cou'd

Cou'd not have torn us from each other's Arms
Like this dire Act, this more than fatal Blow!
In Death, the Soul and Body only part
To meet again, and be divorc'd no more;
But now —

PHOCYAS.

Ha! Lightning blaſt me! Strike me,
Ye vengeful Bolts! if this is my Reward!
Are theſe my hop'd-for Joys? Is this the Welcome
The wretched *Phocyas* meets, from her he lov'd
More than Life, Fame — e'en to his Soul's Diſtracti

EUDOCIA.

Hadſt thou not help'd the Slaves of *Mahomet*,
To ſpread their impious Conqueſts o'er thy Country,
What Welcome was there in *Eudocia*'s Power
She had withheld from *Phocyas*? but alas!
'Tis thou haſt blaſted all our Joys for ever,
And cut down Hope like a poor ſhort-liv'd Flower,
Never to grow again!

PHOCYAS.

Cruel *Eudocia!*
If in my Heart's deep Anguiſh I've been forc'd
A while from what I was — doſt thou reject me!
Think of the Cauſe —

EUDOCIA.

The Cauſe? there is no Cauſe!

t universal Nature cou'd afford
Cauſe for this; what were Dominion, Pomp,
he Wealth of Nations, nay of all the World,
he World it ſelf, or what a thouſand Worlds,
weigh'd with Faith unſpotted, heav'nly Truth,
houghts free from Guilt, the Empire of the Mind,
nd all the Triumphs of a God-like Breaſt
irm and unmov'd in the great Cauſe of Virtue?

PHOCYAS.

How ſhall I anſwer thee? --- my Soul is aw'd,
nd trembling owns th' eternal Force of Reaſon!
t oh! can nothing then atone, or plead
r Pity from thee?

EUDOCIA.

Canſt thou yet undo
he Deed that's done, recall the Time that's paſt?
call back Yeſterday, call back laſt Night,
ho' with its Fears, its Dangers, its Diſtreſs;
d the fair Hours of Innocence return,
hen, in the loweſt Ebb of changeful Fortune,
hou wert more glorious in *Eudocia*'s Eyes
han all the Pride of Monarchs! --- but that Deed ---

PHOCYAS.

No more --- thou waken'ſt in my tortur'd Heart
he cruel conſcious Worm that ſtings to Madneſs.
I'm undone! --- I know it, and can bear

To be undone for thee, but not to lose thee.

EUDOCIA.

Poor Wretch! — I pity thee! — but art thou *Phocyas*
The Man I lov'd? — I cou'd have dy'd with thee
Ere thou didst this; then we had gone together,
A glorious Pair, and soar'd above the Stars,
Bright as the Stars themselves; and as we pass'd
The heav'nly Roads, and Milky Ways of Light,
Had heard the blest Inhabitants with Wonder
Applaud our spotless Love. But never, never
Can I be made the curst Reward of Treason,
To seal thy Doom, to bind a hellish League,
And to ensure thy everlasting Woe.

PHOCYAS.

What League? — 'tis ended — I renounce it — thus
[*Kneels*
I bend to Heav'n and thee. — O thou Divine,
Thou matchless Image of all-perfect Goodness!
Do thou but pity yet the wretched *Phocyas*,
Heav'n will relent, and all may yet be well.

EUDOCIA.

No — we must part. 'Twill ask whole Years of Sorro
To purge away this Guilt. Then do not think
Thy Loss in me is worth one dropping Tear;
But, if thou wou'dst be reconcil'd to Heav'n,
First sacrifice to Heav'n that fatal Passion,

Whic

ich caus'd thy Fall — Farewel: forget the loſt —
how ſhall I ask that? — I wou'd have ſaid,
thy Soul's Peace, forget the loſt *Eudocia*:
ſt thou forget her? — O the killing Torture
think 'twas Love, Exceſs of Love, divorc'd us!
ewel for — ſtill I cannot ſpeak that Word,
eſe Tears ſpeak for me — O Farewel — [*Exit.*

PHOCYAS. [*Raving.*]

For ever!

urn, return and ſpeak it, ſay for Ever! —
's gone — and now ſhe joins the Fugitives.
d yet, ſhe did not quite pronounce my Doom —
ear, all-gracious Heav'n! wilt thou at once
give, and O inſpire me to ſome Act
is Day, that may in part redeem what's paſt!
per this Day, or let it be my laſt. [*Exit.*

THE

THE SIEGE of *Damaſcus.*

ACT V. SCENE

SCENE, *An open Place in the City.*

Enter Caled *and* Daran *meeting.*

CALED.

SOLDIER, what News? thou lcok'
thou wert angry.

DARAN.

And, durſt I ſay it, ſo, my Chie
am.
I've ſpoke --- if it offends, my Head is thine.
Take it, and I am ſilent.

CALED.

No; ſay on.

I know thee honeſt, and perhaps I gueſs
What knits thy Brow in Frowns —

DARAN.

Is this, my Leader,
A conquer'd City! — View yon Vale of Palms;
Behold! the vanquiſh'd Chriſtian triumphs ſtill,
Rich in his Flight, and mocks thy barren War.

CALED.

The Vale of Palms!

DARAN.

Beyond thoſe Hills, the Place
Where they agreed this Day to meet and halt,
To gather all their Forces: there, diſguis'd,
Juſt now I've view'd their Camp — O I cou'd curſe
My Eyes for what they've ſeen.

CALED.

What haſt thou ſeen?

DARAN.

Why, all *Damaſcus*; — All its Soul, its Life,
Its Hearts-Blood, all its Treaſure, Piles of Plate,
Croſſes enrich'd with Gems, Arras and Silks,
And Veſts of Gold, unfolded to the Sun,
That rival all his Luſtre.

CALED.

How!

DARAN.

'Tis true. —
The Bees are wisely bearing off their Honey,
And soon the empty Hive will be our own.

CALED.

So forward too? Curse on this foolish Treaty.

DARAN.

Forward—it looks as they had been forewarn'd.
By *Mahomet*, the Land wears not the Face
Of War, but Trade; and thou wou'dst swear, its Merchants
Were sending forth their loaded Caravans
To all the Neighbouring Countries.

CALED. [*Aside.*]

Ha! this starts
A lucky Thought of *Mahomet*'s first Exploit,
When he pursu'd the Caravan of *Coraish*,
And from a thousand mis-believing Slaves
Wrested their ill-heap'd Goods, transfer'd to thrive
In holier Hands, and propagate the Faith. —
[*To* Daran.]
'Tis said, the Emperor had a Wardrobe here
Of costly Silks.

DARAN.

That too they have remov'd.

CALED.

Dogs! Infidels! 'tis more than was allow'd.

DARAN.

And ſhall we not purſue 'em — Robbers! Thieves!
That ſteal away themſelves, and all they're worth,
And wrong the valiant Soldier of his Due?

CALED. [*Aſide.*]

The *Caliph* ſhall know this — he ſhall, *Abudah.*
This is thy Coward Bargain — I renounce it.
Daran, we'll ſtop their March, and make a Search.

DARAN.

And ſtrip?

CALED.

And kill.

DARAN.

That's well. And yet I fear
Abudah's Chriſtian Friend —

CALED.

If poſſible,
ſhou'd not know of this; no, nor *Abudah.*
y the ſeven Heav'ns! his Soul's a Chriſtian too,
nd 'tis by Kindred Inſtinct he thus ſaves
heir curſed Lives, and taints our Cauſe with Mercy.

DARAN.

I knew my General wou'd not ſuffer this,
herefore I've Troops prepar'd without the Gate,

Juſt mounted for Purſuit. Our *Arab* Horſe
Will in few Minutes reach the Place; yet ſtill
I muſt repeat my Doubts — that Devil *Phocyas*
Will know it ſoon — I met him near the Gate,
My Nature ſickens at him, and forebodes
I know not what of Ill.

CALED.

No more: away
With thy cold Fears — we'll march this very Inſtant,
And quickly make this thriftleſs Conqueſt good:
The Sword too has been wrong'd, and thirſts for Blood

SCENE II. *A Valley full of Tents; Baggage and Harneſs lying up and down among them. The Proſpect terminated with Palm-Trees and Hills at a diſtance.*

Eumenes, *with Officers, Attendants, and Crouds of the People of* Damaſcus.

EUMENES. [*Entring.*]

Sleep on — and Angels be thy Guard! — Soft Slumber
Has gently ſtole her from her Griefs awhile.
Let none approach the Tent. — Are Out-Guards poſted
On yonder Hills? [*To an Officer.*

1 *OFFICER.*

They are.

EUMENES. [*Striking his Breaſt.*]

Damaſcus! O —

till art thou here? — Let me entreat you, Friends,

To keep ſtrict Order; I have no Command,

And can but now adviſe you.

1 *CITIZEN.*

You are ſtill

Our Head and Leader.

2 *CITIZEN.*

We reſolve t'obey you.

3 *CITIZEN.*

We're all prepar'd to follow you.

EUMENES.

I thank you.

The Sun will ſoon go down upon our Sorrows,

And 'till to-morrow's Dawn this is our Home:

Mean while, each, as he can, forget his Loſs,

And bear the preſent Lot. —

OFFICER.

Sir, I have mark'd

The Camp's Extent; 'tis ſtretch'd quite thro' the Valley.

I think that more than half the City's here.

EUMENES.

The Proſpect gives me much Relief. I'm pleas'd.

My honeſt Countrymen, t' obſerve your Numbers;
And yet it fills my Eyes with Tears — 'Tis ſaid
The mighty *Perſian* wept, when he ſurvey'd
His numerous Army, but to think 'em Mortal;
Yet he then flouriſh'd in Proſperity.
Alas! What's that? — Proſperity? a Harlot
That ſmiles but to betray! O ſhining Ruin!
Thou Nurſe of Paſſions, and thou Bane of Virtue!
O ſelf-deſtroying Monſter! that art blind,
Yet putt'ſt out Reaſon's Eyes, that ſtill ſhou'd guide thee
Then plungeſt down ſome Precipice unſeen,
And art no more! — Hear me, all-gracious Heav'n!
Let me wear out my ſmall Remains of Life
Obſcure, content with humble Poverty,
Or in Affliction's hard but wholeſome School,
If it muſt be — I'll learn to know my ſelf,
And that's more worth than Empire. But, O Heav'n,
Curſe me no more with proud Proſperity!
It has undone me! — *Herbis*, where, my Friend,
Haſt thou been this long Hour?

Enter Herbis.

HERBIS.

On yonder Summit,
To take a farewel Proſpect of *Damaſcus*.

EUMENES.

And is it worth a Look?

HERBIS.

No — I've forgot it.
ll our Poſſeſſions are a Graſp of Air;
e're cheated whilſt we think we hold them faſt,
nd when they're gone, we know that they were nothing.
t I've a deeper Wound.

EUMENES.

Poor good old Man!
e true; — thy Son — there thou'rt indeed unhappy.

Enter Artamon.

What *Artamon?* — art thou here too?

ARTAMON.

Yes, Sir.
never boaſted much of my Religion,
t I've ſome Honour, and a Soldier's Pride;
ike not theſe new Lords.

EUMENES.

Thou'rt brave and honeſt.
ay we'll not yet deſpair. A Time may come
hen from theſe brute Barbarians we may wreſt
nce more our pleaſant Seats. — Alas! how ſoon
he Flatterer Hope is ready with his Song
o charm us to Forgetfulneſs! — No more —
t that be left to Heav'n! — See, *Herbis*, ſee,
ethinks we've here a goodly City yet!

Was it not thus our great Forefathers liv'd,
In better times? — in humble Fields and Tents,
With all their Flocks and Herds, their moving Wealth
See too! where our own *Pharphar* winds his Stream
Thro' the long Vale, as if to follow us,
And kindly offers his cool wholsome Draughts
To eaſe us in our March! Why this is Plenty.

Enter Eudocia.

EUMENES.

My Daughter? — wherefore haſt thou left thy Tent?
What breaks ſo ſoon thy Reſt?

EUDOCIA.

Reſt is not there,
Or I have ſought in vain, and cannot find it,
Oh no — we're Wanderers, it is our Doom;
There is no Reſt for us.

EUMENES.

Thou art not well.

EUDOCIA.

I wou'd, if poſſible, avoid my ſelf.
I'm better now near you.

EUMENES.

Near me? — alas!
The tender Vine ſo wreaths its folded Arms
Around ſome falling Elm! — it wounds my Heart
To think thou follow'ſt but to ſhare my Ruin.

I hav

I have loſt all but thee.

EUDOCIA.

O ſay not ſo.
You have loſt nothing; No — you have preſerv'd
Immortal Wealth, your Faith inviolate
To Heav'n and to your Country. Have you not
Refus'd to join with proſp'rous wicked Men,
And hold from them a falſe inglorious Greatneſs?
Ruin is yonder, in *Damaſcus*, now
The Seat abhorr'd of curſed Infidels.
Infernal Error, like a Plague, has ſpread
Contagion thro' its guilty Palaces,
And we are fled from Death.

EUMENES.

Heroick Maid!
Thy Words are Balſam to my Griefs. *Eudocia*,
never knew thee till this Day; I knew not
how many Virtues I had wrong'd in thee.

EUDOCIA.

If you talk thus, you have not yet forgiv'n me.

EUMENES.

Forgiv'n thee? — why, for thee it is, thee only,
think Heav'n yet may look with Pity on us;
es, we muſt all forgive each other now.
oor *Herbis* too — we both have been to blame.
Phocyas — but it cannot be recall'd.

Yet were He here, we'd ask him Pardon too.
My Child! — I meant not to provoke thy Tears.

EUDOCIA. [*Aside.*]

O why is he not here? Why do I see
Thouſands of happy Wretches, that but ſeem
Undone, yet ſtill are bleſt in Innocence,
And why was he not one?

Enter an Officer.

1 *OFFICER.*

Where is *Eumenes*?

EUMENES.

What means thy breathleſs Haſte?

1 *OFFICER.*

I fear there's Danger;
For as I kept my Watch, I ſpy'd afar
Thick Clouds of Duſt, and on a nearer View
Perceiv'd a Body of *Arabian* Horſe
Moving this way. I ſaw them wind the Hill,
And then loſt Sight of 'em.

HERBIS.

I ſaw 'em too,
Where the Roads meet on t'other ſide theſe Hills,
But took them for ſome Bands of Chriſtian *Arabs*
Croſſing the Country. — This way did they move?

1 *OFFICER.*

With utmoſt Speed.

EUMENES.

If they are Chriſtian *Arabs*,
hey come as Friends; if other, we're ſecure
y the late Terms. Retire a while, *Eudocia*,
ill I return. [*Exit* Eudocia.
ll to the Guard my ſelf.
oldier, lead on the way.

Enter another Officer.

2 *OFFICER.*

Arm, arm! we're ruin'd!
he Foe is in the Camp.

EUMENES.

So ſoon?

2 *OFFICER.*

They've quitted
heir Horſes, and with Sword in Hand have forc'd
ur Guard; they ſay they come for Plunder.

EUMENES.

Villains!
re *Caled* knows not of this Treachery.
ome on — we can fight ſtill. We'll make 'em know
hat 'tis to urge the Wretched to Deſpair. [*Exeunt.*

[*A Noiſe of Fighting is heard for ſome time.*

Enter Daran, *with a Party of* Saracen *Soldiers.*

DARAN.

Let the Fools fight at diſtance. — Here's the Harveſt,
Reap,

Reap, reap, my Countrymen! — Ay, there — firſt cle
Thoſe further Tents —

[*Exeunt Soldiers bearing off Baggage*, &c
Looking between the Tents.] What's here, a Woman —
Fair
She ſeems, and well attir'd! — It ſhall be ſo,
I'll ſtrip her firſt, and then —

[*Exit, and returns with* Eudoci

EUDOCIA. [*Struggling*]

Mercy! O ſpare me!
Help, ſave me! — What, no Help? — Barbarian! Mo
ſter!
Heav'n hear my Cries.

DARAN.

Woman, thy Cries are vain.
No Help is near.

Enter Phocyas.

PHOCYAS.

Villain, thou ly'ſt! take that
To looſe thy Hold — [*Puſhing at him with his Spe

DARAN.

What, thou? my evil Spirit!
Is't thou that haunt'ſt me ſtill? — but, thus I thank thee

[*Offering to ſtrike with his Scimi*
It will not be — Lightning for ever blaſt
This Coward Arm that fails me! — O vile *Syrian*, [*Fa*

'm kill'd — O Curſe — [*Dies.*

PHOCYAS.

Die then; thy Curſes choak thee!

udocia!

EUDOCIA.

Phocyas! — O Aſtoniſhment!

Then is it thus that Heav'n has heard my Pray'rs?

tremble ſtill — and ſcarce have Power to ask thee

low thou art here? or whence this ſudden Outrage?

PHOCYAS. [*Walking aſide.*]

The Blood ebbs back that fill'd my Heart, and now

gain her parting Farewel awes my Soul,

s if 'twere Fate, and not to be revok'd.

Vill ſhe not now upbraid me, See thy Friends!

re theſe, are theſe the Villains thou haſt truſted?

EUDOCIA.

What means this murmur'd Sorrow to thy ſelf?

it in vain that thou haſt reſcu'd me

rom Savage Hands? — Say, what's th'approaching

Danger?

PHOCYAS.

Sure every Angel watches o'er thy Safety!

hou ſeeſt 'tis Death t'approach thee without Awe,

nd Barbariſm itſelf cannot profane thee.

EUDOCIA.

Thou doſt not anſwer, whence are theſe Alarms?

PHO-

PHOCYAS.

Some Stores remov'd, and not allow'd by Treaty,
Have drawn the *Sarbeens* to make a Search.
Perhaps 'twill quickly be agreed — But Oh!
Thou know'ſt, *Eudocia*, I'm a baniſh'd Man,
And 'tis a Crime I'm here once more before thee;
Elſe, might I ſpeak, 'twere better for the preſent
If thou wou'dſt leave this Place.

EUDOCIA.

No — I've a Father,
(And ſhall I leave him?) whom we both have wrong'd
Or he had not been thus driv'n out, expos'd
The humble Tenant of this ſhelt'ring Vale
For one poor Night's Repoſe. — And yet, alas!
For this laſt Act how wou'd I thank thee, *Phocyas!* —
I've nothing now but Pray'rs and Tears to give,
Cold fruitleſs Thanks. — But 'tis ſome Comfort yet
That Fate allows this ſhort Reprieve, that thus
We may behold each other, and once more
May mourn our Woes, ere yet we part —

PHOCYAS.

For ever! —
'Tis then reſolv'd — it was thy cruel Sentence,
And I am here to execute that Doom.

EUDOCIA.

What doſt thou mean?

PHO

PHOCYAS. [*Kneeling.*]

Thus, at thy Feet —

EUDOCIA.

O rise!

PHOCYAS.

Never — No, here I'll lay my Burden down;
I've try'd its Weight, nor can support it longer.
Take thy last Look; if yet thy Eyes can bear
To look upon a Wretch accurst, cast off
By Heav'n and thee — A little longer yet
And I am mingled with my Kindred Duft,
By thee forgotten and the World —

EUDOCIA.

Forbear!
O cruel Man! Why wilt thou rack me thus?
Didst thou not mark, thou didst, when last we parted,
The Pangs, the Strugglings of my suffering Soul!
That nothing but the Hand of Heav'n it self
Cou'd e'er divide me from thee? — Dost thou now
Reproach me thus? Or canst thou have a Thought
That I can e'er forget thee?

PHOCYAS. [*Rising.*]

Have a Care!
I'll not be tortur'd more with thy false Pity.
No, I renounce it, See, I am prepar'd.
[*Shewing a Dagger.*

Thy

Thy Cruelty is Mercy now — Farewel!
And Death is now but a Releaſe from Torment.

EUDOCIA.

Hold — Stay thee yet! — O Madneſs of Deſpair!
And wou'dſt thou die? Think, ere thou leap the Gulf
When thou haſt trod that dark, that unknown Way,
Canſt thou return? — What, if the Change prove worſe
O think, if then —

PHOCYAS.

No — Thought's my deadlieſt Foe.
'Tis lingring Racks and ſlow conſuming Fires,
And therefore to the Grave I'd fly to ſhun it.

EUDOCIA.

O fatal Error! — Like a reſtleſs Ghoſt,
It will purſue, and haunt thee ſtill, e'en there,
Perhaps in Forms more frightful. Death's a Name
By which poor gueſſing Mortals are deceiv'd,
'Tis no where to be found. Thou fly'ſt in vain
From Life, to meet again with that thou fly'ſt.
How wilt thou curſe thy Raſhneſs then? How ſtart,
And ſhudder, and ſhrink back? Yet how avoid
To put on thy new Being?

PHOCYAS.

So — I thank thee!
For now I'm quite undone — I gave up All
For thee before, but this; this Boſom Friend,

y laſt Reſerve. — There —

[*Throws away the Dagger.*

ll me now, *Eudocia*,
t off from Hope, deny'd the Food of Life,
d yet forbid to die, what am I now?
what will Fate do with me?

EUDOCIA.

Oh — [*Turns away weeping.*

PHOCYAS.

Thou weep'ſt!
ſt thou ſhed Tears, and yet not melt to Mercy?
ay, ere yet returning Madneſs ſeize me,
here in all Futurity no Proſpect,
diſtant Comfort? Not a glimmering Light
guide me thro' this Maze? Or muſt I now
down in Darkneſs, and deſpair for ever?

[*Here they both continue ſilent for ſome time.*

PHOCYAS.

till art thou ſilent? — Speak, diſcloſe my Doom,
t's now ſuſpended in this awful Moment! —
peak — For now my Paſſions wait thy Voice;
beating Heart grows calm, my Blood ſtands ſtill,
rcely I live, or only live to hear thee.

EUDOCIA.

yet — but can it be? — I fear — O *Phocyas*,
me be ſilent ſtill!

PHO-

PHOCYAS.

Hear then this laſt,
This only Pray'r! — Heav'n will conſent to this.
Let me but follow thee, where-e'er thou goeſt,
But ſee thee, hear thy Voice; be thou my Angel,
To guide and govern my returning Steps,
'Till long Contrition and unweary'd Duty
Shall expiate my Guilt. Then ſay, *Eudocia*,
If, like a Soul anneal'd in purging Fires,
After whole Years thou ſeeſt me white again,
When thou, even thou ſhalt think —

EUDOCIA.

No more — This ſhakes
My firmeſt Thoughts, and if —

[*Here a Cry is heard of Perſons ſlaughter'd in the Camp.*

— What Shrieks of Death!
I fear the treacherous Foe — again! and louder!
Then they've begun a fatal Harveſt! — Haſte,
Prevent — O wou'dſt thou ſee me more with Comfort
Fly, ſave 'em, ſave the threaten'd Lives of Chriſtians,
My Father and his Friends! — I dare not ſtay —
Heav'n be my Guide to ſhun this gathering Ruin.

[*Exit* Eudocia.

Manet Phocyas. *Enter* Caled.

CALED. [*Entring.*]

So — Slaughter do thy Work!
These Hands look well. [*Looking on his Hands.*
e jovial Hunter, ere he quits the Field,
ft signs him in the Stag's warm vital Stream
th Stains like these, to show 'twas gallant Sport.
cyas! Thou'rt met? — But whether thou art here
[*Comes forward.*
Friend or Foe I know not; if a Friend,
hich is *Eumenes'* Tent?

PHOCYAS.

Hold — pass no further.

CALED.

y'ſt thou, not pass?

PHOCYAS.

No — On thy Life, no further.

CALED.

What! Dost thou frown too? — sure, thou know'ſt
me not!

PHOCYAS.

ot know thee? — Yes, too well I know thee now,
hurd'rous Fiend! Why all this Waste of Blood?
ſt thou not promise —

CALED.

romise? — Insolence!

'Tis

'Tis well, 'tis well — For now I know thee too.
Perfidious Mungril Slave! Thou double Traitor!
False to thy first and to thy latter Vows!
Villain! —

PHOCYAS.

That's well — Go on — I swear I thank thee,
Speak it again, and strike it thro' my Ear!
A Villain! — Yes, thou mad'st me so, thou Devil!
And mind'st me now what to demand from thee.
Give, give me back my former self, my Honour,
My Country's fair Esteem, my Friends, my All —
Thou canst not — O thou Robber! — Give me then
Revenge, or Death! — The last I well deserve,
That yielded up my Soul's best Wealth to thee,
For which accurst be thou, and curst thy Prophet!

CALED.

Hear'st thou this, *Mahomet?* — Blaspheming Mo
For this thou soon shalt chew the bitter Fruit
Of *Zacon*'s Tree, the Food of Fiends below.
Go — speed thee thither —

[*Pushing at him with his Lance, which* Phocyas *by, and kills him.*

PHOCYAS.

Go thou first thy self.

CALED. [*Falling.*]

O Dog! Thou gnaw'st my Heart! — False *Mah*

this, is this then my Reward for — O — [*Dies.*

[*Exit* Phocyas.

veral Parties of Chriſtians and Saracens *paſs over the farther part of the Stage fighting. The former are beaten. At laſt* Eumenes *rallies them, and makes a Stand. Then enter* Abudah *attended.*

ABUDAH.

Forbear, forbear, and ſheath the bloody Sword!

EUMENES.

Abudah! Is this well?

ABUDAH.

No — I muſt own
u've Cauſe — O Muſſulmin, look here, behold
here like a broken Spear your Arm of War
hrown to Earth!

EUMENES.

Ha! *Caled?*

ABUDAH.

Dumb and breathleſs.
en thus has Heav'n chaſtis'd us in thy Fall,
d thee for violated Faith; farewel,
ou great but cruel Man!

EUMENES.

His Thirſt of Blood
his own Blood is quench'd.

ABU-

ABUDAH.

Bear hence his Clay
Back to *Damaſcus*. Caſt a Mantle firſt
O'er this ſad Sight; ſo ſhou'd we hide his Faults. —
Now hear, ye Servants of the Prophet, hear!
A greater Death than this demands your Tears,
For know, your Lord the Caliph is no more?
Good *Abubeker* has breath'd out his Spirit
To him that gave it. Yet your Caliph lives,
Lives now in *Omar*. See, behold his Signet,
Appointing me, ſuch is his Will, to lead
His faithful Armies warring here in *Syria*.
Alas! — Foreknowledge ſure of this Event
Guided his Choice! — obey me then your Chief.
For you, O Chriſtians! know, with Speed I came,
On the firſt Notice of this foul Deſign,
Or to prevent it, or repair your Wrongs.
Your Goods ſhall be untouch'd, your Perſons ſafe,
Nor ſhall our Troops henceforth, on Pain of Death,
Moleſt your March. — If more you ask, 'tis granted.

EUMENES.

Still juſt and brave! Thy Virtues wou'd adorn
A purer Faith! Thou better than thy Sect,
That dar'ſt decline from that to Acts of Mercy!
Pardon, *Abudah*, if thy honeſt Heart
Makes us e'en wiſh thee ours.

A

ABUDAH. [*Aside.*]

O Power Supreme,
That mad'ſt my Heart, and know'ſt its inmoſt Frame!
If yet I err, O lead me into Truth,
Or pardon unknown Error! — Now, *Eumenes*,
Friends as we may be, let us part in Peace.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Eudocia *and* Artamon.

EUDOCIA.

Alas! but is my Father ſafe?

ARTAMON.

Heav'n knows.
I left him juſt preparing to engage;
When doubtful of th' Event he bade me haſte
To warn his deareſt Daughter of the Danger,
And aid your ſpeedy Flight.

EUDOCIA.

My Flight? But whither?
O no — if he is loſt —

ARTAMON.

I hope, not ſo.
The Noiſe is ceas'd. Perhaps they're beaten off.
We ſoon ſhall know; — here's one that can inform us.

Enter First Officer.

Soldier, thy Looks ſpeak well. What ſays thy Tongue?

1 *OFFICER.*

The Foe's withdrawn; *Abudah* has been here,
And has renew'd the Terms. *Caled* is kill'd —

ARTAMON.

Hold — firſt, thank Heav'n for that!

EUDOCIA.

Where is *Eumenes?*

1 *OFFICER.*

I left him well; by his Command I came
To ſearch you out, and let you know this News.
I've more; but That —

ARTAMON.

Is bad, perhaps; ſo ſays
This ſudden Pauſe. Well, be it ſo; let's know it.
'Tis but Life's checquer'd Lot.

1 *OFFICER.*

Eumenes mourns
A Friend's unhappy Fall; *Herbis* is ſlain;
A ſettled Gloom ſeem'd to hang heavy on him,
Th' Effect of Grief, 'tis thought, for his loſt Son.
When, on the firſt Attack, like one that fought,
The welcome Means of Death, with deſperate Va
He preſs'd the Foe, and met the Fate he wiſh'd.

ARTAMON.

See where *Eumenes* comes! —— What's this
ſeems

To lead some wounded Friend — Alas! 'tis —

[*They withdraw to one side of the Stage.*

Enter Eumenes *leading in* Phocyas *with an Arrow in his Breast.*

EUMENES.

Give me thy Wound! O I cou'd bear it for thee.
This Goodness melts my Heart. What, in a Moment,
Forgetting all thy Wrongs, in kind Embraces
T'exchange Forgiveness thus!

PHOCYAS.

Moments are few,
nd must not now be wasted. O *Eumenes*,
end me thy helping Hand a little farther;
where, where is she? [*They advance.*

EUMENES.

Look, look here, *Eudocia!*
hold a Sight that calls for all our Tears.

EUDOCIA.

Phocyas, and wounded! — O what cruel Hand —

PHOCYAS.

No, 'twas a kind one — Spare thy Tears, *Eudocia!*
mine are Tears of Joy. —

EUDOCIA.

s't possible?

PHOCYAS.

Tis done — the Pow'rs Supreme have heard my Pray'r,

And prosper'd me with some fair Deeds this Day.
I've fought once more, and for my Friends, my Country
By me the treacherous Chiefs are slain; awhile
I stopp'd the Foe, till, warn'd by me before
Of this their sudden March, *Abudah* came,
But first this Random Shaft had reach'd my Breast.
Life's mangled Scene is o'er — 'tis thus that Heav'n
At once chastises, and I hope accepts me.
And now I wake as from the Sleep of Death.

EUDOCIA.

What shall I say to thee, to give thee Comfort?

PHOCYAS.

Say only thou forgiv'st me. — O *Eudocia!*
No longer now my dazled Eyes behold thee
Thro' Passion's Mists; my Soul now gazes on thee,
And sees thee lovelier in unfading Charms,
Bright as the shining Angel-Host that stood!
Whilst I — but there, it smarts —

EUDOCIA.

Look down, look down,
Ye pitying Pow'rs! and heal his pious Sorrow!

EUMENES.

'Tis not too late, we hope, to give thee Help.
See! yonder is my Tent. We'll lead thee thither.
Come, enter there, and let thy Wound be dress'd.
Perhaps it is not mortal.

PHOCYAS.

No? not mortal?
No Flattery now. By all my Hopes hereafter,
For the World's Empire I'd not loſe this Death!
Alas! I but keep in my fleeting Breath
A few ſhort Moments, till I have conjur'd you,
That to the World you witneſs my Remorſe
For my paſt Errors, and defend my Fame.
For know — ſoon as this pointed Steel's drawn out,
Life follows thro' the Wound.

EUDOCIA.

What doſt thou ſay?
O touch not yet the broken Springs of Life!
A thouſand tender Thoughts riſe in my Soul.
How ſhall I give them Words? O, till this Hour
I ſcarce have taſted Woe! — this is indeed
To part — but Oh —

PHOCYAS.

No more — Death now is painful!
But ſay, my Friends, whilſt I have Breath to ask,
For ſtill methinks all your Concerns are mine)
Whither have you deſign'd to bend your Journey?

EUMENES.

Conſtantinople is my laſt Retreat,
Heav'n indulge my Wiſh; there I've reſolv'd
To wear out the dark Winter of my Life,

An old Man's Stock of Days, I hope not many.

EUDOCIA.

There will I dedicate myſelf to Heav'n.
O *Phocyas*, for thy Sake, no Rival elſe
Shall e'er poſſeſs my Heart. My Father too
Conſents to this my Vow. My Vital Flame
There, like a Taper on the holy Altar,
Shall waſte away; till Heav'n relenting hear
Inceſſant Pray's for thee and for myſelf,
And wing my Soul to meet with thine in Bliſs.
For in that Thought I find a ſudden Hope,
As if inſpir'd, ſprings in my Breaſt, and tells me
That thy repenting Frailty is forgiven,
And we ſhall meet again, to part no more.

PHOCYAS. [*Plucking out the Arrow.*]

Then All is done — 'twas the laſt Pang — at length
I've given up thee, and the World now is — Nothing.

EUMENES.

Alas! he falls. Help, *Artamon*, ſupport him.
Look, how he bleeds! Let's lay him gently down:
Night gathers faſt upon him — So — look up,
Or ſpeak, if thou haſt Life ——— Nay then ——— my Daughter!
She faints — Help there, and bear her to her Tent.

[Eudocia *is carry'd off.*

ARTA

ARTAMON. [*Weeping aside.*

I thank ye, Eyes! This is but decent Tribute.
My Heart was full before.

EUMENES.

O *Phocyas, Phocyas!*
Alas! he hears not now, nor sees my Sorrows!
Yet will I mourn for thee, thou gallant Youth!
As for a Son — So let me call thee now!
A much-wrong'd Friend! and an unhappy Heroe!
A fruitless Zeal, yet all I now can shew!
Tears vainly flow for Errors learn'd too late,
When timely Caution shou'd prevent our Fate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

WELL, Sirs; you've seen, his Passion to approve,
A desperate Lover give up all for Love,
All but his Faith. — Methinks now I can spy,
Among you airy Sparks, some who wou'd cry,
Phoo, Pox — for that — what need of such a Pother?
For one Faith left, he wou'd have got another. —
True: 'twas your very Case. Just what you say,
Our Rebel Fools were ripe for, t'other Day;
Tho' disappointed now, they're wiser grown,
And, with much Grief — are forc'd to keep their own.
These generous Madmen gratis *sought their Ruin,*
And set no Price, not they! on their Undoing.
For Gain, indeed, we've others wou'd not dally,
Or with stale Principles stand shilli — shall I —
You'll find all their Religion in Change-Alley.
There all pursue, by better Means or worse,
Iago's *Rule,* Put Money in thy Purse.
For tho' you differ still in Speculation,
For why — each Head is wiser than the Nation,

Tho'

Tho' Points of Faith for ever will divide you,
And bravely you declare — none e'er ſhall ride you:
In Practice all agree, and ev'ry Man
Devoutly ſtrives to get what Wealth he can:
All Parties at this golden Altar bow,
Gain, *pow'rful* Gain's *the new Religion now.*
But leave we this — Since in this Circle ſmile
So many ſhining Beauties of our Iſle,
Who to more generous Ends direct their Aim,
And ſhew us Virtue in its faireſt Frame;
To theſe with Pride the Author bid me ſay,
'Twas for your Sex he chiefly wrote this Play;
And if in one bright Character you find
Superior Honour, and a Noble Mind,
Know from the Life Eudocia's *Charms he drew,*
And hopes the Piece ſhall live that copies You.
Sure of Succeſs, he cannot miſs his End,
If ev'ry Britiſh *Heroine prove his Friend.*

The End of the Siege of *Damaſcus.*

EPILOGUE

[illegible] Point of Fair Sex with divide you,
[illegible] Heavel you declare — none der shall ride you:
[illegible] Pacific all agree, and every Man
[illegible] strive to get what it could be can:
[illegible] at this golden Hour [illegible],
[illegible] Celtic [illegible] Religious [illegible].
[illegible] have noe this — Since in this Circle [illegible]
[illegible] Beauties of our Isle,
[illegible] to [illegible] generous Ends direct their Aim,
[illegible] Virtue in its fairest Frame;
[illegible] with Pride the Author did me say,
[illegible] for your Sex — he chiefly wrote this Play;
And if in one bright Character you find
Superior Honour, and a Noble Mind,
Know from the Life Eudocia's Charms he drew,
And hopes the Piece shall live that copies You.
Sure of Success, he cannot miss his End,
If every British Heroine prove his Friend.

The End of the Siege of Damascus.

THE ECSTASY.

AN ODE.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia musæ
Accipiant, cœlique vias & sidera monstrent.

Virg.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be proper to acquaint the Reader that th following Poem was begun on the Model of a La tin Ode of Caſimire *intitled* E rebus humani Exceſſus, *from which it is plain that* Cowley *likewiſe took the firſt Hint of his Ode call'd th* ECSTASY. *The former Part therefore chiefly an Imitation of that Ode, tho' with con ſiderable Variations, and the Addition of th whole Second Stanza, except the firſt three Line But the Plan itſelf ſeeming capable of a furth Improvement, the latter Part, which attempts ſhort View of the Heavens, according to the M dern Philoſophy, is entirely Original, and n founded on any Thing in the Latin Author.*

THE ECSTASY.

I.

I LEAVE Mortality's low Sphere:
Ye Winds and Clouds, come lift me high,
And on your airy Pinions bear
Swift thro' the Regions of the Sky.
What lofty Mountains downward fly!
And lo, how wide a Space of Air
Extends new Prospects to my Eye!
The gilded Fanes, reflecting Light,
And Royal Palaces, as bright,
(The rich Abodes
Of Heav'nly and of Earthly Gods)
Retire apace; whole Cities too
Decrease beneath my rising View.
And now far off the rolling Globe appears;

Its

Its ſcatter'd Nations I ſurvey,
And all the Maſs of Earth and Sea;
Oh Object well deſerving Tears!
Capricious State of Things below,
That changeful from their Birth no fix'd Duration know

II.

Here new-built Towns, aſpiring high,
Aſcend, with lofty Turrets crown'd;
There others fall, and mouldring lie,
Obſcure, or only by their Ruins found.
Palmyra's far-extended Waſte I ſpy,
(Once *Tadmor*, ancient in Renown)
Her Marble Heaps, by the wild *Arab* ſhown,
Still load with uſeleſs Pomp the Ground.
But where is Lordly *Babylon?* where now
Lifts ſhe to Heav'n her Giant Brow?
Where does the Wealth of *Nineveh* abound?
Or where's the Pride of *Africk*'s Shore?
Is *Rome*'s great Rival then no more?
In *Rome* herſelf behold th' Extreams of Fate,
Her Ancient Greatneſs ſunk, her Modern boaſted Stat
See her luxurious Palaces ariſe
With broken Arches mix'd between!
And here what ſplendid Domes poſſeſs the Skies!
And there old Temples, open to the Day,
Their Walls o'ergrown with Moſs diſplay;

And Columns, awful in Decay,
Rear up their Roof-less Heads to form the various Scene.

III.

Around the Space of Earth I turn my Eye;
But where's the Region free from Woe?
Where ſhall the Muſe one little Spot deſcry
The Seat of Happineſs below?
Here Peace wou'd all its Joys diſpenſe,
The Vines and Olives unmoleſted grow,
But lo! a purple Peſtilence
Unpeoples Cities, ſweeps the Plains,
Whilſt vainly thro' deſerted Fields
Her unreap'd Harveſts *Ceres* yields,
And at the Noon of Day a Midnight Silence reigns.
There milder Heat the healthful Climate warms,
But Slaves to arbitrary Power,
And pleas'd each other to devour,
The mad Poſſeſſors ruſh to Arms.
I ſee, I ſee them from afar,
I view diſtinct the mingled War!
I ſee the charging Squadrons preſt
Hand to Hand, and Breaſt to Breaſt.
Deſtruction, like a Vultur, hovers nigh;
Lur'd with the Hope of human Blood,
She hangs upon the Wing, uncertain where to fly,
But licks her drowthy Jaws, and waits the promis'd
Food.

IV. Here

IV.

Here cruel *Discord* takes a wider Scene,
To exercise more unrelenting Rage;
Appointed Fleets their numerous Pow'rs engage,
With scarce a Space of Sea between.
Hark! what a brazen Burst of Thunder
Rends the Elements asunder!
Affrighted *Ocean* flies the Roar,
And drives the Billows to the distant Shore;
The distant Shore,
That such a Storm ne'er felt before,
Transmits it to the Rocks around;
The Rocks and hollow Creeks prolong the rolling Sound

V.

Still greater Horrors strike my Eyes.
Behold convulsive Earthquakes there
A shatter'd Land in Pieces tear,
And ancient Cities sink, and sudden Mountains rise!
Thro' opening Mines th' astonish'd Wretches go,
Hurry'd to unknown Depths below.
The bury'd Ruin sleeps; and nought remains
But Dust above and desart Plains,
Unless some Stone this sad Inscription wear,
Rais'd by some future Traveller,
The Prince, his People, and his Kingdom here
One common Tomb contains.

VI. Again

VI.

Again, behold where Seas, diſdaining Bound,
O'er the firm Land uſurping ride,
And bury ſpacious Towns beneath their ſweeping Tide.
Waſh'd with the ſudden Flood the vaulted Temples ſound.
Waves roll'd on Waves, Deep burying Deep, lift high
A watry Monument, in which profound
The Courts and Cottages together lie.
E'en now the floating Wreck I ſpy,
And the wide Surface far around
With Spoils of plunder'd Countries crown'd.
Such, *Belgia*, was the Ravage and Affright,
When late thou ſaw'ſt thy ancient Foe
Swell o'er thy Digues, oppos'd in vain,
With deadly Rage, and riſing in its Might
Pour down ſwift Ruin on thy Plains below.
Thus *Fire*, and *Air*, and *Earth*, and *Main*,
A never-ceaſing Fight maintain,
While Man on ev'ry Side is ſure to loſe;
And Fate has furniſh'd out the Stage of Life
With War, Misfortune, and with Strife;
Till Death the Curtain drops, and ſhuts the Scene of Woes.

VII.

But why do I delay my Flight?
Or on ſuch gloomy Objects gaze?
To Realms Serene with ever-living Light.
Haſte, Clouds and Whirlwinds, haſte a raptur'd Bard to raiſe;

Mount

Mount me Sublime along the ſhining Way,
Where Planets, in pure Streams of *Æther* driv'n,
Swim thro' the blue Expanſe of Heav'n.
And lo! th' obſequious Clouds and Winds obey!
And lo! again the Nations downwards fly,
And wide-ſtretch'd Kingdoms periſh from my Ey
Heav'n! what bright Viſions now ariſe!
What opening Worlds my raviſh'd Senſe ſurprife
I paſs *Cerulean* Gulphs, and now behold
New ſolid Globes their Weight, ſelf-balanc'd, be
Unprop'd amidſt the fluid Air,
And all, around the Central Sun, in circling Eddies r
Unequal in their Courſe, ſee they advance,
And form the Planetary Dance!
Here the pale Moon, whom the ſame Laws ordai
T' obey the Earth, and rule the Main;
Her Spots no more in ſhadowy Streaks appear;
But Lakes inſtead, and Groves of Trees,
The Wond'ring Muſe tranſported ſees,
And their tall Heads diſcover'd Mountains rear.
And now once more I downward caſt my Sight,
When lo! the Earth, a larger Moon, diſplays
Far off, amidſt the Heav'ns, her ſilver Face,
And to her Siſter-Moon by turns gives Light!
Her Seas are ſhadowy Spots, her Land a milky Whi

VIII. W

VIII.

What Pow'r unknown my Course still upwards guides,
Where *Mars* is seen his ruddy Rays to throw
Thro' heat-less Skies that round him seem to glow?
d where remoter *Jove* o'er his four Moons presides?
And now I urge my Way more bold,
Unpierc'd by *Saturn*'s chilling Cold,
d pass his Planetary Guards, and his bright Ring behold.
Here the Sun's Beams so faintly play,
The mingled Shades almost extinguish Day.
His Rays reverted hence the Sire withdraws,
For here his wide Dominions end;
nd other Suns, that rule by other Laws,
Hither their bordering Realms extend.

IX.

nd now far off thro' the blue Vacant borne,
I reach at last the Milky Road,
nce thought to lead to *Jove*'s Supreme Abode,
ere Stars, profuse in Heaps, Heav'ns glittering Heights adorn.
Lost in each other's neighb'ring Rays,
y undistinguish'd shine in one promiscuous Blaze.
So thick the lucid Gemms are strown,
As if th' Almighty Builder here
Laid up his Stores for many a Sphere
In destin'd Worlds, as yet unknown.

Hither

Hither the nightly-wakeful Swain,
That guards his Folds upon the Plain,
Oft turns his gazing Eyes,
Yet marks no Stars, but o'er his Head
Beholds the ſtreamy Twilight ſpread,
Like diſtant Morning in the Skies;
And wonders from what Source its dawning Splendors riſe.

X.

But lo! — what's this I ſee appear?
It ſeems far off a pointed Flame;
From Earth-wards too the ſhining Meteor came.
How ſwift it climbs th' aerial Space!
And now it traverſes each Sphere,
And ſeems ſome living Gueſt, familiar to the Place.
'Tis He — as I approach more near
The great *Columbus* of the Skies I know!
'Tis NEWTON's Soul, that daily travels here
In ſearch of Knowledge for Mankind below.
O ſtay, thou happy Spirit, ſtay,
And lead me on thro' all th' unbeaten Wilds of Day;
As when the *Sybil* did *Rome's* Father guide
Safe thro' the downward Roads of Night,
And in *Elyſium* bleſt his Sight
With Views till then to mortal Eyes deny'd.
Here let me, thy Companion, ſtray,
From Orb to Orb, and now behold
Unnumber'd Suns, all Seas of molten Gold;

And trace each Comet's wand'ring Way,
And now deſcry Light's Fountain-Head,
And meaſure its deſcending Speed;
Or learn how Sun-born Colours riſe
In Rays diſtinct, and in the Skies
Blended in yellow Radiance flow,
ſtain the fleecy Cloud, or ſtreak the watry Bow;
r now diffus'd their beauteous Tinctures ſhed
ev'ry Planet's riſing Hills, and ev'ry verdant Mead.

XI.

Thus, rais'd ſublime on *Contemplation's* Wings,
Freſh Wonders I wou'd ſtill explore,
Still the great Maker's Pow'r adore,
Loſt in the Thought — nor ever more!
Return to Earth, and Earthly Things;
ut here with native Freedom take my Flight,
Inmate of the Heav'ns, adopted into Light!
o for a while the Royal Eagle's Brood
In his low Neſt ſecurely lies,
mid the Darkneſs of the ſhelt'ring Wood,
et there with in-born Vigour hopes the Skies:
Till fledg'd with Wings full-grown, and bold to riſe,
The Bird of Heav'n to Heav'n aſpires,
ars 'midſt the Meteors and Cœleſtial Fires,
Vith generous Pride his humbler Birth diſdains,
nd bears the Thunder thro' th' Ætherial Plains.

ESSAYS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

ON THE AFFECTATION OF MIRTH *and* RAILLERY.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE ſpeaking, in ſome of his Writings, of ſuch Perſons as affect rather to be diſtinguiſh'd by the Briſkneſs of their Imaginations, than by any proper Application of their Abilities, He knew a Statesman who had rather have ſaid a y thing, than done a wiſe one; and had rather have the Company laugh, than the Nation rejoice. The deſcribing this Affectation in a grave Character, s it in a very ſtrong Light. Every one is immedi- ſhock'd with the Notion of a merry Judge, or a ious Divine; and yet it would be proportionably ri- lous in any Perſon whatſoever, who ſhould ſeem to make

make Mirth the principal Buſineſs of his Life; as if M
were to be diſtinguiſh'd from Brute Animals by Riſibi
only, and not by Reaſon.

I might mention the Immoralities, which an excel
Affectation of raiſing Mirth, is apt to betray Men in
ſuch as ſacrificing a worthy Character, a Friend,
ſometimes a Man's Self, and his greateſt Intereſts, to
petulant Pleaſure of a Jeſt; but my Deſign is only
conſider it here as a Fault of the Underſtanding. A
in this View it is the Parent of a World of falſe W
and forced Conceits, and more frequently diſturbs C
verſation than enlivens it. I remember a Fellow of
Turn, who was famous about Town for making Si
lies; he had turn'd all the Powers of his Mind to
ſingle Attainment; and it was the whole Employm
of his Life, to tell you, with a ridiculous Vivacity of I
gination, what any thing which was mention'd or don
his Company was like. To the ſame Spring we
many Writings of forced Humour and Raillery, f
Writers deſigning nothing but to raiſe a Laugh, and
conſidering that miſapply'd Raillery is only Ill-Natu
and that Humour without a Moral is Buffoonery.

If ever Mirth can lay claim to a full Scope and Ind
gence, it is in the Buſineſs of Comedy; and yet I w
venture to ſay, that a Comick Poet who ſhou'd o
propoſe to himſelf the raiſing of Laughter, whate
might be his Succeſs in that, wou'd be but a wretch
Writer. It is this that has given occaſion to diſtingu
ſuch low Performances by the Name of *Farce*. It is
the lively Jeſt, the ſmart Repartee, or the witty C
ce

it; but the natural Views of Life, the moral Painting, e Manners, the Paſſions, the Follies, the Singularities, d Humours; in a Word it is the human Heart in all odd Variety, pleaſantly repreſented, that makes up e elegant Entertainment of Comedy. In this, the Au-hor preſents Mankind to his Audience; in the other way Writing, he only exhibits himſelf.

I was never better pleaſed than with an uncommon Obſervation made by a celebrated modern Writer, con-rning the *Heautontimorumenos* of *Terence*; namely, hat *in that excellent Comedy there are Paſſages which ou'd draw Tears from a Man of Senſe, but not one that ill provoke his Laughter.* I believe the Reader will not e diſſatisfied to ſee this Remark further exemplified by wo very fine Inſtances, the laſt of which that ingenious Writer wou'd never have mention'd. The firſt is in an ncient Comedy of *Plautus*; the other is a Scene in the *uneral*, or *Grief Alamode*, by Mr. *Steele*.

The whole Fable of the Comedy of the *Captives* in *lautus* is of a ſerious Caſt, and has ſomething in it onderfully amuſing. *Hægio* had two Sons, and had en deprived of them both: The firſt was ſtolen away hen an Infant, by a perfidious Servant, who had ſold m, but the Father did not know where. The other, hoſe Name was *Philopolemus*, was many Years after-ards taken in the Wars, and carried to *Elis*. *Hægio* ys out great Sums in the Purchaſe of ſeveral Captives ken by his Countrymen from the People of *Elis*, in pes he might meet with ſome one of Condition, who ight be a Ranſom for his Son. Among others he pur-

chaſes a Maſter and his Servant; the firſt named *Philocrates*, the other *Tyndarus*. *Philocrates* was Son to a conſiderable Citizen of *Elis*; and to favour his obtaining his Liberty, the Maſter and Servant agree, on this Occaſion, to exchange their Names. The Quality and Wealth of *Philocrates* are therefore own'd to *Hægio*, but the true Perſon conceal'd; and *Tyndarus*, who now preſents him, prevails with the old Man to ſend the other, who he pretends is his Servant, to *Elis*, to procure the Exchange of *Hægio*'s Son *Philopolemus*; and at the ſame time ſtipulates to pay a Price, if the Meſſenger ſhould not return. *Hægio* agrees to the Propoſal, and *Philocrates* by this means obtains his Liberty.

The Gratitude of a Servant to an indulgent Maſter with whom he had long lived in great mutual Kindneſs is wrought up in this Scene with the moſt beautiful Elegance. *Hægio* himſelf, hearing the two Captives ſpeak to one another with ſo much Affection in their common Calamity, breaks out into theſe Expreſſions, *Good Gods! what generous Minds have theſe Men! I cannot hear them to them without Tears.* At their Parting, *Tyndarus* begs *Philocrates* not to forget him when he was gone, but to remember that his Life ſtood engaged for him; and that he muſt expect to be put to Death, if he deſerted him, or if the Negotiation proved unſucceſsful.

Philocrates is no ſooner gone, than *Ariſtophontes*, another Captive of *Elis*, whom *Hægio* had formerly bought, and was a Kinſman of *Philocrates*, being brought to *Tyndarus*, to ſee if he knew him, diſcovers the Impoſture. *Hægio* thinking himſelf now abuſed and cheated, ſends

Tyndarus

Tyndarus among his other Slaves to hard Labour; and to ſuffer Chaſtiſement. The Poet has given *Tyndarus* on this Occaſion very noble Sentiments. He comforts himſelf in the Thought, that the Memory of his Gratitude to his Maſter will be perpetuated hereafter; and that, whatever may be his Lot, *he dies not die that gives up his Life for Virtue.* The Slave that had diſcover'd him, when he ſees on what Principles *Tyndarus* had acted, is touch'd, and cries out, He is glad *Philocrates* is at Liberty, but ſorry that his Words had brought Puniſhment on the Man who had freed him.

In the Concluſion, *Philocrates* returns, and brings with him *Hægio*'s Son *Philopolemus*, and likewiſe that falſe Servant who had formerly robb'd him. By means of the latter, *Tyndarus*, who had been repreſented by the Poet with ſo liberal a Mind, is diſcover'd to be that Son of *Hægio*, whom he had loſt when a Child, and whoſe true Name was *Pægnion*, who being ſold at that Time to the Father of *Philocrates*, was by him beſtow'd on his Son, and bred with him from their Infancy. This beautiful Diſcovery concludes the Fable. It is plain that there is little in the whole to raiſe Mirth, excepting the inconſiderable Part of the Sycophant; and the Poet, in his Epilogue, values himſelf upon this Entertainment, as of a more rais'd and elegant Kind than is to be met with in vulgar Comedies.

Of the ſame Kind is the Part of *Truſty* the Steward, in the Comedy of *Grief Alamode*. Every one will own, that in this Play there are many lively Strokes of Wit and Humour; but I muſt confeſs I am more pleaſed with

the fine Touches of Humanity in it, than with any other Part of the Entertainment. When the honeſt Steward comes to the Lodgings of his diſinherited young Lord, whom for many Years he had not ſeen; the fond Reflections he makes there, his Digreſſions from his Purpoſe, his embracing him with Tears, and running over every little Circumſtance of the Family that cou'd feed his Tenderneſs, till he had loſt himſelf in his Diſcourſe; and then his recovering, begging Pardon, and coming to his preſent Buſineſs, are imagin'd with the utmoſt Delicacy. How natural and agreeable is that little Ramble of Thought, while he is waiting for him, *I was, I think, Three and Twenty when this young Lord was chriſten'd; what ado was there about calling him* Francis! —— *Theſe are but poor Lodgings for him. I cannot bear the Joy to think I ſhall ſave the Family, from which I have had my Bread.* —— I might tranſcribe his whole Speech afterwards, on his ſeeing his young Lord. But as it is ſo well known on the Stage, that there is no need of it, I ſhall conclude with obſerving, that this is not only Nature, but Nature of the moſt beautiful Kind; or, to borrow *Plautus*'s own Remark, by the Repreſentation of ſuch Plays even *good Men may be made better.*

ON

FEAR *in* WOMEN.

MILTON has given a fine Diſtinction of the two Sexes in his Deſcription of the firſt Pair in Paradiſe.

For Contemplation He, and Valour form'd;
For Softneſs She, and ſweet attractive Grace.

And afterwards:

His fair large Front, and Eye ſublime, declar'd
Abſolute Rule ——
She, as a Veil, down to her Shoulders hung
Her unadorned Golden Treſſes wore,
Diſhevell'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd,
As the Vine curls her Tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection ——

Here Contemplation, Courage, and Dominion are aſſerted as Prerogatives of Man; and Softneſs and Subjection as proper to Women: It muſt be own'd, that this Diſtinction in particular Inſtances is ſometimes loſt. The *French* Ladies have often rivall'd their Husbands in Philoſophy and *Latin*; and the *Engliſh* Ladies, as we are a valiant People, and addicted to diſpute about Matters of Government, have now and then the upperhand

of their Spouſes in the Articles of Courage and Dominion. Yet I have never heard of any Univerſities of learned Ladies, nor of any Nations of valiant Females, except the fabulous Nation of the *Amazons*.

It is generally thought, according to *Milton*'s Deſcription, that Nature only has made this Difference in the Sexes: That the Strength of Man diſpoſes him to Boldneſs in Danger, and that the tender Apprehenſions of the Fair Sex ariſe from the delicate Frame of their Bodies. But tho' Courage may depend much upon natural Conſtitution, it is hard to ſay what that Conſtitution is. Strength does not ſupply it, becauſe many ſtrong Perſons have little Courage; one wou'd rather think it ſhou'd ariſe from an abundant Supply of Animal Spirits; yet, if this were true, the Ladies wou'd have the Advantage, and wou'd be as frequently an Over-match for us in Action, as they are in Diſcourſe.

Leaving it therefore to Natural Philoſophers to inquire how far, and in what manner Conſtitution of Body furniſhes Courage; there are, I think, other Cauſes, into which this Difference of the Sexes may be reſolv'd, ſuch as Cuſtom, Education, and a different Manner of Life. And perhaps I need not have named any thing more than Cuſtom, or the Faſhion. The Expectation of the World, and the Eyes of the two Sexes turn'd upon each other, might, for aught I know, be ſufficient to keep up this Diſtinction; for Valour in Man, is often no more than the Shame of ſhewing Fear: And Fear in Woman, is look'd upon by us as a Grace; and is, beſides, a kind of ſilent Call upon Man for his Aſſiſtance and Protection.

I ſup-

I suppose then, that notwithstanding any natural Distinction, if it were not for Custom and Education, this Distinction wou'd very often be lost. That Courage is to be acquir'd by Practice, like other Habits, is certain, and has been proved by many Examples: Danger, when it grows a familiar Acquaintance, loses much of its Terror; and some Captains have become very enterprizing Men, who have at first been terrify'd at every Fire in a Battle. The Business of the World without Doors, lies on the Men; and the Trouble and Hazard it exposes them to, is the Fine they pay for their Ambition of governing it. The Women are excused from this. Domestick Rule may perhaps fall to their Share; but in that they exercise their Power at a less Expence: And when they are abroad in the World, the Civilty that is generally paid them, protects them from the Insults to which Men are exposed; for most of our Sex have Knight-Errantry enough to fence off any Danger that threatens them: So that they are accustom'd to depend on the Guard of others, like effeminate Princes, who never fight but by Proxy.

But where Custom and Education have been different from this, we see the Effects are different too: As in *France* it is a Fashion for Ladies of the better Rank to learn *Latin* and *Greek*; so, in many Parts of *Germany*, the Women, among the common People, are inured to bear Fatigues and Hazards like the Men; and I do not know why a sturdy *Palatine* Wife, who cou'd work and carry Burdens for her Husband, might not upon occasion fight for him too, if she thought he deserved it.

The famous Maid of *Orleans*, who commanded the *French* Army, and ſo valiantly defended her Country in the time of our King *Henry* VI, was the Daughter of a Shepherd, and probably ow'd her Courage to a Life of Labour, Hardſhip, and extreme Poverty. I might produce other modern Examples of Female Courage. Several *Swediſh* Women are ſaid to have put themſelves in Diſguiſe, and to have fought under General *Torſtenſon*, in the War with the *Germans*, about the Year 1645; and were diſcover'd by ſtripping of the dead Bodies. And in the War of 1672, between *France* and the *Netherlands*, the Women of a Town in *Holland* made a bold Sally, and beat off the Beſiegers. But, inſtead of ſearching Hiſtory for Inſtances, I ſhall entertain the Reader with one which is very remarkable, and which I ſet down here from the Report of ſuch Perſons as were Witneſſes to the Truth of it.

At the Siege of *Namur* by King *William*, an Enſign, call'd *Robert Cornelius*, was obſerved to ſhew a more than common Bravery. This Perſon, after having received ſeveral Wounds, being carried to be dreſt by the Surgeons, was diſcover'd to be a Woman. The Novelty was ſo great and ſo ſurpriſing to many in the Army, who had ſeen her Bravery on that and other Occaſions, that it ſoon came to the King's Ear, who had the Curioſity to go ſee ſo extraordinary a Warrior. The Account ſhe gave of herſelf was very particular: She affirm'd that ſhe was born of *Dutch* Parents, who to prevent the Loſs of a ſmall Annuity, which they were to enjoy on the Birth of a Male-Child, had cauſed her to

be

be chriſten'd as a Boy, and bred her up as ſuch to an advanc'd Age, before they thought fit to intruſt even herſelf with the Secret. Among other Diverſions ſuitable to her ſuppoſed Sex, ſhe had learnt to beat a Drum, and at laſt liſted herſelf for a Soldier. This adventrous Female, who began, it ſeems, with taking a Fancy to that Inſtrument of Noiſe, was ſoon after made a Serjeant, and after that an Enſign. --- She had been in many Actions, undiſcover'd, as ſhe ſaid, till this Occaſion. After the Peace of *Reſwick*, ſhe had a Penſion given her in *England*; ſhe was at that time married to one of her former Comrades, and was, not many Years ago, together with her Husband in *Chelſea* College.

But Inſtances of this Kind are not frequent; and, tho' they may ſurpriſe, they always ſhock us too. Courage does not ſit well upon Female Modeſty, nor appear ſo agreeable to that Softneſs, which makes them the Objects of Love; and I have a ſhrewd Suſpicion, that none of the Virago's, who have ſignaliz'd themſelves in the Field, had any Domeſtick Charms. Beauty, according to the *Greek* Epigram, is Woman's Strength; or her Arms, as *Anacreon* has repreſented it; and, where that is wanting, Courage is a much weaker Supply.

Fear, on the contrary, is ſo far from being look'd on as a Weakneſs in Women, that it is a kind of additional Charm; perhaps we conſider it as ſuch, becauſe it flatters us with an Idea of our Superiority, and places them in a kind of Dependence on us. But whatever be the Reaſon, I appeal to all my Male-Readers, who are acquainted with *Plutarch* and *Virgil*, whether they are not

more touch'd, when they ſee the beautiful *Cleopatra* confeſs her Fear, and fly from the Battle of *Actium*, tho' it loſt *Anthony* the World, who was ſo puſillanimous as to follow her, to his Ruin; than when they behold the *Amazon Camilla*, ſo admirably deſcribed in *Virgil*, flying like a Fury among her Enemies, and ſpreading the Ground with Blood, Brains, and mangled Bodies?

Fear ſoftens a lovely Face, and makes a handſom Woman appear handſomer. The Ladies ſeem ſenſible of this; and I have obſerv'd that great Beauties are the ſooneſt put into a Confuſion. A thouſand nameleſs Graces are in ſuch an Inſtant kindled up in every Feature.

So Lightnings, which in Storms appear,
Scorch more, than when the Skies are clear.

WALLER.

How partial has Nature been to that Sex, if it has made their very Weakneſs beautiful?

ON LOVE.

THERE is no Paſſion has occaſion'd more Raillery from Men of Wit than *Love*, and none perhaps to which they themſelves are more ſubject. Philoſophers and Moraliſts are perpetually drawing up formal Declarations againſt it, yet are unable to ſecure themſelves from its Attacks. The Men of ſevere Contemplation are apt to deſpiſe it as Levity and Trifling, yet in their Lives are equally obnoxious to it with others. What a Scene of Diverſion muſt this afford to any impartial conſidering Mind, that obſerves at once the Wiſdom and Weakneſs of theſe learned Lovers!

This uſurping Paſſion, which ſo often defeats the Judgment of the Wiſe, and puts them upon a Level with Men of ordinary Faculties and Attainments, to humble them yet the more, never commits greater Ravages than in thoſe Minds, which are endow'd with the moſt elevated Capacities, and humaniz'd with the ſweeteſt Diſpoſitions. The Spirits of ſuch Men are too fine to reliſh any Pleaſures which are not delicate. Their Imaginations, which are perpetually converſant with the moſt agreeable Objects, and that refin'd and ſoothing

ſort

ſort of Melancholy, to which they are naturally incli
ned, prepare a Soil for this Paſſion to take the deepe
Root, and conſpire to heighten their Reliſh in the En
joyment or Proſecution of its enchanting Amuſement
Conſider theſe Men in one View, what Honours an
Advantages are they not capable of acquiring to them
ſelves and their Country? But in another, what Ruin
do they ſometimes bring upon both, when this ſoft Se
ducer meets with too great an Indulgence? Thoſe ex
cellent Qualities, which with a proper Application wou
have been of ſo much Uſe and Ornament to the Poſ
ſeſſor, ſerve only on ſuch Occaſions to work like Slave
under an imperious Tyrant, and make the wretche
Owner more certain of Succeſs, in obtaining his deſir
Miſery.

A Philoſopher with this Touch of Mind, cuts him
ſelf off at once from all the Advantages of his hig
Employment. His Schemes of Reaſoning are broke
and confuſed; his Maxims ſubverted; his Severity di
ſolves into an unbridled Effeminacy; and that nobl
Thirſt after Knowledge, which raiſed and animated a
the Powers of his Being, ſettles into an indolent Com
placency in one beloved Object. What a ſurpriſin
Change is this! The Man who exerciſed his ſuperio
Reaſon in a generous Contempt of himſelf, in an en
larg'd Survey of the Univerſe, and in a pious Adoratio
of its Author, is now tranſported with the Contempla
tion of a ſmooth Skin. Thus while we give ourſelve
up to the Hopes of a fallacious Enjoyment, we loſ
that which is real; and, by a romantick Purſuit afte
falſ

false Happiness, we too often find a Misery which is not imaginary.

When a Statesman is so unhappy as to abandon himself to this prevailing Passion, the Misfortune becomes yet more extensive, and his Country often suffers with him: While he spends whole Evenings with his Mistress, he can scarce find one idle Hour to throw away upon the State. All Affairs, of whatever Importance to the Publick, are postponed, or neglected, for one private Passion; and a Smile from *Aurelia* is more valued than the Safety of a Nation: Or if his Vigilance and Activity are not suspended, they receive, which is worse, a new Direction; and with this Bias wrong Counsels are given, or partial Measures concerted, in Subserviency to a concealed predominant Principle. The Instance is remarkable, which, I think, is somewhere mentioned by Monsieur *Bayle*, of a General who engaged his Prince in a new War, only with a secret Design, by that means to be employ'd in a Scene of Action, which wou'd afford him frequent Opportunities of seeing his Mistress.

Troilus, as a Soldier, should form to himself an heroick and settled Valour, arising from Motives of Duty, and from a rational Expectation of future Happiness; but as he has the Misfortune to be criminally in Love, all his irregular Starts of Courage spring only from the Hopes of recommending himself to a Person he ought never to think of, and of being some time or other rewarded with that, which wou'd plunge him in Guilt and Misery. What a preposterous Motive is this!

That

That a Man ſhould take up that glorious Profeſſion only as a means to purchaſe Diſhonour, and become familiar with Scenes of Death, with a Reſolution to be unfit for it.

The following Letter is ſaid to have been writ by a Captain of Horſe to a Lady with whom he was in Love, juſt before the Battle of *Blaregnies*.

DEAR CREATURE,

"I WHO do not know whether I have an Hour "to come in this World, cannot think of em- "ploying the preſent Moment any otherwiſe than in "breathing out my Thoughts to my Soul's Idol. Cou'd "you imagine the Place where I write, ſurrounded "with Thouſands of Enemies, ready to meet us with "Deſtruction; or did you hear the Sound of the "Trumpet ſummoning me perhaps to lay down that "Life, which only for your ſake I wiſh to preſerve, "you would believe it not a little terrible. Yet "when I think on thoſe dear ſoft Hours I have paſs'd "with you; when I conſider, that it is my Paſſion "for you, which has engaged me in this Courſe of "perilous and uncertain Preferment, my Apprehen- "ſions turn to Tranſport, and I think on that with "Pleaſure, which Nature could not look upon with- "out an Agony. It is impoſſible either to conceal or "to expreſs the Rapture I was in at the Receipt of "your laſt obliging Letter. How often and how de- "voutly did I read over thoſe dear Lines, and how "many times did I kiſs them! The Kindneſs you

"expreſs

expreſs will dwell upon my Soul at the Approach of Death, and put me into Ecſtaſies as I am expiring. Oh! if I am not to live for your ſake, how willingly wou'd I throw myſelf on the Mouth of the next Cannon, were but you preſent to give one Sigh, or to drop one Tear on my poor mangled Body. But I am juſt now order'd to my Poſt. Muſt I then bid you farewel! ——— Oh! think on the dying.

E. M.

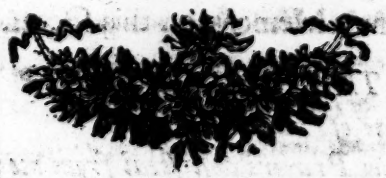
Sept. 11. N. S. 1709.
Seven in the Morning.

Are theſe Thoughts ſuitable to one in this Condition? Is this the Prayer of a dying Man? Methinks it would have been as proper to have addreſs'd himſelf to Heaven. This exſtatick Devotion to a Miſtreſs at the Point of Death, looks as if it were the End of a Man's Being, to ſpend his whole Life in her Adoration. *Cowley*'s fond Complaint of his belov'd Misfortune will occur to every one's Memory on this Occaſion;

Ah! lovely Thief, what wilt thou do?
What rob me of Heav'n too?
Thou e'en my Prayers doſt ſteal from me;
And I, with wild Idolatry,
Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

I ſhall add no further Reflexions on this Subject, when I have deſired the Reader to conſider what is here offer'd

fer'd only as an Endeavour to regulate this noble P
ſion, and not to extinguiſh it. Tho' the Beauty of
fairer Sex was not made to effeminate, it was certain
deſigned to ſoften ours; and, without adoring th
Charms, we may with Reaſon admire them. That
ciable Virtue, and that fine Humanity, by which the b
ter Part of Mankind are diſtinguiſh'd, and which co
ſiſt not in a cold Indifference, but in well-order'd P
ſions, cannot but appear more beautiful in the Eye
the all-wiſe Being, than the ſullen Obedience of t
moſt rigid Philoſopher. In a Word, whoever preten
to be without Paſſions, cenſures the Wiſdom of th
Power which made him; and if Men of Senſe,
they alone are capable of chaſtis'd Pleaſure, would
far admit Love, as not to exclude their neceſſary and i
portant Duties, they need not be aſhamed to indulge o
of the moſt valuable Bleſſings of an innocent Life.



O

ON

DESCRIPTIONS

IN

POETRY.

THERE are no Parts in a Poem which ſtrike the Generality of Readers with ſo much Pleaſure as Deſcriptions; and there are none in which Poets of an ordinary Rank are more frequently betray'd into Faults. A judicious Deſcription is like a Face which is beautiful without Art; an injudicious one is like a painted Complexion, which often diſcovers itſelf, by affecting more variety of Colour than is natural.

The Reaſon why Deſcriptions make livelier Impreſſions on common Readers than any other Parts of a Poem, is becauſe they are form'd of Ideas drawn from the Senſes, which is ſometimes too call'd *Imaging*, and are plus, in a manner, like Pictures, made Objects of the Sight; whereas moral Thoughts and Diſcourſes, conſiſting of Ideas abſtracted from Senſe, operate ſlower, and with leſs Vivacity. Every one immediately perceives the Reſemblance of Nature in the Deſcription of a Tempeſt,

Tempest, a Palace or a Garden; but the Beauty of pro- per Sentiments in the Speeches of a Prince, a General or a Counsellor, is more remote, and discern'd by a kind of second Thought or Reflexion.

As Descriptions are all drawn from Objects of the Senses, and the Likeness or Unlikeness of them are eas- sily perceived; so there is a general Similitude in all true Descriptions of the same Object drawn by several Hands like that in a Picture of the same Person done by several Artists. And yet the Degrees of Likeness, and the dif- ferent Manner of expressing it by those several Artists make a very distinguishable and entertaining Variety. The famous Description of a Horse in the Sixth Book of *Homer's Iliads*, That in the Fragments of *Ennius* and That in the Eleventh Book of the *Æneis*, are in- deed the same, the two latter being only Copies of the first. But the Description of the Horse in *Homer*, and That in the Book of *Job*, are very different, yet both are extremely natural and beautiful.

There is no particular Description which the Writers of Heroick Poetry seem to have labour'd to vary so much as that of the *Morning*. This is a Topick on which they have drawn out all the Copiousness, and even the Luxury of their Fancies. The chastest and most cor- rect Writers seem to indulge themselves on this Occa- sion in a greater Sport of Imagination, and I had almost said Extravagance, than on any other Subject whatever, as if it were a Trial of Skill among them who should paint the Morning the most beautifully. I once amus'd myself with drawing together out of se-

of the beſt Poets a Variety of theſe Deſcriptions, ich methought appear'd like ſo many fine Skies dif-ntly colour'd, and interſpers'd with Clouds, by the t Maſters in Landskip. And I imagine it will not an unacceptable Entertainment to the Reader, if I e preſent him with ſome few out of this Collection of *rning Pieces.*

The Morning is moſt frequently figur'd as a Goddeſs, Divine Perſon, flying in the Air, unbarring the Gates Light, and opening the Day. She is drawn by Ho-R in a Saffron Garment, and with Roſy Hands, hich is the Epithet he almoſt conſtantly beſtows on) ſprinkling Light thro' the Earth. She ariſes out he Waves of the Sea, leaves the Bed of *Tithon* her er, aſcends the Heavens, appears to Gods and to n, and gives Notice of the Sun-Riſing. She is ed by this Father of the Poets ſometimes on a Throne Gold; now in a Chariot drawn by ſwift Horſes, and ing along with her the Day; and at other times ſhe her'd in by the Star which is her Harbinger, and ch gives the Signal of the Morning's Approach.

n this, as a Ground, the Poets following *Homer*, run their Diviſions of Fancy: This will appear by following Inſtances out of VIRGIL, which I ſhall nt to the Reader in Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation.

urora *now had left her Saffron Bed,*
nd Beams of early Light the Heav'ns o'erſpread.

e Morn began from Ida *to diſplay*
er Roſy Cheeks, and Phoſphor *led the Day.*

And

And now the Roſy Morn began to riſe,
And wav'd her Saffron Streamer thro' the Skies.

Now roſe the ruddy Morn from Tithon's *Bed,*
And with the Dawn of Day the Skies o'erſpread;
Nor long the Sun his daily Courſe withheld,
But added Colours to the World reveal'd.

The Morn enſuing from the Mountain's Height
Had ſcarcely ſpread the Skies with roſy Light;
Th' Etherial Courſers, bounding from the Sea,
From out their flaming Noſtrils breath'd the Day.

I ſhall now ſhew how the ſame Images have been py'd or diverſify'd by the Moderns. The following ſcription is TASSO's, as it is very cloſely traced in old Tranſlation of Mr. *Fairfax:*

The purple Morning left her crimſon Bed,
And donn'd her Robes of pure Vermilion Hue;
Her Amber Locks ſhe crown'd with Roſes red,
In Eden's *flow'ry Gardens gather'd new.*

And our own SPENSER, who excells in all kind Imagery, following the ſame Originals, repreſents Morning after the like manner.

Now when the roſy-finger'd Morning fair,
Weary of aged Tithon's *Saffron Bed,*
Had ſpread her purple Robes thro' dewy Air,
And the high Hills Titan *diſcovered;*
The Royal Virgin ſhook off Drowſy-head,
And riſing forth out of her baſer Bow'r,
Look'd for her Knight ———

—The Day forth-dawning from the Eaſt,
Night's humid Curtains from the Heav'ns withdrew,
And early calling forth both Man and Beaſt,
Commanded them their daily Works renew.

But of all Deſcriptions of the Morning as a Perſon, it impoſſible to find a more beautiful one than that of AKESPEAR.

Look where the Morn, in Ruſſet Mantle clad,
Walks o'er the Dew of yon high Eaſtern *Hill.*

The ſame Author has in another Place embelliſh'd his ject thus:

——————— Look what Streaks
Do lace the ſeuering Clouds in yonder East.
Night's Tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty Mountain Tops.

The two following Deſcriptions likewiſe by the ſame d are very poetical.

The Glow-Worm ſhews the Matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual Fire.

The Wolves have prey'd; and look the gentle Day
Before the Wheels of Phœbus, *round about*
Dapples the drowſy East *with Spots of Grey.*

MILTON's *Paradiſe Loſt*, the Deſcriptions of Morning are drawn with exquiſite Beauty, yet ſome em retain (tho' in a Chriſtian Poem) a Mixture of me Mythology.

New

Now Morn her roſy Steps in th' Eaſtern Clime
Advancing, ſow'd the Earth with Orient Pearl.
——— ——— ——— *The Morn,*
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with roſy Hand
Unbarr'd the Gates of Light ——— ———
——— ——— *And now went forth the Morn,*
Such as in higheſt Heav'n, array'd in Gold
Empyreal; from before her vaniſh'd Night,
Shot thro' with Orient Beams ———
——— ——— ——— *Meanwhile*
To reſalute the World with ſacred Light
Leucothoe *wak'd, and with freſh Dews embalm'd*
The Earth ——— ——— ———
——— *Now ſacred Light began to dawn*
In Eden *on the humid Flow'rs, that breath'd*
Their Morning Incenſe, when all things that breath
From th' Earth's high Altar ſend up ſilent Praiſe
To the CREATOR, *and his Noſtrils fill*
With grateful Smell ——— ———

In ſome of theſe Poetical Pictures which I have ſet before the Reader, the Heavens only are ſhewn, the firſt Springing of Light there. In others the E is taken into the Proſpect, with her Flowers wet Dew, and her riſing Vapours. And ſometimes the cupations of living Creatures, proper to the Seaſon, repreſented, and afford a yet greater Diverſity of ſing Images. Such is that admirable Deſcription in WAY's *Orphan.*

W

Wish'd Morning's come, and now upon the Plains,
And distant Mountains where they feed their Flocks,
The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,
And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day.
The lusty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
Of healthful Viands, which, when Hunger calls,
With much Content and Appetite he eats,
To follow in the Field his daily Toil,
And dress the grateful Gleba that yields him Fruits.
The Beasts, that under the warm Hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up,
And, looking tow'rds the neighb'ring Pastures, raise
Their Voice, and bid their fellow Brutes Good-morrow.
The chearful Birds too on the Tops of Trees
Assemble all in Choirs, and with their Notes
Salute, and welcome up the Rising Sun.

I shall conclude with a Remark, which I believe will allow'd by all impartial Criticks, That whoever will ke the Pains to look into the several Descriptions of is kind, which may be found in the Works of antient d modern Writers, will find that the *English* Poets ve described the *Morning* with at least as much Elence of Fancy as any others have done, and with more ariety.

ON

ON HUMAN LIFE.

I FIND an elegant Emblem of *Human Life* ex
preſs'd with great Simplicity in a ſhort Epigram
Mr. WALLER's; and, if I miſtake not, it is
Thought borrow'd from the *Italian.*

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In Largeneſs, but th' exactly round;
So Life we praiſe that does excell,
Not in much Time, but acting well.

If we were to make an Eſtimate of the Value
Life, by the Deſire of the greateſt Part of its Poſſeſſo
this Character ought to be reverſed. To live long is a
moſt every one's Wiſh, but to live well is the Amb
tion of a Few; and yet it is obſervable, that the mo
valuable and only perfect Life the World has ever ſee
exceeded not the Term of four and thirty Years. I
that Space were accompliſh'd much more importa
Ends, than the founding all the Empires in the Univer
or inventing all the Arts and Sciences which have be
beneficial or ornamental to Mankind.

The ordinary Stage of Man's Life is fix'd in Ho
Writ to Threeſcore and Ten Years, above double th

Space of Duration I have just mention'd. If this Measure of Time were to be fill'd up with the Exercise of Virtue, how many useful and shining Actions might be crowded into it? If it were to be laid out only in Occupations of an indifferent Nature, the frequent Repetition of the same Enjoyments and Amusements must at length flatten and grow insipid. But how large a Portion of Existence is this, if we consider it, as it usually is, extravagantly wasted in Pursuits of Vice and Folly?

The Philosophers and Poets among the Ancients are full of Moral and Satyrical Reflexions upon the Vanity of wishing for Length of Life; from which Vanity, if they had search'd their own Hearts, they themselves perhaps, while they were writing against it, were not free. JUVENAL declaims against it in his Tenth Satire, and reckons up all the Infirmities and Miseries to which Old Age is liable. Even LUCRETIUS, who profes's'd to believe no Life after this, has yet in the most beautiful and pathetick manner reprov'd this common Weakness, and insinuates that there is a certain Measure of Being, with which Men ought to be contented. Suppose, says he, you heard the Voice of *Nature* calling out to you, and upbraiding you after this manner: "To what End, "thou foolish Wretch, dost thou complain? Why dost "thou torment thyself, and weep to think thou must "die? For if Life has been grateful to thee, and all "the Benefits of it have not been lost upon thee, like "Water pour'd into a broken Vessel, why dost thou "not arise, and withdraw satisfy'd, like a Guest from

" a full Meal? But if thou haſt laviſh'd away the " Fruits that have been ſet before thee, why doſt thou " ask for more to waſte them too in the ſame profuſe " manner?" He purſues this Reproof, by bidding the Complainer remember, that even the good *Ancus* is dead, who, ſays he, was every way thy Superior, as well as many other mighty Kings and wiſe Lawgivers. And wherefore then doſt thou, a worthleſs Creature, repine at ſubmitting to the ſame common Deſtiny?

Thus this elegant Poet, but weak Philoſopher, argues againſt the inextinguiſhable Deſire which is implanted in Man of continuing his Exiſtence. I allow that his Arguments wou'd be juſt, upon the Suppoſal of a future State, but I cannot ſee how they have any Force without it. For if Life has been grateful to me, how natural is it to deſire that it ſhould be prolong'd? The Error of wiſhing for long Life I take to be rather founded in the ſhortning of our View, and terminating it in Death, inſtead of extending it beyond the Grave; or elſe in the Apprehenſion of ſomething worſe to ſucceed it. But the Man, who carries his Proſpect into a future State of Happineſs, conſiders himſelf as a Traveller upon the Road, and is not anxiouſly ſolicitous about the Length or Shortneſs of his Journey. The younger PLINY corrects himſelf, when he is bewailing the Death of an eminent *Roman*, who had lived in great Eſteem for his Virtue, and had borne many publick Offices with Honour, and ſays, *I know not whether I ought to call That the Death of ſo worthy a Perſon, which indeed*

indeed has not ſo properly terminated his Life, as put an End to his Mortality.

I never ſaw the Scene in *Don Sebaſtian*, where the *Portugueſe* Captives draw Lots out of an Urn for their Lives, without a ſerious Reflexion on the different Behaviour of good and ill Men in this Particular. *Dorax* a *Portugueſe* Renegade ſtands by obſerving them, and as *Antonio*, a gay frivolous Courtier, has drawn his Lot, *Dorax* ſays,

He looks uneaſy at his future Journey,
And wiſhes his Boots off again, for Fear
Of a bad Road, and a worſe Inn at Night.

When *Don Sebaſtian* and his Friends approach the Urn, the ſame Perſon makes the following Remark.

O! theſe come up with Spirits more reſolv'd!
Old venerable Alvarez, *well I know him.*
See, he has drawn a Black, and ſmiles upon it,
As who ſhou'd ſay, my Faith and Soul are white,
Tho' my Lot ſwarthy: Now if there be hereafter,
He's happy. ----

It muſt be conſider'd, that this is ſpoke by one who had renounced his Religion, and that therefore a Remark of this Nature from ſuch a Perſon is by ſo much the ſtronger.

It is only by Principles of Religion, that Men are enabled to put that moderate Value upon Life, which makes them chearful in the Poſſeſſion of it, and eaſy in reſigning it. A pretended Contempt of Life, tho' it may carry in it an Air of Philoſophy, is both unnatural and arrogant, as a ſolicitous Fondneſs of it is painful and irrational.

There is, beſides, this Advantage in the ſtedfaſt Contemplation of a future Being, that it makes Life it ſelf, while it laſts, a more uniform and conſiſtent thing. A Man that has this one Point in view, is not wavering, and diſtracted with a Variety of Purſuits, nor wearied with repeated Diſappointments. To regard the End of every thing will lead him thro' any Difficulties, and be a Rule for his Conduct in many doubtful Emergencies. It will teach him what to chuſe, and what to avoid, as it favours, or oppoſes his principal Deſign.

To fill up this little Circle of Being worthily, and to be able to live a great deal in a narrow Space of Time, nothing would be of greater Uſe than frequently to ask ourſelves, *What we are doing?* At leaſt, if this will not prompt us to do Good, it will very often hinder us from doing Ill.

I ſhall conclude with a Story from the *Turkiſh Tales*, to the purpoſe of what I have laſt mention'd.

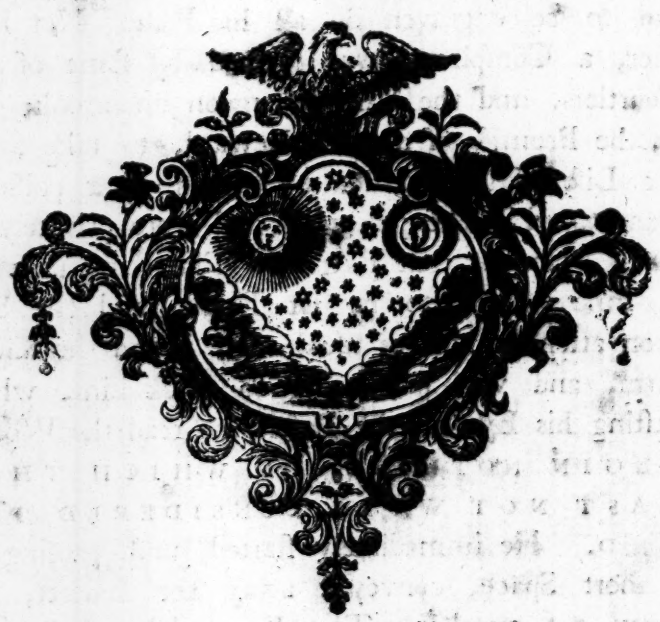
" A certain King of *Tartary* going a Progreſs with " his Nobles, was met on the Way by a *Derviſe*, " who cry'd out with a loud Voice, *Whoever will give*

" *me*

" *me a hundred Pieces of Coin, I will give him a Piece*
" *of Advice.* The King had a Curioſity to know
" what he meant, and order'd him the Sum he de-
" manded. The *Derviſe* ſaid, BEGIN NOTHING,
" OF WHICH THOU HAST NOT WELL CON-
" SIDER'D THE END.

" The Nobles, upon hearing this plain Sentence,
" ſmiled, and ſaid the *Derviſe* was well paid for his
" Maxim. The King reproved them, and was ſo
" well ſatisfied with the Anſwer, that at his Re-
" turn he ordered the Words to be written in Let-
" ters of Gold in ſeveral Places about his Palace,
" and to be engraven on all his Plate. Not long
" after, a Conſpiracy was formed by ſome of his
" Courtiers, and the King's Surgeon undertook, up-
" on the Promiſe of a great Reward, to take away
" the Life of his Maſter by means of a poiſoned
" Lancet, which he prepared, and wore privately in
" his Turban for that Purpoſe. The King in a lit-
" tle time wanted to be let Blood, and the Sur-
" geon attended him as uſual. He bound the King's
" Arm, and was juſt going to prick him, when,
" caſting his Eye on the Baſon, he read the Words,
" BEGIN NOTHING, OF WHICH THOU
" HAST NOT WELL CONSIDERED THE
" END. He immediately ſtarted, and, pauſing for
" a ſhort Space, convey'd away the Lancet, and
" drew out another. The King obſerved it, and
" ask'd him the Reaſon. The Surgeon was in a
" Confuſion, and being examin'd on the Occaſion

" of his Diſorder, he fell proſtrate on his Face, con-
" feſſed the whole Truth, and was pardoned. The
" reſt of the Conſpirators were put to Death. The
" King at the ſame time ordered diligent Search to
" be made for the *Derviſe*; and, turning to his
" Courtiers who had heard his Advice with Contempt,
" told them, *That Counſel could not be too much valued,*
" *which had ſaved a King's Life.*"



D E-

DESIGN

FOR AN

HISTORICAL PICTURE:

On the KING's ACCESSION and ARRIVAL.

M DCC XIV.

A FIGURE of a Woman repreſenting BRITANNIA; below her, in the Fore-Ground of the Picture, lies a Figure of the River *Thames*, a Wreath of Ruſhes on his Head interwoven with Ears of Corn, pouring a full Stream with Fiſh out of his Urn, on which may be repreſented in *Baſſe-Relief* a ſmall View of the Shore of the City of *London* to the *Thames*, with the Dome of St. *Paul's*. *Britannia* is dreſs'd in an *Amazonian* Habit: On her Breaſt are embroider'd the Arms of *Great Britain*, and in her Helmet are Red and White Roſes mingled with Thiſtles in the Form of a Plume. She is ſitting in a penſive Poſture, her Spear reſting looſly within her right Arm, and a broken Shield lying at her Feet. Two or three Fiends or Harpies in the Air, flying away with Pieces of the Shield. A

Groupe of Figures like Furies are on *Britannia*'s left Hand, as ready to assault her. The first is *Fraud*, represented as a beautiful Woman in a changeable Silk or particolour'd Garment, clasp'd together by an enamell'd Cameleon; Her Forehead is cover'd with Ivy-Leaves; She reaches forth an Olive-Branch with one Hand, and with the other holds a Snake conceal'd behind her. Next to *Fraud* is *Discord* or *Division*, with a deform'd Face, her Garments full of Rents, and stain'd with Blood, a Hydra on her Head, and Firebrands in her Hand, or Coals, which she is throwing about her, but the Flames are driven back on herself. *Discord* is followed by *Danger*, cleathed in Skins of Wild Beasts, with a threatning Look, a Net thrown over his Shoulder, and drawing after him a Heap of Briars. Behind *Danger* is *Force* or *Violence*, a naked robust Figure, grasping a Sword, or a Javelin as ready to strike. The last Figure is *Tyranny*, in Robes like a *Roman Cæsar*, embroider'd with Daggers; in his right Hand he holds a Scourge, and in his left a Pair of Manacles.

On the right Hand of *Britannia* is a beautiful Figure in White, representing *Britannia*'s Genius or Guardian-Angel bringing her a new Shield, on which are the Arms of the House of *Hanover*. The Genius rests it on the Ground, and at the same time points to his Majesty King GEORGE, who is advancing towards *Britannia*, attended by *Fame* and *Liberty*; the latter of which is distinguish'd by her usual Emblem of a Cap fix'd on the Top of a Spear in her right Hand, and holds in the other a Map of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*. His Majesty

Majeſty is met by two Figures; the firſt is *Religion*, a graceful Matron in an Azure Garment ſprinkled over with Stars, a Golden Chalice in her left Hand, and in her right a Bible, which ſhe reaches forth to the King. The other Figure is *Law*, or *Civil Right*, with a Balance in one Hand, and a Scroll in the other. At a proper Diſtance are diſpos'd two other Figures looking towards the King, *viz.* *Plenty* with a Cornucopia and Wheat-Sheaf, her Head crown'd with Flowers and Fruit; and *Traffick* with a Turban of Linnen mixt with Gold on his Head, holding a Compaſs in one Hand (or a ſmall Globe) and with the other pointing to a Heap of Furs, Silks, Pearls, and Bars of Gold, which lie at his Feet.

In the Clouds, on the ſame ſide with the King, is a Figure of St. *George*, holding a Crown over the King's Head, and from his Shield (on which is the *Red Croſs*) a Beam of Light glances acroſs the Piece in the Faces of the Furies that are on *Britannia*'s left Hand, ſome of which are ſtruck down by it, and others, with their Heads turn'd aſide, ſeem confounded, and driven back from their Aſſault of *Britannia*. The Proſpect is terminated by a winding Shore of the *Thames*, and a Ship at a diſtance, from which the King is ſuppos'd to have landed.

T. Highmore inv. Ger.d Van.dr Gucht Sc.

CHARON:

OR, THE

FERRY-BOAT.

A

VISION.

Curæ non ipſa in morte relinquunt. Virg.

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CHARON:

OR, THE

FERRY-BOAT.

A

VISION.

LUCIAN, in one of his Dialogues, has very Satyrically expos'd, after his pleasant manner of Ridicule, the odd Perplexity and Distress of foolish Mortals, in finding themselves stripp'd by Death of all their darling Vanities and Amusements, and being oblig'd to pass naked into the other World, and to leave behind them whatever they most priz'd upon Earth. As this Thought contains a very instructive Moral, and is capable of being drawn out into a variety of Invention,

it

it may be worth the while to purſue it, after a differen manner, and without being confin'd to the Plan or par ticular Sentiments of that Author.

Every one may obſerve, upon reading any Story o Deſcription, which ſtrikes his Mind in a very livel manner, that the Imagination exerciſes for a while ſort of *Viſionary Power*, and we even fancy we viev the Scene, and ſee before us the Objects deſcrib'd. I was ſo with me, after I had read the Dialogue above mention'd. Methought I ſaw the River *Styx*, and *Cha ron* with his Ferry-Boat, tranſporting the Souls into th other World. Vaſt Numbers of the Deceas'd ſtood up on the hithermoſt Shore, and every one had ſomethin or other, which he had brought with him, of th Goods he moſt valued in Life. The Crowd and Hur ry occaſion'd a great Diſorder. *Charon* was in a Paſ ſion, curſing, ſweating and toiling, and ſometimes lay ing about him with his Pole, to keep off Numbers tha wou'd have preſs'd irregularly into his Boat. I hear all at once a wild Confuſion of Voices, but *Charon'* was much the loudeſt ------ What, will you never b warn'd? Ridiculous Mortals! And don't you ſee how crazy my Boat is, after having been work'd for ſo ma ny Ages? Hola! keep back there ----- you Fellows are you Mad? So ----- we ſhall be at the Bottom o the River preſently, and I ſuppoſe you can't all ſwim Here's fine Work! What, none but Fools coming from the World above? And pray what's all this Ba and Baggage for, when you know, or ſhou'd know the Law of the Place, that no Mortal is to tranſport any

any earthly Thing beſides himſelf? How? ---- What's that you ſay? ------ Pay for it? Why you Puppies, it cannot be ----- and do you think I'm to be brib'd like your ſelves, or will take more than my Fare? Bleſs me, what's here? What a Crowd of Women are coming yonder, and what Loads do I ſee of Trunks, Boxes and Bundles? I'll ſink my Boat, I ſhall never ſtand it, 'tis impoſſible to anſwer 'em all! O *Jupiter*, *Jupiter!* Theſe People will diſtract me!

The Noiſe was ſo great that *Jupiter* heard it, and knowing the Cauſe, diſpatch'd *Mercury* in a Moment, with Orders to perform his Part of a Herald to keep the Peace, and ſee the Orders of the Place obſerv'd. *Mercury* accordingly ſhot himſelf down from Heaven, ſwift as a Sun-beam, and with his Rod of Authority in his Hand, planted himſelf on the ſide of the River, and calling out to *Charon* bid him be of good Courage; for *Jupiter* had ſent him to his Aſſiſtance, with Inſtructions to ſearch all Perſons whatſoever, as they came down to the Ferry, and that he wou'd take care to ſee them fairly ſtripp'd, before they ſhou'd be ſuffer'd to ſet one Foot in the Boat.

The Crowd in the mean time increas'd, for it happen'd to be juſt after a very ſickly Seaſon, which had ſwept away great Numbers of People. The firſt that preſs'd to the Boat, after *Mercury* had taken his Station, was an eminent Phyſician; but he was ſoon ſtopp'd, and told that he muſt part with his Doctor's Gown. He was loth to comply, and told *Mercury* that all his Learning was in it, and that he was nothing without it. I believe

believe it, says *Mercury:* and pulling it off, found it quilted with the Fees he had receiv'd in his Practice. He begg'd hard for it again, said he had been a good Friend to *Charon* in his Time, as many that had been lately transported cou'd testify, and he thought it hard to be us'd in such a manner. All that he urg'd, avail'd him nothing; he was thrust into the Boat among the illiterate Crowd, who shew'd him not the least Mark of Respect or Distinction.

The next that I observ'd, after this grave Person, was a gay young Fellow, with a fluttering Air, a Mask on his Face, and dress't in a Habit of Feathers, like an *American* Prince. He came forwards as if he were dancing a Minuet. By his Gait and Motion it appear'd that he was very little prepar'd for his new State, and he look'd as if he brought all the Follies and Vanities of Life along with him. *Mercury* observ'd him, and let him pass on to the Boat-side, where holding up to *Charon* a Ticket, instead of a Halfpenny, he demanded Admittance. He seem'd surpriz'd upon *Charon*'s refusing the Ticket, and said he had receiv'd it from *Heidegger* but a Week before. *Mercury* by this time had laid hold of him, and began to pluck off his Feathers, and uncase him, like a Fowl at the Poulterer's. He shrunk very much under the Operation, seem'd much concern'd upon being told there were no Masquerades in the other World; and as soon as his Habit was pluck'd off, I lost sight of him on a sudden, and cou'd not discover what became of him afterwards.

What

What! nothing but Masqueraders? cry'd *Mercury*, with an angry Voice, seeing great Crowds of Dead advance towards the side of the River; off with your Disguises, ye silly Wretches, and know they can now stand you in stead no longer. You Sir, do you think to pass here with that huge Cloak of Devotion? You, Madam, be pleas'd to lay by your demure Looks, and affected Modesty; You, fair Lady, your false Charms; and You, my grave Friend, your outside Wisdom. So—— by them all in a Heap there. What a fine Wardrobe were this to furnish a Play-house? —— As *Mercury* was proceeding in his Business, I was concern'd to see the surprising Change that many goodly Personages underwent, upon plucking off their Habits. Heroes degraded into Butchers and Bravoes. Patriots into Thieves and Robbers. Women of the most consummate Beauty into worse Shapes than those of *Scylla* and *Charibdis*. Holy Men into Prize-Fighters, Furies and Dæmons. Hermits into the hideous Figures of Goats and Satyrs; and Philosophers into Monkeys, Mules and Mill-Horses. The Heap of Habits swell'd to a prodigious Bulk. I saw among them great Variety of Vizor-Masques, false Eye-brows, artificial Looks. forc'd Smiles, and painted Complexions; and cou'd not but particularly observe two large Garments which had a very fair Out-side, and were distinguish'd from all the rest, on one of which was Imbroider'd in Golden Characters ZEAL FOR THE CHURCH, and on the other PUBLICK SPIRIT. But upon *Mercury*'s touching them with his Wand, the Gold tarnish'd, and the Titles were suddenly chang'd:

and

and inſtead of the firſt there appear'd in large Capit
Letters the Word PERSECUTION; and in the roo
of the latter, PENSIONS, PLACES, AND PR
VATE GAIN.

After the firſt Hurry of the Crowd was a little ab
ted, there ſtepp'd forward, with a ſlow and ſolemn Pac
a very venerable Perſon in a long Gown, with a Bea
that reach'd almoſt down to his Middle, and gave
Face ſuch an Air of Dignity, that I could not thi
him inferior to *Socrates* himſelf, eſpecially when I hea
him, upon *Mercury*'s queſtioning him, make anſw
that he was a Philoſopher. ---- Very well, reply'd *M*
cury ----- your Wiſdom is welcome ------- but be plea
then to leave that long Gown and that immeaſura
Beard behind you. With ſome Difficulty he was p
vail'd upon to put off his Gown; but his Beard, he fa
was a part of his Perſon, and ought not to be ſeparat
from it. *Mercury* told him he muſt uſe no Tricks he
that his Beard was a Cheat, and tho' he had made
of it in the World to paſs unknown, he muſt now
pear what he really was, and ſhou'd keep it on no lo
er. At thoſe Words he gave it a gentle Touch with
Caduceus, when in an Inſtant off dropp'd the Philo
pher. The Man ſtar'd with Surprize, and that
Countenance which before appear'd even wiſer t
Minerva herſelf, now bore the exact Similitude of
Bird. There aroſe a loud Fit of Laughter among
Crowd at this ſudden Tranſformation, upon which
clapp'd both his Hands before his Face, and got ou
fight as faſt as he could.

Wh

What's here? ſays *Mercury*, ſeeing another Mortal dvance, with a Beard as large as the former, but with more pleaſant Air in his Countenance; are you a Phiſopher too? No Sir, ſays the Man ſmiling, I am ready o part with my Beard when you pleaſe; I have done ith it ---- Fare it well. It has earn'd me many a merry Crown in my Time --- Why, what wert thou then? — A Beggar, an't pleaſe you; I was brought up to it; twas my Trade. Sir, I have been Sick, Lame, Crookd and Blind, as Occaſion ſerv'd, for above theſe threeore Years. I began to be a decrepit old Man at Five nd twenty, and have been coughing and limping upon rutches hither ever ſince. My Beard as I ſaid --(ay, ou may take it off ---) has been a good Friend to me, nd has often procur'd me the Charity of well-diſpos'd eople, who would never have pitied a ſmooth Chin, nd a wholſome Complexion. Beſides, I uſed to let out hat and my Face to the Painters of my Time for their iſtory Pictures. You talk of your Philoſophers! I ave been a *Socrates*, a *Plato*, a *Seneca*, and all by turns, nd ſometimes a *Diogenes* in his Tub. But the laſt I at to, was a Rogue of a Sign-Painter, who ſaid he ould reſtore me to my own Profeſſion, and ſo turn'd e into the *Blind Beggar of Bednal-Green*. ------ 'Tis ery well, ſays *Mercury*, I ſee your Equipage there. ou muſt leave your Bundle of Rags, your Wooden eg, your Night-Caps and your Plaiſters, your tatter'd loaths and your Poverty, with that Philoſopher's Beard here, and falſe Wiſdom. With all my Heart, ſays he Fellow, I deſire to carry nothing with me ----- But

hark

hark ye, Boatman, have you never a Dram? —*Charo* look'd very surly at him, and answer'd, No —— Wh then, says the Fellow, I never was poor till now; an shrugging his Shoulders, fetch'd a deep Sigh, and pas on into the Boat among the rest.

The next that appear'd had such a haughty frownin Countenance, and cast around him such scornful Look on the rest of the Dead as if he were angry at his ow Mortality, and asham'd to find himself mingled on sudden, in such mean and contemptible Company; a he advanc'd he call'd out to *Mercury*, and desir'd hi to keep off the Crowd, and take Care he might be re ceiv'd in a Manner suitable to his Quality. —Your Qua lity, Sir? said *Mercury* —— Yes, he reply'd; by you Office as a Herald, you cannot but know what is due t one of my Rank; however, for your particular Satis faction, be pleas'd to look on this Parchment Roll. *Mer cury* took it from him, and opening it, found it was Genealogical Tree of his Family, finely drawn out in to a Variety of beautiful Branches, and embellish'd wit Gold. Very well! and this is then the Treasure yo have chiefly valu'd upon Earth, which you have so care fully preserv'd, and have thought fit to bring with yo hither? I know you now, Sir, and will do you Justice I see here the Names of many noble Persons, your An cestors, some of whom have been an Honour to their Age and Country. But pray what have you yourself done that deserves any Regard or Distinction? It is time to strip you of Merit not your own. Be pleas'd to fol low the Beggar there, who is just gone before you, and

know,

know, that among the Dead the meaneſt Perſon whom you have not excell'd in Virtue, is your Equal in Rank and Quality. At theſe Words he threw the Parchment into the River, and turning haſtily away, left the Gentleman to ſhift for himſelf, and to take what Place in the Ferry he could get.

Tho' the greateſt Strictneſs was uſed in ſearching all that approach'd the River, and none were ſuffer'd to paſs till they were quite ſtripp'd, yet every one had the Folly to diſpute it, and was ſtill trying to ſave ſomething; and it was obſervable that they moſt contended for Trifles, and Things that could be of no Uſe to 'em in the Place to which they were going. A Snuff-Box, a Pocket-Glaſs, a Tooth-Pick-Caſe, and a Pack of Picquet-Cards were often the laſt things given up by the fine Gentlemen. A rough Fox-hunter, that was arrived freſh from a Leap over a ſix-bar-Gate, by which he had broke his Neck, made a great Noiſe upon their laying hold of him to pull off his Jockey Boots. He was follow'd by a profeſs'd Gameſter, who had been kill'd in a Duel; this Fellow, after having thrown away the Box and Dice angrily, as if he had juſt then had an ill Run at Play, paſs'd on with a ſeeming Scorn to be queſtion'd. But *Mercury* ſtepping after him, and opening the Palm of his right Hand, found he had cogg'd a Die; he ask'd him what he meant by it? His Anſwer was — Nothing, but it was a Habit he had got, and he could not leave it off. Many Words paſs'd, on theſe and the like Diſputes; and *Mercury*, tho' the God of Eloquence, found all his Art little enough to ſatisfy the Ladies whom he

was

was unwilling to treat too roughly. One, with an heroick Reſolution, declar'd there were few Goods in Life ſhe could not readily part with, and only deſir'd Leave to tranſport her Tea Equipage. Some begg'd hard for their Favourite Lap-Dogs, ſome for their Sets of Dreſſing Plate; one for a Tweezer-Caſe, another for an *Ovid's* Epiſtles, and another for a Bottle of *Sal Volatile*. In the midſt of all this Buſtle, there was one Incident ridiculous enough. A Lady who had ſtaid for ſome time, and ſeen the Fate of the reſt, thought ſhe would very ſubmiſſively prepare for her Voyage, and therefore quitting a huge Wardrobe ſhe had brought with her, and ſtripping herſelf of her Jewels, and of a very fine Brocade Gown which ſhe had worn at a Ball at Court, where ſhe caught the Cold of which ſhe dy'd, deſir'd leave only to be tranſported in her Hoop-Petticoat. But *Charon* call'd out to *Mercury*, and ſaid it would fill his Boat, and there would be no room for any other Paſſengers. Upon this ſhe drew a String, and very dextrouſly ſlipp'd off her Hoop, and coiling it up into as narrow a Circle as ſhe could, clapp'd it under her Arm. The whole Crowd rais'd a Laugh at the Expedient, but it prov'd unſucceſsful —— for *Mercury* told her ſhe muſt be content to leave both her Hoop and her Petticoat. She was forc'd to ſubmit. I kept my Eye on her for ſome time, but the Moment ſhe was ſtripp'd, ſhe took up ſo little room, that ſhe ſeem'd to vaniſh into nothing.

After this a Gentleman, with an Air of Importance, thruſt forward, and demanded his Paſſage. Hold, Sir, ſays *Mercury*, you have a ſort of a Treaſury Face, I think

think I shou'd know you. Ay —— 'tis he —— why you were Mr. *Such a one* —— of the *What d'ye call it* Office! and pray what have you done with all the fair Sums of which you thought fit to disburthen the Government? —— You wrong me, Sir, replies the Man; you see I have nothing but this poor Piece of Copper to pay my Passage. At the same time he held up his Halfpenny between his Finger and Thumb with a stoddy Assurance. *Charon* was going to take him in; but *Mercury* call'd after him again. Not so fast, I beseech you —— why what! don't I, who am the God of Theft, know a Thief? At these Words, *Mercury* snatch'd from him a small Parcel of Papers which he had roll'd up, and almost hid in his Hand. They prov'd to be Bank-Bills, to the value of above a hundred thousand Pound. 'Tis very well, Sir,—you may go on now, if you please. Nay, what do you linger and look back for? I tell you these will not pass in the Country, to which you are bound. Fare you well. I will take care to convey them back to your Executors, who shall send them to the Treasury, with a Letter, that a certain nameless Person, being touch'd in Conscience, that he cou'd not cheat the Publick any longer, has thought fit at his Death to make them this Restitution.

As it was plain that most who advanced to the River-side shew'd great Unwillingness in parting with the Goods of Life, I cou'd not but take the more Notice of one Person, who with a stern Countenance, and an Air of uncommon Resolution, came naked towards the Ferry, and seem'd resolv'd to save *Mercury* the trouble of stripping him. As he advanced he cast a scornful Look

backward over his Shoulder, and cry'd out, World Farewel! And all thy Pomps, Pleasures and Vanities! How just is it that proud and mistaken Mortals should find themselves stripp'd in Death of all those empty Trifles, in which they falsly placed their Happiness? Adieu ye gay gilded Nothings! Wealth and Power, Mirth and Festivals, Greatness and Luxury, Crowds, Noise, Triumphs and Fame, adieu! I renounce ye all, nor do I think ye worth one Sigh at parting. He was going on in this Philosophick Strain, when *Mercury* laid hold of him; Pray, who are you, Friend? —— Oh, you are *Misanthropos* the slovenly *Cynick*, who liv'd a Salvage, and died a Beggar; whilst you were in the World above, you thought to make your Ill-manners pass for Wisdom, and your Spleen for Philosophy; and do you now make a Merit of renouncing Pleasures, of which you never were possess'd? Riches, which you never cou'd gain? and Greatness, you never cou'd attain to? Come, come, the Cheat will not pass here — as naked as you seem, I shall yet strip you of certain Garments, which I see stick as close to you as your Skin. Be pleas'd then to leave behind you your Hatred of your own Species, your Scorn of your Superiors, your Envy at the Prosperity of others, your Censoriousness and everlasting Snarling —— Lay by too that inward Pride of Heart, which makes you fond of an affected and absurd Singularity, and Vain even of your pretended Humility. So —— now you may pass with the rest. — The *Cynick* mov'd on with a mortified Countenance, and had not one Word to say by way of Answer.

Charon

Charon had now taken in about as many as his Boat wou'd conveniently carry at a time, and was going to put off from the Shore, when *Mercury* call'd to him to ſtay for one Paſſenger more. At the ſame time there came forward a Perſon with ſo much Luſtre in his Countenance, Vigour in his Motion, and Graceſulneſs in his whole Figure, as if Death, inſtead of robbing him of his natural Strength and Beauty, had increaſed both. As he paſs'd by, all who look'd on him were ſtruck with a ſudden Veneration. But what was moſt extraordinary was, that by his Habit he ſeem'd dreſt for a Triumphal Entry, and bore in his Looks an Air of Joy, as after ſome Victory. His Brows were encircled with a Diadem of Gold. He was cloath'd in a Veſt of white Ermin, and wore over it a looſe azure Robe, embroider'd with Stars. *Mercury* advanced to meet him, and with all the Marks of Reſpect uſher'd him to the Ferry, into which he paſs'd, cloath'd as he was, and took his Place. Every one was ſurpriz'd that a Law which had hitherto been ſo rigorouſly executed ſhou'd be diſpens'd with in his Favour; and that *Charon*, who was ſo careful not to charge his Boat with any ſuperfluous Weight, ſhou'd be content to take him in, before he had put off his Habit and Ornaments. The Crowd that remain'd on the Shore began to murmur at this Partiality, when *Mercury* ſpoke out aloud — I ſee your Aſtoniſhment — You all wonder why this venerable Perſon is ſuffer'd to paſs into the Boat, without being ſtripp'd like others. But know, he has carried nothing with him which can be taken from him. His Garments are not the Weeds of Vice and Vanity;

nor

nor his Ornaments of a Mortal Nature. His Crown, which has the Appearance of Gold, yet is exceedingly more valuable, is the Approbation of the Gods, and of good Men, for a Life spent in the exerting of many Publick and Private Virtues. His Under-Garment is the Veſt of Integrity; and his Upper-One, which you ſee is azure and ſprinkled with Stars, is the Robe of Immortal Honour. It reſembles the Heavens, and like the Heavens is unperiſhable. Whilſt Kings are here forced to lay down their Crowns and Scepters, and Conquerors their wither'd Laurels; whilſt the Rich are divorced from their uſeleſs Heaps, and all Mortals ſtripp'd of their darling Pleaſures and Delights; theſe are Goods which cannot be taken from the Poſſeſſor, even in Death itſelf.

The End of the Second Volume.